WRECKED AUTO IS DISCOVERED FRIDAY ON CLARA HIGHWAY

HAD TURNED TURTLE AND WAS COMPLETELY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

NO INFORMATION AS TO CAUSE OF ACCIDENT

Description Furnished Sheriff's Department By Burkburnett Officers.

BURKBURNETT, TEXAS, March 17.—What appears to have been a practically new Studebaker touring car was found on the Clara highway about three miles west of Burkburnett early Friday morning. The car appeared to have been in a serious wreck and afterwards caught fire and was destroyed. City officers visited the scene of the accident Friday and obtained a description of the car which was furnished by the sheriff's department. No information is available as to the cause of the accident, or as to whether any one was injured in the wreck, which appears to have been a serious one. Indications point to the fact that the car turned completely over, landing on its back after which fire completely destroyed it, making escape of its occupants without injury seem almost impossible.

Bales Funeral Friday.

The interment of H. H. Bales took place in the Burkburnett cemetery Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The body was conveyed from Brackwell, Okla., where the deceased resided at the time of his death. Mr. Bales was a former citizen of Burkburnett, was 32 years old and was the son of Mrs. L. G. Bales of this city. He is survived by his mother, a brother and a young wife and child, all of whom attended the funeral which was conducted by Rev. C. D. Montgomery of the Methodist church. The deceased was a driller and met death accidentally when he became entangled in the machinery operating a rotary rig in Blackwell, Okla.

Mayor Goes to Austin.

Mayor W. B. Adams will leave Sunday night for Dallas in the interest of some patients who are under his supervision and who are confined to hospitals in that city for treatment. Mayor Adams will visit Austin before his return in the interest of the city and will while there get an opinion from the attorney general with reference to the retirement of some surplus issues of bonds on hand and unsold and which require the setting aside of interest and sinking fund from taxation each year.

Personals.

Luther Hoffman was a business visitor in Burkburnett Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Cawlfield have moved to Electra, where they will make their home. They have been residents of Burkburnett for a number of years.

The Burkburnett Choral Club disbanded Monday evening after having been organized several months and after having conducted several entertainments during that time which were successfully given and largely attended by theater patrons of this city.

County Attorney Fulton and County Judge Sartin were business visitors in Burkburnett Thursday.

The revival at the First Methodist Church starts Sunday. Rev. S. M. Black will arrive Sunday afternoon and preach at night and will assist the pastor, Rev. C. D. Montgomery, in conducting the meeting throughont the coming week.

OLNEY WILL VOTE ON BONDS FOR NEW SCHOOL BUILDING

OLNEY, TEXAS, March 17.—An election has been called in the Olney independent school district for April 28, at which time the voters will decide whether or not the tax rate for school purposes shall be raised from the present 50 cents to $1 on the $100 valuation limit.

At the same time they will vote on a bond issue of $40,000 for the purpose of building a new high school building, which is badly needed. It is freely predicted that both of these propositions will carry by large majorities.

The present building, which is very nice and really a credit to a town of this size, is entirely inadequate to the needs of the schools, there being several grades in which there is not desk room enough in the rooms to seat the pupils. Also it is imperative that more teachers be added, as several of the grades have many more pupils than one teacher can successfully look after.

The school, like the town, has made rapid advances during the past two years. It is now an affiliated school, having credit for 13½ units of affiliation with an additional 2½ units recommended for this year by the state inspector who recently visited the schools. All of this affiliation has been gained in the past two years, which in itself is a remarkable record.

It is planned to build the new building somewhere in the central porton of the town, the present building being badly located, in the extreme southern part of the city. Also, it is planned to purchase a tract of from six to eight acres, and to so construct the new building thpt it may be added to as need may arise in the future.

COMPLETE LIST OF CASES SET IN 89TH COURT ANNOUNCED

The district and county attorney's departments Saturday announced the complete list of criminal cases set for trial in the 89th district court for the week beginning March 26. The cases set for trial follow:

3156—John Bohannon, rape.
3176—Roy Derickson, theft.
3177—Lee Derickson, theft.
3233—T. E. Burr, whiskey.
3226—Rob Furlow, whiskey.
3228—Tom Hill, whiskey.
3142—Cecil Sparks, theft.
3169—G. F. Hurst, theft.
3170—George F. Mooro, theft.

Practically all the cases set are those in which the defendants are now held as prisoners in the county jail.

WOMAN WILL BE AMONG CANDIDATES FOR SCHOOL BOARD

MOTHERS' CLUBS TO PUT MRS. L. R. BUCHANAN'S NAME UP FOR TRUSTEE.

O. W. SMITH ALSO ANNOUNCES FOR PLACE

Makes Total of Nine Whose Namce Are Expected to Appear On Ballot.

Another woman member of the school board may result from a movement started last week by the mothers' clubs, who seek to have the name of Mrs. L. R. Buchanan, president of the Alamo school club, placed on the ballot at the April election.

O. W. Smith, local business man, also anno nced as a candidate Saturday. It now appears that a total of nine names will be presented to the voters for the four places to be filled, as each of the four whose term expires is expected to also stand for reelection. These four, W. R. Ferguson, W. R. Chauncey, W. M. Priddy and W. T. Willis, and M. A. Bundy, W. H. Downing, C. H. Clark, O. W. Smith and Mrs. Buchanan are now candidates.

Mrs. Buchanan, who has enjoyed the distinction of being head of the largest mothers' club in the southwest and who has been an active worker in such circles, has been placed in the race by the action of the other mothers' clubs. Mrs. M. M. Adickes, present woman member of the board, has been a trustee since 1920.

O. W. Smith, who entered the race Saturday, declared himself a supporter of the present school board. He favors a kindergarten system in connection with the schools. Mr. Smith has lived here for five years, and has three children who are public school pupils.

The communication from the mothers clubs in Mrs. Buchanan's behalf follows:

"To the honorable Board of Education, Wichita Falls, Texas: We, the undersigned presidents of the mothers' clubs of the city, believing that the mothers of the city should have a larger representation on the Board of Education, beg leave to submit the name of Mrs. L. R. Buchanan, and ask the Board of Education to place her name upon the official ballot for election as a trustee of our schools, at the coming election. (Signed):

Federated Club, Mrs. John Kay.
Presiden High School Club, Mrs. Homer McGregor.
President Junior High, Mrs. H. S. Crawford.
President Austin Club, Mrs. E. S. Goodner.
President Pat Carrigan, Mrs. J. D. Beard.
President Sam Houston, Mrs. C. P. Warman.
President Fannin Club, Mrs. G. L. Rowsey.
President Travis Club, Mrs. A. P. Perry.
President Bowie Club, Mrs. D. K. Bell.
President Barwise Club, Mrs. Harvey Stiles.
President San Jacinto Club, Mrs. M. E. Shelton.
President Washington club, Mrs. J. T. Welch.

Dollar Window
MONDAY AT 7:45
Art Jewelry Co.
Indiana at Eighth

UNDERWOOD CASE PASSED OVER BY SIDE AGREEMENT

The murder case of Earl Andrews Underwood which was set down for trial for Monday, March 19 in the 78th district court has been passed over by agreement, according to an announcement made Saturday.

Mrs Underwood is charged by indictment with the murder of her husband, R. H. Underwood, which occured on December 1[illegible] at the family home on Lake street. The defendant was released under bond of $5,000 after indictment was returned.

According to officers who were called to the house immediately after the shooting the defendant was found with a long gash in her wrist. The man was lying in the doorway to an adjoining room dead, with two bullet wounds in his body. A knife and a piece of gas pipe were found in the man's hands.

New wallpaper at Decorators Company.—Adv.

SAFE CRACKERS ELODE OFFICERS APPARENTLY GONE

THEORY AMATEURS CRACKED GAS COMPANY VAULT IS ABANDONED.

TOTAL LOSS AMOUNTS TO NEARLY $5,000

Majority Of Officers Believe That Yegg Was Professional Safe Cracker.

Upon the expiration of a week after the Municipal Gas Company's safe was cracked open and over $5,000 in currency taken, local officers have abandoned the idea that it was the work of amateurs. The majority of officers who worked on the case have now accepted the opinion expressed from the beginning by Chief Deputy Sheriff Jack Miller that it was the work of a professional yeggman.

Some local officers immediately after the loss was discovered proceeded on the theory that it was the work of amateurs and to this end they pursued their investigations.

During the past week, however, an expert safe mechanic inspected the safe and stated that in his opinion it was the work of a professional. His inspection here also brought forth the statement that the methods used in opening four safes at Dallas on Friday night was the same as the one used here.

The small amount of silver and the checks which were found by boys and young men in the alley on Sunday afternoon are considered to be the discards of the loot obtained in the safe.

Deputy Jack Miller stated on last Saturday night a short time after the robbery and immediately after he had inspected the safe and the back door lock that the work had been done by a man who had cracked safes before.

It was his opinion that the man who did the "job" had sent a stool to this city probably two weeks in advance in order to get the lay of the ground. This forerunner, without a doubt, had drawn a complete set of plans of the building and during his sojourn here had acquainted himself with the facts as to when would be the best time to force an entry.

The nightwatchman at the building did not enter upon his duties until 8:30 o'clock and for this reason the job was executed early in the evening.

The idea of the use of nitro glycerine in blowing open the safe has been discredited. The expert safe mechanic stated while in the city that yeggs have abandoned the use of explosives in cracking safes and that it is only used in cases of emergency.

Wichita Hotel, 504 Scott street; under new management; board and room $8 to $10 per week. Phone 5842.—Adv.

Odd lots wallpaper, to close out low price at Decorators Company.—Adv.

SPEAKERS ARE SELECTED FOR THE COUNTY MEET

IOWA PARK, TEXAS, March 17.—The large auditorium was crowded to capacity Friday night, at which time the contestants to represent the local schools in the county interscholastic meet were selected. Out o ftown judges had been secured, and much favorable comment was heard on the ability of the speakers. Those who will represent the schools are: Senior girls, Eunice Dunn's; senior boys, Robert Van Horn; junior girls, Katharine Sue Ralston; junior boys, Ismael Corder.

Supreme Quality House Paint for your home. The Decorators Company.—Adv.

EXHIBIT OF PAINTING
BY
Internationally Famous Artists
For a Few Days Commencing Wednesday, March 21st
The public is invited to view these wonderful works of art at
The Decorators Company
715 Ninth St.

THE GREAT SPRING FEATURE OF SERVICE AT
Miller-Ferguson Dry Goods Company, Inc.
25 salespeople will wear "Get Acquainted" Badges. Customers Should Know Clerks and vice versa

People like to trade with salespeople whom they know

and who know them well enough to give efficient service, hence all employes in our store are wearing their names on lapel or dress identification tags—"Who's Who" at this store so to make possible a closer acquaintance between members of the store organization and their patrons, we have adopted the use of a little "Get-Acquainted" badge to be worn during business hours. This little pin tells you the name of the person who is serving you, and performs its duty in helping to make your visit to the store more enjoyable and profitable through more intimate and personal service. A word of commendation or criticism from a customer regarding the service and attention she receives will be welcomed by the management, for it serves to improve the store service, and brings the worthy employe into the favorable esteem of his or her employers.

Spring Stocks Splendidly Displayed

And "peppy" salesfolks with their badges on to know you and to serve you best. We are offering a sincere, sensible service.

"Youthcraft Garments"
DRESSES—SUITS
WRAPS
Monday features 3 wonderful lots of "Youthcraft" Dresses, $33.75, $38.75 and $43.75
Mail orders come daily from neighboring cities for Youthcraft garments—Why?

Miller-Ferguson Dry Goods Company, Inc.
Indiana and Tenth Phone 3029 Store Dependable

FOOTWEAR for the Easter Parade

"EASTER TIME IS DRESS UP TIME AND ONLY TWO WEEKS AWAY"

DAME Fashion has decreed that Easter shall be the time when costumes shall be displayed in all their loveliness. Booterie Styles have her stamp of approval on every pattern.

LEADING the Easter parade will be seen Booterie dress slippers in Black Satin, White Kid, Suedes and Patents in all the rich combinations as well as the season's novelty shades in Sand, Gray, Brown and the delightful combinations designed for sport.

IN designs, the dress patterns include the most ornamental straps, the graceful lines of the simple one-strap, the rare beauty of the opera and decorated tongue patterns as well as the most striking array of colored sandals and combination sport straps and oxfords.

Hosiery of blending shades is shown in an assortment of Chiffons, plain thread silks and glove silks to match every slipper designed for spring.

SANDERFORDS
Booterie
9th ST. AT 824 INDIANA
Phone 3004 Quality Shoe Store

VALUE OF MORAL COURAGE IN TIMES OF TRIAL AND STRESS, THEME OF JUDGE KAY'S TALK

Every man may have a Gethsemane of his own through which to pass. Judge Kay told his Bible class of the First M. E. Church, South, at the Olympic theatre last Sunday, in a plea for moral courage and determination in hours of trial. Judge Kay's lecture, which was heard by 121 men, follows:

JUDGE KAY.

Can you win a moral fight? Can you win a spiritual victory? Can you win a mental effort?

The Savior didn't win, in a strict sense, on the cross. The cross was physical. He suffered there physically. It's great suffering, and His great fight, and his great victory was in Gethsemane.

I have often thought of Robert E. Lee at Appomattox. But, I think that he didn't suffer at Appomattox, or at Petersburg, or at Richmond. He had already passed through his Gethsemane at Gettysburg, when he saw the last men of Picket broken in pieces as they left Seminary Ridge. After that he knew that he never could win. He could see Appomattox then.

To win a moral victory, takes more courage than a physical one. To win a spiritual victory, takes more courage than is required of a soldier. Did you ever win one? Did you win more than one? *If you never won but one* of them, it is likely you didn't win any at all, because they grow, and multiply, one from the other.

All our life is in the mind, and in the spirit, and not physical. A man's mind ought to be a kingdom to him.

A good many people have thought the lines of Thomas Henley were irreligious, but I have always thought that they were the very soul of religion:

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

I think that's a great religion. That's the way the Savior felt when He went into Gethsemane, and He knew that He was the captain of His soul when He came out again.

It got to be fashionable to say here a few years ago that that old kind of courage, that stamina, that good spirit had been lost in commercialism, until our boys went into this flood and flame in Europe, and then we learned that there was just as much of heroism, just as much of courage, just as much strength, and more, in humanity, than had ever been known before.

You think about these English lieu*tenants, with nothing but one of these* sticks in his hand, climbing out before day, with his men, out of the trenches, at the zero hour, with that little stick leading them on. A stick that you could hardly kill a chicken with.

Courage is what we need in the world. If you have got that, you have got everything, and if you have not got that, then you are poor, indeed.

So the Savior goes down here into the woods, into the *garden, among* the trees, and knows that he must win or lose the fight. And, He had to make that fight alone, as you have to make it alone.

You know, it is a fine thing to say, I have got a nice crowd around me. I have got fine associates. I belong to a very high bunch. My friends are good friends, and strong friends, and intelligent friends and wealthy friends and educated friends. All that sounds like it would brace a man up. But, in every important battle, you have got to fight it alone. One man, with one man's responsibility, standing in the place of a man, making his *own fight. That's life! And, noth*ing else is life! Can you do that?

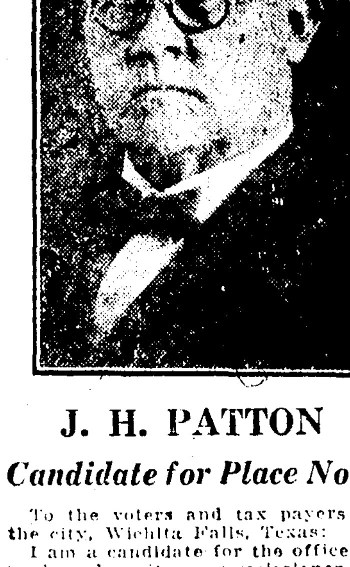
Some of the animals are gregarious and they go in flocks and in herds. Some of them don't. I don't know why nature makes that difference. Men's effort is to live together, but that effort grows out of necessity. It is in the heart of you, and of me, that he would build his own world if he could. Yes, sir! You have felt, many a time, and I have felt like, if we just had our way about it, we would shatter these sorry things and mould it more like our heart's desire.

So, the Savior goes in there to make that fight alone, and it was there *that He suffered and that He won.*

Does this come to all of us? Ah, it does, indeed. Maybe not this year, maybe not last year, but somewhere the sun is going to rise on a day that is going to bring you a big fight. See that you win it! See that you win it! See that the things that you have to contend with don't crush you—crush you out of existence; not physically, but morally, and spiritually and mentally.

Now, I can see how—it is a mighty deep subject—but I can readily see how that you might suffer more on your Gethsemane than the Savior did. Because, into that garden He carried the world. Into that garden he carried a fight for all men, but He carried in there no reproach for himself. He had no personal accounts to settle in there, whereas, you and I, when we come at last to a Gethsemane, we will have to carry there the load, and the burden, and the handicap of all the wrongs that we have done, and all the sin that we have acknowledged, and all the things that we have done will be there to accuse us and stare us in the face, and that's a lot that He didn't have.

Now I have just got one object this morning. I want every man here to say, when a moral storm breaks out in his heart, when a spiritual storm breaks out in his heart, that he is going to win, no matter what happens. It takes that to make a man! It takes that to make a big man! You know, you hear people say once in a while that so-and-so is a big man. Maybe he is, and maybe he isn't. If he is a fellow that can win a moral victory, and a spiritual victory, and in command of his own soul, and in command *of his own passion, then he is a big* man. And, if he lacks these things, he is a little man.



J. H. PATTON

Candidate for Place No. 2

To the voters and tax payers of the city, Wichita Falls, Texas:

I am a candidate for the office of park and sanitary commissioner, in the April election. I have been a resident tax payer of the city for nine years, it will be impossible to meet all the voters personally before the election; but I invite an investigation of my character and ability to fill the office.

Vote for a man with a head of his own, who is not tied up with any special interest, clique or faction, who has the backbone to express his opinion as a member of the council, and as a representative of all the people.

Your support will be appreciated.
Sincerely yours,
J. H. PATTON.

P. S.—Read the following resolutions from the records of the city council of Amarillo, Texas:

State of Texas,
County of Potter,
City of Amarillo:

I, J. C. Colby, city manager of the city of Amarillo, Texas, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of a resolution adopted by the city council on February 6, A. D. 1912, as the same appears on record in minute book 3, page 381, on file in city secretary's office:

"Resolution by the board of aldermen, of the city of Amarillo, Texas:

"Whereas the honored mayor of our city, James H. Patton, has decided to move to California, and has tendered his resignation as mayor of the city of Amarillo, to the city council of Amarillo, Texas, to take effect February 8, 1912.

"Be it resolved by the city council of Amarillo, consisting of the parties who hereby subscribe their names to his resolution, that in accepting his resignation we do so with regrets. We who know James H. Patton and have served the city with him realize that in him the city has had a model mayor. We know that he has conscientiously given the city a progressive and business-like administration and that Amarillo has been benefited under his mayorship.

"Be it further resolved that by Mayor Patton's moving to California, Amarillo not only loses a most able officer of city affairs, but our citizens lost a good men who is a gentleman in every sense of the word, a man who is public spirited, who is fair in business, high-minded and of clean character, and who never turns a deaf ear to charity and that we hope God's blessing will follow him and his to their new home.

"Be it further resolved that the above resolution be spread upon the records of the city; and that copies be furnished the newspapers for publication and that a copy hereby be furnished James H. Patton.

In witness whereof we the city council of Amarillo hereby subscribe our names, at our regular council meeting.

This 6th day of February, A. D. 1912.

P. H. SEWALD,
C. C. F. BLANCHARD,
A. D. ARMSTRONG,
JOHN S. HARPER,
LEE BIVENS.
"SAM J. BROWN, City Secretary."

Witness my hand and official seal of the city of Amarillo, Texas, this the 7th day of February, A. D. 1923.
(Seal.) J. C. COLBY,
City Manager of the city of Amarillo, Texas.
(Political Advertisement)

$37,600 TOTAL OF BUILDING PERMITS DURING PAST WEEK

With the advent of spring weather, building in the city has taken on renewed activity following the slump during the winter months.

Nine permits issued from the office of the city clerk during the week ending March 17 totaled $37,600. Five permits were issued for the erection of new residences. Mytinger and Walker, who have been carrying on an extensive building program in Southland addition, were granted permits for the construction of three new modern residences. The largest permit issued during the week was granted to E. V. Friberg for the erection of a new brick business building at 906 Scott. The building will adjoin the new Prothro and McClurkan buildings that are just being completed. Permits were granted to the following:

Jerome Stone, 2137 Avenue G, one 5-room frame residence, $5,300.

Mytinger and Walker, 2016 Pearl, one 5-room residence, $3,000.

Mytinger and Walker, 1100 Bluff, one 5-room residence, $3,000.

Mytinger and Walker, 1624 Collins, one 5-room residence, $3,000.

King and McDermid, 602 Broad, garage, $300.

E. V. Friberg, 906 Scott, brick business building, $16,000.

Mrs. E. McIntosh, 616 Seventh street, business building, $1,500.

W. H. Veal, 1703 Filmore, repairs on residence, $500.

Wichita Falls Foundry, 307 Barwise, sheet metal machine shop, $3,500. Total, $37,600.

GONZADLLAS MAKES CLEAN SWEEP TRIP THROUGH TITUS CO.

General Prohibition Agent M. T. Gonzaullas, who was stationed in Wichita county for over a year in the capacity of a Texas Ranger and later as a prohibition enforcement officer, has just completed a sweeping investigation [illegible] Titus county in East Texas.

The trip resulted in the confiscation of 63 stills and the filing of over 100 complaints for alleged violations of the federal prohibition laws.

Gonzaullas spent ten days in the county, posing as an oil prospector, and discovered the information which led to the raid and the seizure of stills and the arrest of parties.

See the Oakland stock car on In-door day and night 226 hour non-stop run at show rooms of Arthur Huff Motor Company.—adv.

Conjurors As Judges

LONDON, March 17.—Conjurors are the detectives and judges of the Esquimoes, says Julian W. B[illegible], noted artic explorer, in a book on Eskimo life he's just finished.

Stamps for sale at Times Office.

Dollar Window
MONDAY AT 7:45
Art Jewelry Co.
Indiana at Eighth

CLAY COUNTY GOOD ROAD PROPONENTS PREDICT VICTORY

Prospects for victory in Clay county for the $550,000 district road bond issue which will be voted upon Tuesday, were declared last week by Henrietta and Bellevue proponents of the bonds to be very favorable. The friends of the bond issue realize that strenuous efforts are necessary in order to obtain the required two-thirds majority, and are quite active.

Sentiment in both Henrietta and Bellevue is declared predominantly for the bond issue, sentiment being decidedly stronger than at the election in 1921, when a county bond issue met defeat. Opponents of the bonds have been active, also, and quite a bit of feeling has been aroused.

On the same day the Petrolia precinct will vote on a $100,000 bond issue for local road improvements. The bonds are declared to have an excellent chance to carry.

If the larger bond issue wins, the proceeds will be used to construct a concrete road from the Wichita to the Montague county lines, connecting with good roads at each terminus. The district includes a strip across the county ten miles wide, five miles on each side of the road.

Coral and Yellow

A black crepe de chine gown gains distinction by the addition of elaborate embroidery in coral and pale yellow.

See the Oakland stock car on In-door day and night 226 hour non-stop run at show rooms of Arthur Huff Motor Company.—adv.

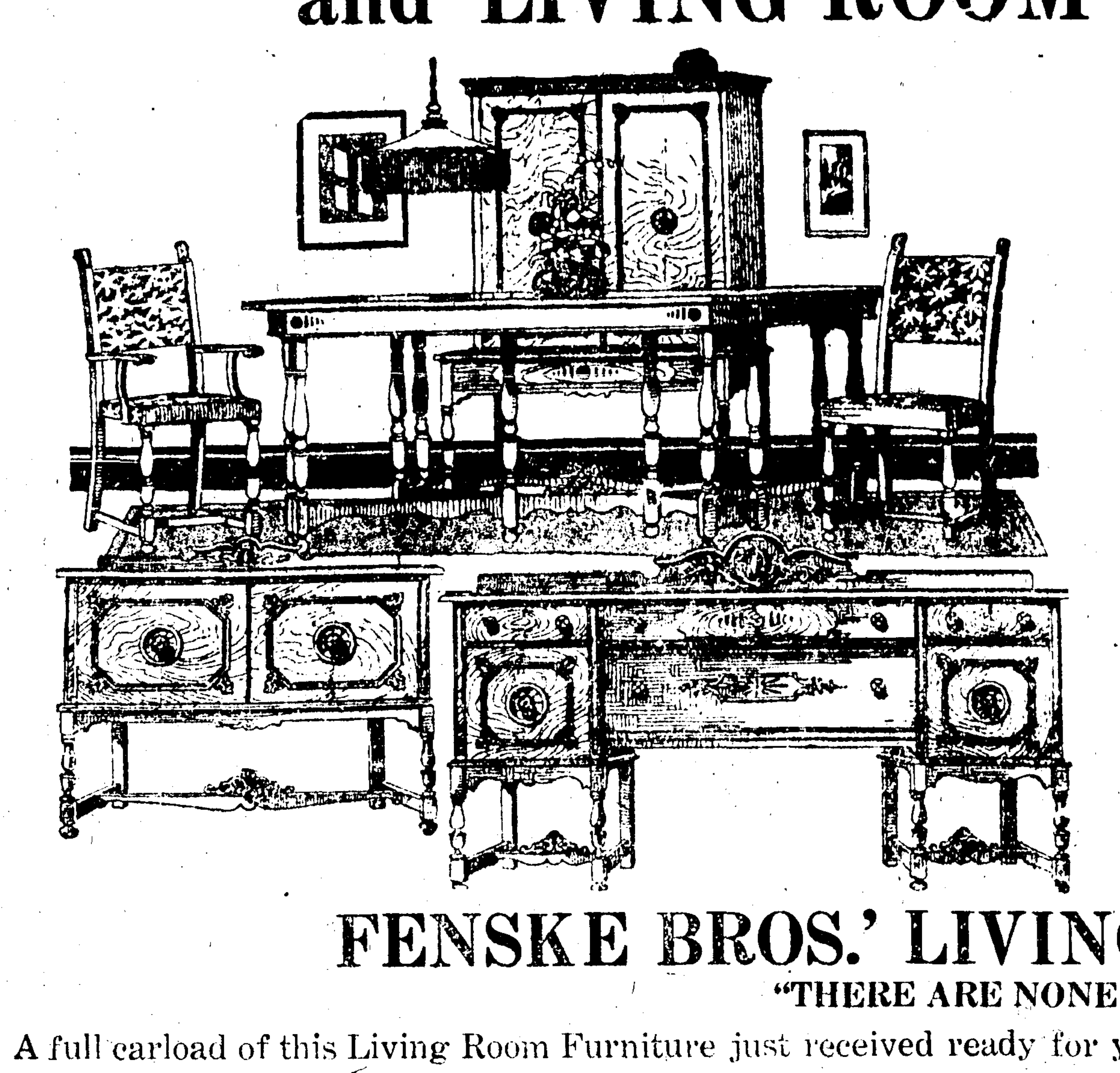
Stamps for sale at Times Office.—adv.

Dollar Window
MONDAY AT 7:45
Art Jewelry Co.
Indiana at Eighth

M'CONNELL BROTHERS

JUST RECEIVED—

TWO CARLOADS of DINING ROOM and LIVING ROOM FURNITURE—



With this additional furniture added to our already complete stock makes this store the Home Furnishings headuarters of Wichita Falls. Sets or separate pieces as well as complete room furnishings are amply displayed for your convenience in selecting what you need. And the prices are very reasonable too.

DINING ROOM FURNITURE

Just think of it—one solid car load of Dining Room Furniture just unpacked. Dining Room furniture is naturally subject to more hard wear than most any other room in the home. Yet it is one room which you always want to keep looking its best. You will find here sets which are substantial in construction, yet, examples of the best in design and finish. They come in Walnut, Mahogany and two-tone Walnut. Priced

$135 to $325

SEE THESE BEFORE YOU BUY

FENSKE BROS.' LIVING ROOM SUITES

"THERE ARE NONE BETTER

A full carload of this Living Room Furniture just received ready for your inspection

OVERSTUFFED LIVING ROOM SUITES

Brand new furniture just placed on display in our store all ready for you to start the warm weather right by refurnishing your Living Room in the way you want it. Beautiful upholstering add much to the beauty of these suites. Priced at

$175 to $275

CANE BACK MAHOGANY SUITES

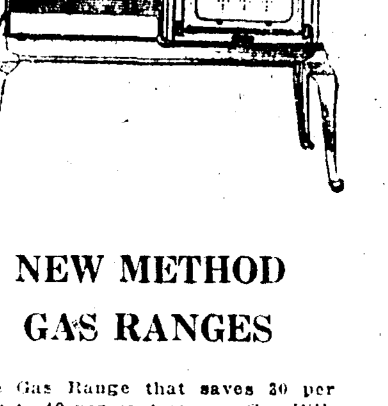
They are beauties and you'll have to see them to really appreciate them. Of the very latest designs and finishes, Cane Back Mahogany with extra pillows. They are reasonably priced at

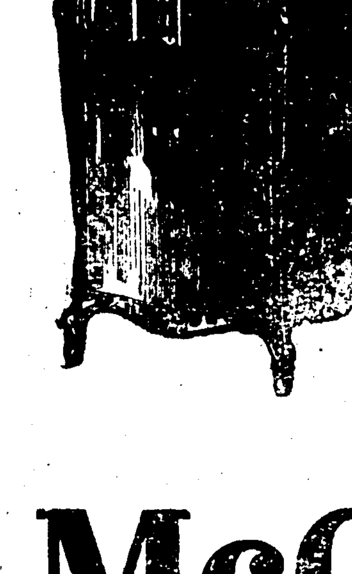
$145 to $225

White Rotary Sewing Machines

Have many features that other sewing machines do not have. It is for your good that we suggest that you come in and see this wonderful machine demonstrated. A White Rotary in the home spells Economy.

$75 and $85





VICTROLA

Should Be in Every Home

Then you make it possible to hear the world's greatest artists at any time that you choose. A wide range of sizes either in Cabinet or Console styles await you at this store. Come in and hear the latest Victor Records. It's a pleasure to play them for you.

Victrolas Priced from

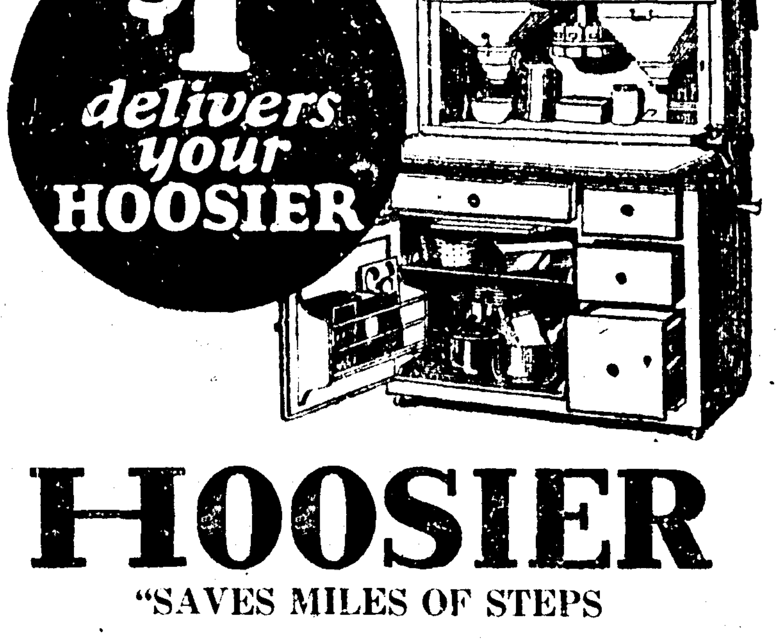
$25 to $1500

NEW METHOD GAS RANGES

The Gas Range that saves 30 per cent to 40 per cent on you Gas Bill. You'll agree with us what you see this Range demonstrated.

$1.00 down and the Range of your choice delivered to your home, balance easy payments. Or we will take your old range as first payment. Priced

$23.50 to $135.00



HOOSIER

"SAVES MILES OF STEPS

Every housewife wants a Hoosier. Ask the one who owns a Hoosier and she will tell you that it is the greatest kitchen convenience ever installed in a home.

$1.00 delivers the Hoosier to your home. Balance easy payments, priced .... $42.50 to $97.50

TERMS TO SUIT YOUR CONVENIENCE

McCONNELL BROTHERS

"Home Furnishers"

821-823 Indiana Ave. Phone [illegible]

WICHITA DAILY TIMES

WICHITA FALLS TEXAS

THE TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
Published Every Weekday Afternoon and on Sunday Morning

Entered at the Postoffice at Wichita Falls as Second Class Matter

PHONE 4393
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SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 1923.

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.—Eccle. 1:9.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.—Pope.

ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S BIG PROBLEMS.

Statistics compiled by the federal government show that more than seven billion dollars are invested in farm loans and mortgages in the United States.

Agriculture is a stupenduous industry in this country. It requires a stupenduous capital to carry on and the percentage of farmers who can supply their own capital in full at all times is small.

Farming is a hazardous occupation. There is the hazard of weather and pests and after these hazards are met there is another hazard against the farmer's profits and even his expense of raising the crop in the fluctuation of markets. Debt and interest are the only certainties of the farming industry. Often these are only met with bitter economy and self denial and the chances are against the farmer who must pay a high rate of interest for his money and gamble with weather and pests and prices with his crop.

And the farmer is finding it more and more difficult to obtain the money to finance his operations. The large increase in the amount of tax free securities issued in recent years and the operation of the income tax have acted to encourage investors to place money they formerly invested in farm loans and mortgages in tax exempt securities. This has resulted in a scarcity of money for the farmers and an increase in the interest rate.

The government is trying to help the farmer finance himself through federal land loan banks and other agencies and is likely to find that the more it gives aid, the more the burden of financing the farmer will be placed upon its hands, until it will find that it must somehow furnish the greater part of the seven billion dollars required.

Credit for the farmer is one of the big problems now before the country. And behind it is still the bigger problem of profits for the farmer. This country cannot prosper unless its farmers can exchange their labor for the labor and the service of the city worker on an equitable basis.

WOMAN REPRESENTATIVE IS UNDAUNTED.

A few weeks after the opening of the regular session of the state legislature, Representative Edith Wilmans, of Dallas county, first woman to serve in the Texas legislature, declared some of her impressions of the legislature and her work in an interview. She said that she had found it impossible to accomplish much of what she had hoped to accomplish; that she found the work arduous and the pay inadequate and felt, what she believed all legislators must feel, a lack of appreciation of her efforts.

At the close of the session Mrs. Wilmans gave another interview. "I've never changed my mind," she said, "I believe that the more women we have in the legislature the better politics will be. * * * I am coming back in 1925, if Dallas county sends me, and I am going to try mighty hard to come back."

As the first member of her sex in the legislature Mrs. Wilmans made a good record. It is true that she failed to put across her program of legislation, but she made a strong effort to do so and there was deep sincerity in her efforts. Sincerity and conviction are two big things in public service and they will go a long way toward making up for lack of experience and for connections which give seasoned legislators more influence. Mrs. Wilmans has doubtless profited personally by her experience, even if she does return to Dallas poorer in purse. Her experience has better equipped her to serve her constituency.

While the inexperience of women in the exercise of suffrage has doubtless made them the victims of impositions in some instances, on the whole it can be said they have already exerted a good influence in political life and this good influence will be increased as women gain larger experience in exercise of suffrage.

10,000 JOBS REPORTED OPEN.

Here's opportunity for those who hunger for federal jobs. There is need for 10,000 more workers in the income tax division of the internal revenue bureau. These jobs will pay from $1800 to $3,000 per annum, and reports from Washington indicate there is real need for workers.

The work of checking income tax returns is reported to be six years behind. Workers are still checking 1917 returns. Officials of the department believe that a complete check of the returns filed up to this year would enable the government to collect an additional billion dollars, a sum that would come in handy for one even who deals in such big figures as Uncle Sam.

GOVERNOR NEFF'S GOOD FORTUNE.

Governor Neff has named a woman as his secretary. She will be the first woman in Texas to hold this position.

Other governors in other states have appointed women to important offices largely as a compliment to their sex and in recognition to their political importance. Doubtless Governor Neff would have been glad to have been actuated by these motives in his appointment of a secretary, but in this instance it is pretty certain that efficiency was his motive. Those who know her appraise the governor's new secretary as highly efficient and capable.

All of us know of instances where some woman is the real force behind some business or partnership—a partnership other than that of husband and wife where this is quite common—but such women rarely have the positions to which their abilities ought to entitle them. Governor Neff is to be congratulated upon his good fortune in having such a capable secretary and upon his opportunity to pay such a high compliment to woman.

TODAY'S TALK

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

SILENT AND AMAZED.

I have noted that the more people know, the less apt they are to talk about it.

As knowledge comes and sinks deep into our consciousness, we come to respect with greater force than ever the sources from which this knowledge comes.

To know that everything which you wear was once a part of the earth or that which moves upon it, is fact enough to silence any man and make him to stand amazed.

But when you see great bridges spanning huge rivers or look into the air at buildings that tower hundreds of feet toward the sky, and when you see the masterful and mighty ocean ships that ply back and forth across all the seas of the earth, you cannot help but pay homage to the minds of men that have brought to usefulness the natural gifts of the earth.

I never take a ride through the tunnels under the historic Hudson river but I sit and marvel.

Great knowledge and large blessings should make us simple and humble. If success comes to us greatly, we should be all the more anxious to lend and give where success has not come so abundantly.

When we go away, we can only take the things with us that we have given away. Those things which we have accumulated and kept, must be willed or distributed.

What a world, anyway, in which to stand in awe!

Every time I turn on the electric light, I think of him who harnessed this great secret power and made it the servant of millions.

Go out and remain silent under the stars. Then come in and think of all that you feel you should be.

We should be a great deal in such a world as this which we live—for it is so big and helpless.

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JUST FOLKS

—By—
Edgar A. Guest

THE COMMON TIES.

This old world, and I've been round it
North and south and east and west,
Seems to me, for so I've found it,
Mighty fine and richly blest;
Everywhere you'll find a steeple,
Symbolizing faithful people.

Most folks, when you learn about 'em,
Think and act just like your own;
Though as strangers you may doubt 'em,
Temperate or tropic zone,
You'll discover in their labors
They're just like your friends and neighbors.

Riches, poverty and sadness,
Pride and humbleness are there,
There's the self-same smile of gladness,
Self-same sorrow everywhere.
Strange the country you are treading?
Laughter rings at every wedding.

Find the mother with her baby,
Just the same as every mother,
Distant though the country may be,
Mothers are just like each other,
And the little ones in Norway
Act like those around your doorway.

Custom's but an outer raiment,
Life goes on from day to day.
Sin demands its cruel payment
Wheresoever you may stray.
Honor virtue, faith and pity
Dwell in every town and city.

What we think is fair they treasure,
What we mourn they also mourn,
Brothers all of grief and pleasure
Wheresoever men are born.
People everywhere you find them
Have these common ties to bind them.

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SMILE A WHILE

WITH TOM SIMS

One thing worse than having a job as a wife is working in a laundry where every day is wash day.

This language of ours tickles us. When a man comes before dinner he usually comes after dinner.

The ship subsidy failed, but we evidently have a hip subsidy.

A lazy, impudent clerk is a combination in restraint of trade.

The early bird may get the worm, but not the sleep.

Roasted peanuts are not always what they are cracked up to be.

Only thing you can tell by some clocks is what time it isn't.

San Francisco man who has been living in a boiler 17 years should be hard boiled by this time.

Never talk too long or too loud. An Ohio man has been jailed for impersonating a congressman.

Boston taxi driver returned $5,000 found in his car, instead of thinking it was a tip.

Impossible for the Government To Pay Out Without Taking In

By THOMAS R. MARSHALL
Former Vice President of the U. S.

There is one trait common to all the peoples of the earth, regardless of the form of government under which they may live. Every one of them must have a national hero. A monarchy furnishes the national hero to its people without effort upon their part. That is one of the good things, perhaps the best, about a monarchy. On the other hand, a democracy puts in one-half of its time creating, and the other half destroying its national heroes.

Sometimes it is a great warrior, like Grant; sometimes, a great patriot, like Lincoln; sometimes a great statesman, like Webster; sometimes a great prize fighter, like Jeffries, or a base ball player, like Babe Ruth, or even a descredited movie clown. We tire of them all and seek a new face. A man who might have been the greatest American hero had he lived in this day unfortunately has disappeared from public life. He was a child born out of due season. He made the proud boast that in twenty years' service as a public legislator he never failed to vote for an appropriation, and never voted for a tax. How sad it is that he is gone from our midst. If he were living today to explain to the people how they might have all the apropriations they desired and yet pay no taxes to meet them his claim to fame would be enduring.

It is a far cry back to pre-revolutionary days, when our forefathers raised a row over the imposition of a tax which now would be deemed so small as not to merit contention. They could not understand the doctrine of taxation without representation. I wish that these gentlemen who kicked up such a muss with Great Britain over the question and established an infant republic in which men were not to be taxed without representation could come back and see the practical working of the government which they founded. I predict it would be somewhat difficult for them to understand that in state and nation taxes are not levied by the people who pay for them. Well might they fear that national and state taxation had managed to become so intertwined as to establish back of the system the danger of confiscation.

It is becoming apparent to thoughtful men that if the present method of procedure goes on we shall be driven to the single tax idea, whether we like it or not. Long ago it was established as the law that no state of the union could tax the securities issued by the United States as tax exempt, and that the general government could not tax the tax-exempt securities of any state or of its subdivisions. Under this arrangement billions of tax-exempt securities have been issued. The states and their several subdivisions, animated by a desire for public buildings, highways, parks and other improvements, have been duplicating the general government in the issuance of non-taxable bonds. In one county with which I am familiar tax-exempt securities now extant exceed 25 per cent of the taxable value of its property. No wonder that Secretary Mellon is alarmed.

It is not at all surprising that the business of the nation moves with laggard footsteps. Taxes levied by state and nation are so high that a person investing his money in non-taxable securities stands to receive more income therefrom than he is likely to make in business with all its hazards. There must be a constitutional amendment prohibiting the issuance of tax-exempt securities or the craze for public improvements must stop. Otherwise, many of the states will find themselves in the situation Indiana was in eighty years ago when she went wild over canals and plank roads. Perhaps bankruptcy is the only thing that will cure the fever of public improvement.

There are some things that may be done to lessen the evils of taxation without changing the constitution. The general government has appealed to the cupidity of some of the states and formed a partnership with them in certain enterprises, then used this partnership to force in other states by indirect blackmail. States not favorable to joint enterprises with the government are compelled under the system to pay their share of the taxes which go to less wealthy states. The government aid policy by which appropriations are made by the congress contingent upon like appropriations by the states, is distinctly bad. Hundreds of millions of dollars are being expended this fiscal year under the new device of matching federal dollars with state dollars.

The general government is investigating everything under the sun, including, of course, the ever-present boll weevil and the lowly wood tick. Even a cursory examination of the subjects of investigation will reveal that they are of only indirect interest to the American people at large and of primary interest to some locality or class of citizens. Hundreds of millions are being expended.

Congress seems to think that an unjustifiable appropriation becomes justified, when the state is required to send as much of its own money as of federal funds. Barberry and wheat rust may be exterminated by a state in a fifty-fifty partnership with the general government albeit states which are not interested are taxed to pay the government's share of the cost.

River and harbor improvements by the federal government eat up millions of dollars, annually, yet the benefits may be largely local. In some cases, the army engineers report that only local interests would be served by the improvements, in which event the federal government pays only part instead of all of the costs. Just what is being done to Trinity river down in Texas just now I do not happen to know. The last I heard was that promoters of its improvement were still investigating whether a sufficient number of artesian wells could be dug to fill the stream bed after it was dug. For the next fiscal year more than $56,000,000 was voted by the congress for improvement of internal waterways.

The people of the United States should do one of two things, either put a stop to federal aid and improvements and investigations and experiments of all kinds or quit complaining about high taxation. The government cannot build highways, look after prospective mothers, eradicate pests, improve water transportation, increase production and what not without raising money. I do not ask that these activities cease; I merely point out that if the people desire they can cut down the taxes of the general government 25 per cent.

Bob Toombs of Georgia made in the senate seventy years ago a speech which well may be repeated today. "I have not been sent here to ask public money for my constituents," he said. "For the eleven years I have been in the two houses of congress my constitutents have never asked me to introduce one bill for their benefit, or the benefits of their pursuits, neither special nor general, and I have never introduced one. If you are going to spend money wrongfully, if you are going to spend it profligately, I wish you to do it anywhere else but within the borders of my state. When the system shall have been finally established that the states are to enter into a miserable scramble for the most money for their local appropriations, and that senator is to be regarded the ablest representative of his states who can get for it the largest slice of the treasury, from that day public honor and property are gone, and all the states are disgraced and degraded."

I wish Bob Toombs could come from his grave and speak again to the states in whose rights he believed and would beg them once more to assert their rights, discharge their duties, become self-respecting, and cease to be mendicants begging at the federal treasury.

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LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

By LEE PAPE

The Park Ave. News Weather. Slitely werse. Sissoty Page.

Miss Mary Watkins had her pickture taken last Satidday in her dancing costume standing on both toes, looking something like a angel ony more graceffill.

Intristing Facks About Intristing People. Sid Hunt allways has his nickels and dimes changed into pennies to make them rattle in his pockit and sound like more, and once wen his unkle gave him a dollar for his berthday you could heer him coming for pritty neer a block.

Letters to the Editer

Deer Sir. Is it reely unlucky to wawk under a ladder? P. Simkins.

Anser. It is sometimes, sutch as wen you trip jest as you are going under and skin your neez all up wile at the same time some guy painting on the ladder drops a half of a pint of red paint on the top of your hed jest as the wind blows your cap off. Other times it is perfeckly lucky.

Pome by Skinny Martin
Not Werking

Wats that crowd across the street there?
Did a horse fall down or wat?
Aw heck its ony Sam Cross trying to get
His cent back out of a chewing gum slot.

Lost and Found. Lost, 5 pencils, 4 long ones and a stump, tied erround with a rubber band. Finder can keep the stump and the rubber band. See Leroy Shooster.

YOU AND I

By ALBERT APPLE

CHANGE

The radio craze creates a shortage of top-floor rooms in Boston hotels. Travelling salesmen are carrying radio outfits in their trunks. They want top-floor rooms for stringing aerials.

It's a good thing we do not build for permanence in America. As the radio develops, favorable conditions for its operation will have a lot to do with making rented properties attractive or unattractive. Not many years until families, looking about for a place to rent, will be inquiring about landing and garage facilities for their flying flivvers.

PEASANTS

Russian soviet fears trouble this spring when it pools and divides the land in its Far East district. There most of the peasants are landowners, with 50 to 250 acres apiece. They farm this out to Koreans 'on shares," while the owners hunt, fish and work in nearby forests.

The soviet will put the Koreans on an equal basis with the Russian peasants. All comers will get land, as much as they will work personally—but no more. Important movement, for the seat of wars and most other economic problems is in land ownership.

BUSY

Two important facts, concerning prosperity for the south:

From last August 1 to March 3, northern and southern spinners took 5,144,621 bales of cotton, compared with 4,291,365 bales in the corresponding period a year ago. The market gets better.

Word's visible supply of American cotton early in March was 2,732,781 bales, which was 1,156,799 bales less than the supply a year ago. Fortunes have been made by men with the ability to grasp the trend behind such statistics.

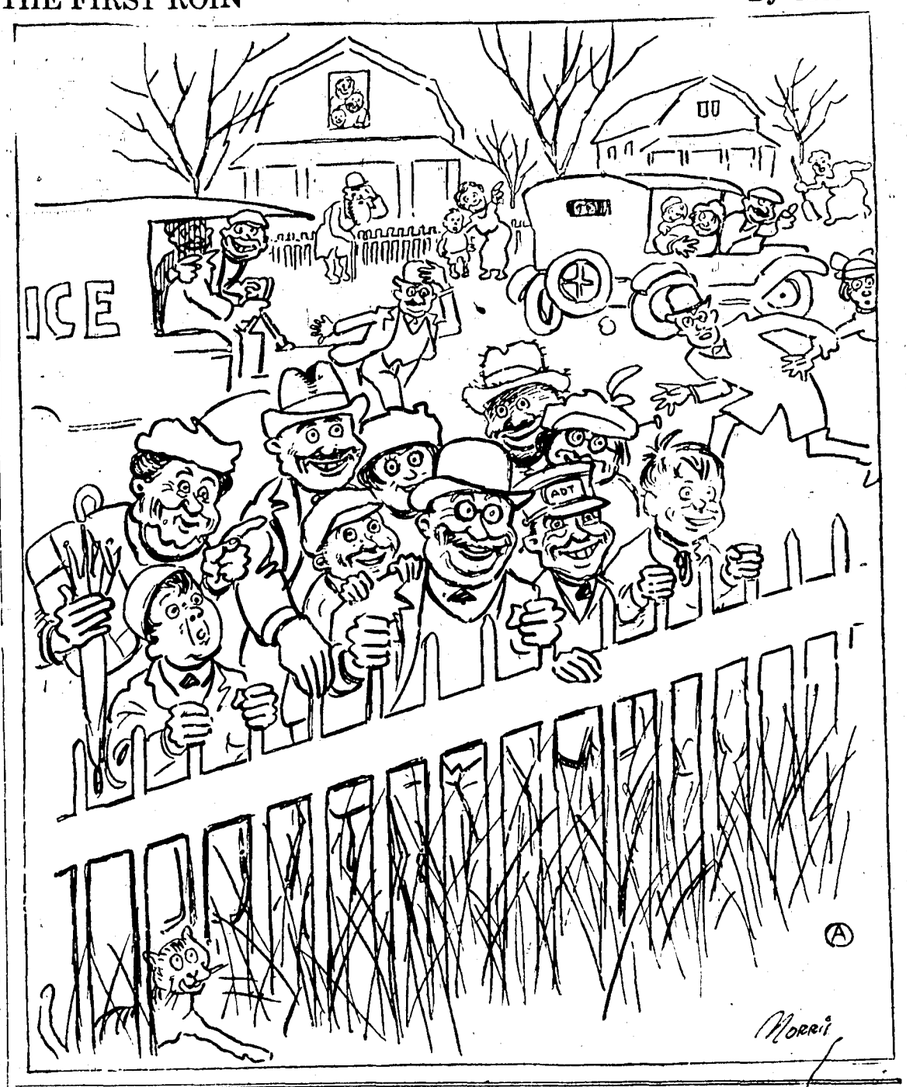
FARMERS

Farmers and consumers will be brought closer together by plans being put into effect by New Jersey fruit and potato growers. Cooperative associations will use trucks to reach new markets for members. A good movement. We have too many middlemen.

In Denmark the farmer gets an average of 72 per cent of what the consumer pays. In America the consumer pays only 37 per cent. Our farmers, suffering more than consumers, are rapidly being reduced to a peasant class. Something must be done to give them a bigger share of the nation's buying power.

THE FIRST ROIN

By Morris



A PUZZLE A DAY

There is a certain number which, multiplied by 3, gives a total made up of the same figure repeated three times. Multiplied by 6, it gives a total composed of another figure thrice repeated. The same thing will occur if the number is multiplied by 9, 12, 15, 18, 21, 24 or 27. What is the number?

Yesterday's Answer.

VICAR
IRATE
CANON
ATONE
RENEW

In the above square, formed by the word "Vicar," the five words, "Vicar," "Irate," "Canon," "Atone," and "Renew," can be read from left to right and from top to bottom.

The most slushy thing about snow is the poetry it inspires.

A baby with a rich uncle is always easy to name.

Fellowship of Prayer

Daily Lenten Bible reading and meditation prepared for Commission on Evangelism of Federal Council of Churches.

SUNDAY

Life Eternal.

"He is not the God of the dead, but of the living" (Mark 12:17).

Read Mark 12:1-27.

"The higher a man is in the scale of being, the wider the sweep of his thoughts, and the truer his affections the more likely he is to believe that the soul is immortal.'

Meditation: Through all the centuries men's hearts have demanded immortality. Their minds have sought assurance of life after death. Jesus proclaimed that God is the God of the living. How wonderfully and how soon his words were confirmed.

Hymn:

Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of ev'ry sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Prayer: Our Father God, Lord of all being, we realize how limited we are in comprehension, but we would know the meaning of life and the reality that lies back of the things we see. Strengthen thou, O God, our understanding; help us to see thy power in the universe about us, and to know that in thee all things move and have their being. When we become lost in the mazes of our own thinking and confused in the ways of men, may thy spirit interpret truth to us and lead us through Christ. Amen.

FOLKS BACK HOME

Sketches by J. H. STRIEBEL

By Robert Quillen

Uncle Gus

"That was Susie Bolt jest went out," explained Uncle Gus, as I sat beside him on the counter. "Reckon you noticed she was laughin'. I seed her an' some other women standin' in front o' Billy Hart's house las' night, an' she was explainin' how come 'em stoppin' there.

"Billy an' Mary Walker was married las' week, you know, an' they're livin' in the house Billy's ma give 'em. Right purty place, too.

"Well, Billy was a-settin' in a rocker an' Mary was a-settin' in his lap, an' they was kissin' right frequent an' hadn't pulled down the shades. These women passin' by on th' way home from choir practice seed 'em an' stopped to enjoy the show.

"I kind o' like folks what don't pull down th' shades. You know they ain't doin' nothin' to be ashamed of.

"It's natural fo' lots o' folks to be secretive, I reckon, but I ain't never yet knowed a man what made a practice o' hidin' his good deeds. Folks jest don't do it. They may mean to keep the left hand from knowin' what th' right is doin', but they don't take no special pains to keep th' neighbors from knowin'—not unless th' right hand is up to meanness.

"I believe folks would be a sight decenter if the' wa'n't no shades an' all of us had to live right out in the open. I ain't never heard of a goldfish a-doin' no meanness."

Aunt Het

"Bein' happily married is mostly a matter of accumulatin' some private family jokes you can smile at one another about when company is present and says somethin' to remind you."

Concerning Reputation

A great many failures are occasioned by success. The scrap pile is full of those who once had bright prospects and lost everything by succumbing to the popular delusion that success is an arrival at a destination. Success is not the end of the journey. It is but the attaining of a higher level, where traveling is easier. And the traveler who thinks he has arrived, and sits down to take his ease and enjoy the view, finds himself kicked from the pathway by abler and saner men who know that success is but an opportunity to do greater labor.

There is no end of labor for those who would do good work. Leonardo was the world's super-man, and he was learning still when he died; nay, he had just learned how to learn.

The first success means only that the craftsman has learned his trade—that he knows how to use his tools. Let a little hand-clapping and a little generous recognition persuade him that he is a master, and at once his day is finished. No man, whatsoever his abilities, can rest on yesterday's laurels. He must do better work tomorrow, or the world will forget that he did good work today. To be content with an achievement is to confess that one has reached the limit of one's powers. The world quite properly turns away from those who are done. Its interest is held by those who are coming up and pushing on.

There is no success save in continued effort, and to be content with a finished labor is to fail.

THE GIRL AND THE BUTCHER BOY

The girl across the street came over at twilight yesterday evening, radiant and glorified in new hat and frock, and sighed wearily and happily as she relaxed in her favorite rocker.

"I've been calling all afternoon," said she, "and I feel like Exhibit A after a hard day's work. I've been to nine places and collected an awful lot of nice gossip and 17 pretty nice compliments.

"It was the compliments I wanted, mostly. How do you like my new frock? And my hat? Thank you. A man can say nice things when you make him. But men are so unsatisfactory and so blind and so stupid.

"I dressed up and went to the postoffice after dinner just to pass the meat market and impress Hiram. He stopped me, of course, and talked and talked about the ball team we're going to have this year, and never even noticed I had on new things. I was so provoked I wouldn't go to the drug store with him for a soda.

"That's how come I went calling. I wasn't going to waste all this wake-up. And after Hiram's cold reception I needed a few compliments to make me feel good again, anyway.

"Women may not mean all the nice things they say, but at any rate they have sense enough to say 'em and make you feel good. If I was a man, and knew what I know about girls, you bet I'd scatter beams of sunshine and not be so stingy with my adjectives."

Husbands

It is a belief that nearly all married women think there is such a thing as a model husband, and that some other woman possesses him. When married women get together with their sewing or a pack of cards, and begin to criticise their husbands indirectly by describing the creature an ideal husband should be, they disagree concerning a few minor specifications; but all agree that a model husband should kiss his wife good-bye each time he leaves the house to go down town.

I do not know why women feel this way about it. Few women are confirmed and enthusiastic kissers, and comparatively few derive any pleasure from the hasty, casual and tobacco-flavored lip pressure that constitutes a husband's farewell caress. In all probability it is not the kiss they desire or enjoy, but the evidence that their husbands still care enough about them to wish to kiss them.

Even so, the prolific kissers are not always model husbands. Perhaps the reverse is true. For to a man a kiss is a kiss. And the man who is addicted to kissing is seldom if ever over-particular concerning the identity of the kissee.

If there is a model husband, it is probable that he smokes a villainous pipe, keeps his mind on his business most of the time, takes his wife for granted, and frequently forgets to kiss her good-bye.

Willie Willis

Spring is just around the corner. Little Willie Willis traded the Howard boy a dried toad and a bread-knife for two agates and three glassies Tuesday afternoon.

The man who tells a girl he would die for her wouldn't be so rash if he had ever tried it.

If there were no movies, where would people go to talk?

A man who means well doesn't always keep within his means.

PUBLICATION SECRET PAPERS ONLY DEFENSE OF PUBLIC MEN

LLOYD GEORGE DISCUSSES POLICY OF ATTACKING PUBLIC OFFICIALS IN MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS

By THE RIGHT HONORABLE DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, O. M., M. P.
(Former British Premier.)

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LONDON, March 17.—A storm is working up over the publication by public servants of information which came into their possession in the course of their official careers. The immediate occasion is Mr. Winston Churchill's story of the war. Angry questions are being asked in Parliament and it is publicly announced that the cabinet have appointed a committee to consider the whole problem.

It is rather late in the day to make all this fuss about publication of war documents, for generals, admirals and ministers in all lands, including ours, have during the last three years been inundating the European and American public with a flood of reminiscences, explanations, criticisms, attacks and defenses on the conduct of operations, either with the great war or the great peace, in which they were engaged. Warriors on land and on sea have displayed unprecedented eagerness to inform the public as to their own share in the great victory, and as to how much more brilliant that share would have been but for the wrongheadedness or stupidity of some collaborator. Like Julius Caesar, they mean to live in history not merely through their battles but also through their commentaries upon them.

On the other hand, statesmen have been engaged in disclaiming responsibility for particular parts of the Treaty of Versailles, and where blame has been attached to them either by opponents or supporters for the form in which these parts were cast, they have striven hard to prove that it was attributable to pressure which they were unable to resist from other actors in the drama. In each case, highly confidential information is disclosed, secret documents are used, cabinet and council proceedings are published without the slightest regard to precedent.

Reputation Is At Stake.

One disclosure has led to another, one revelation has rendered another inevitable. A general, admiral or minister criticizes on the strength of half-disclosed minutes or documents some other public functionary, military, naval or political. What is the latter to do? His reputation *is at stake*. Is he *not* to be allowed to repair the ommission or to correct the misquotation?

Take the case of the ministers who played an important part in the conduct of war or peace, and whose actions have been subjected to malignant and persistent misrepresentation. In attacking these ministers, statements are made which if accepted by the public would irretrievably damage or even destroy their reputation. In formulating the attack, a document is partially quoted or the report of a council or cabinet meeting is misquoted. The minister knows that full and fair quotation would clear his good name of the imputation sought to be cast upon it. Is he not to be allowed under theose circumstances to publish it? A mere denial would carry no weight. A full revelation would settle the dispute in his favor. The publication cannot conceivably effect any public interest, it would supply no information which could serve any possible enemy of his country. Is he not to be allowed to use the only means available to redeem his credit from the ruin of accepted calumny? His critic has been allowed to disclose secret information without protest. Is he to be forbidden to do so in self defense? He claims that he served his country faithfully, to the best of his powers, in time of crisis and peril. For that he is defamed by men who had access to secret information and use it freely without criticism, censure or demur. Why should his country deny him the same privilege for his protection?

Rather Late to Protest

That is the case which the cabinet committee will have to consider. Whatever general rules may be laid down they must in all fairness take into account these exceptional circumstances. Those who are now taking a prominent part in emphasizing the *enormity of giving to* the public documents which were acquired in public service had not a word to say when portions of those documents were used for purposes with which they were in sympathy. Is it not rather late for them to protest now? There is such a thing as fair play even when politicians are attacked.

So far as the British are concerned, the writing of books of the type alluded to was started, I think, by Field Marshall Lord French of Ypres in his book "1914." This work is of the nature of an apologia and the writer, to assist in establishing his case, alludes to discussions with the cabinet and does not hesitate to quote textually secret memoranda and dispatches written by himself and others. The late Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Fisher, gives in his book "Memories" examples of his own intervention at war council meetings. In his autobiography "From Private to Field Marshall," which appeared some time later, Field Marshall Sid William Robertson, who was for over two years the confidential adviser of the Cabinet, and as sush attended all war councils and most war cabinet meetings, when it suits his argument gives to the public his account of what passed around the table. Though he does not quote secret documents textually, he describes the proceedings and deliberations of the Supreme War Council, inter-allied conferences and the war cabinet, and refers to opinions of individuals. In his recent speeches, he has gone even further. A still more recent work, "Sir Douglas Haig's Command," is the result of collaboration by two authors, of whom one at least held official position during the war, being Sir Douglas Haig's private secretary when he was commander-in-chief of the British army in France. This book is even less reticent. It also is essentially an apologia and justification of an individual. To establish their case writers not only summarize some of the secret proceedings of the Supreme War Council and War Cabinet, but give extracts of their decisions.

Extracts Freely Used.

These extracts are freely used as a basis of animadversion on the council and cabinet of that day. It is true that some of the quotations are stated to be taken from French books previously published, but others are not, which arouses curiosity as to the source of the knowledge displayed.

In addition, there have been endless articles in magazines and newspapers, some signed, some written anonymously, all attacking either ministers, generals or admirals, and most of them clearly supplied with secret information by men who must have acquired it in their official capacity. As to all these disclosures, protest has hitherto been silent. But when it is indicated that replies are forthcoming, and that these replies will reveal the real nature of misquoted documents or proceedings, the wrath of the assailants and their sympathizers knows no bounds.

What happened in reference to transactions of secret conclaves held in connection with the framing of the peace treaty, affords an illustration of the way these revelations occur. The question of publication of these proceedings was definitely discussed at Versailles after the signature of the peace treaty with Germany on the 28th of June, 1919, by President Wilson, representing the United States, by M. Clemenceau and Simon, representing France, M. Sonnino, representing Italy, M. Makino, representing Japan, and myself. This is what occurred on that occasion. For the first time I quote from my own notes written at the time.

Attitude of Wilson

President Wilson was strongly of the opinion that these documents ought to be treated as purely private conversation, and he objected to communication of accounts given in notes of private conversation in which all present had spoken their minds with great freedom, as improper use might afterwards be made of these documents. On the other hand, he did not object to notes being communicated to special individuals in the personal confidence of members of the council.

Though he looked upon certain statements, conclusions and actions as being official and therefore available in appropriate offices, actual conversations were private. In the United States no one had the right to claim documents of this kind. President Wilson's view was that each government should take the course traditional in its own country, with the clear and distinct understanding that no one should under any circumstances make the process verbal. Mr. Clemenceau did not think that such documents could be regarded as private property, whilst M. Sonnino thought they need not be considered as official documents.

For my own part I was anxious to know what the precedents were. I also felt bound to enter a caveat that if attacks should be made on the political heads I might be forced in particular cases to refer to these notes and I gave warning that I might have to do so unless protest was then made. M. Clemenceau agreed so far that it might be impossible to refuse extracts from the proces verbaux to prove particular facts. It will be observed that I was first to safeguard the interest of persons who, I felt certain, would be attacked for their share in the treaty. I am the last to take advantage of the proviso.

Clemenceau Bitterly Attacked

What followed? M. Clemenceau was bitterly attacked by his political opponents for surrendering the French rights. President Wilson was also attacked by his political opponents for his assent to provisions of the treaty. In self-defense they authorized publication of secret reports of the Paris meeting.

M. Clemenceau entrusted his defence to M. Tardieu. M. Tardieu in his book "The Truth About The Treaty," gives most of his attention to the drawing up of that international instrument, but deals with the last portion of the war period and quotes from proceedings of inter-allied conferences and also of the supreme war council, giving opinions of individuals. He does the same with the deliberations of the peace conference. In fact, the whole book is *based on international* proceedings of secret nature. M. Poincare in maligning his rivals has not refrained from making full use of information which came to his knowledge as president of the republic. For example, in his article "Souvenirs et Documents," in Le Temps of the 12th of September, 1921, he quotes in extense a letter of April, 1919, from himself as president of the republic to the president of the council, M. Clemenceau, and a letter from the latter in reply to the president of the council. This correspondence I referred to the period of occupation by the allied the left bank of the Rhine. According to Signor Nitti, M. Poincare makes somewhat similar disclosures in his articles published in the Revue de Deux Mondes. All these disclosures were partial, truncated, and therefore misleading. They did not give the public a complete account of what occurred. The impression created was therefore unfair to other actors in that great drama.

Book Is Result

That is undoubtedly what impelled ex-President Wilson to hand over his documents to Mr. Ray Baker with a view to presentation of the case from the standpoint of the American delegation. Hence his book, "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement." It is mostly based on the secret minutes of the supreme war council, numerous extracts from which are given. Signor Nitti, late Italian premier, on the other hand, expressly states that he does not publish any document which was not intended for publication. Nevertheless he prints a *memorandum* written by myself for the peace conference in March, 1919, under the title of "Some Considerations for the Peace Conference Before They Finally Draft Their Terms," and also M. Clemenceau's reply, both of which are secret documents. But he excuses his action in this case because extracts from this memorandum had already been published.

I only mention these matters, not by way of arraignment of these various distinguished men for divulging secrets they ought to have kept under lock and key. That is not in the least my object. I do so in order to point out that general rules as to conditions under which confidential material can be used are not applicable to the circumstances of the great war and the peace that ensued. Disclosures already made largely for purposes of criticism and aspersion upon individuals or bodies of individuals have given the assailed parties a special position which cannot in justice be overlooked.

PUBLICATION OF SECRET DOCUMENTS AS ONLY DEFENSE OF PUBLIC, SAYS LLOYD GEORGE

There have been endless articles in magazines and newspapers, some signed, some written anonymously, all attacking either ministers, generals or admirals, and most of them clearly enough supplied with secret information by men who must have acquired it in their official capacity.

In attacking these ministers, statements are made which if accepted by the public would irretrievably damage or even destroy their reputation. * * * What is the minister to do? His reputation is at stake. Is he not to be allowed to repair the omission or to correct the misquotation.

Those who are now taking a prominent part in emphasizing the enormity of giving to the public documents which were acquired in public service had not a word to say when portions of those documents were used for purposes with which they were in sympathy.

The question of publication of these proceedings was definitely discussed at Versailles after the signature of the peace treaty with Germany by President Wilson, representing the United States, M. Clemenceau and Simon, representing France, M. Sonnino, representing Italy, M. Makino, representing Japan, and myself.

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We see that the muscles properly rotate the eye balls and lastly prescribe the glasses that most correctly supply the deficiency in your vision.

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Chosen from the most appealing creations of American and Parisian designers, new spring apparel to meet every need of day or evening is here for discriminating women.

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Spring wraps in the individualized modes characteristic of P. B. M. Co. apparel are here in variety complete.

Deep piled fabrics in light-weight are developed in enveloping Coats and circular Capes in which Silk linings play an important part. Embroidered and tucked or severely plain.

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Stocks are at their best, the favored fashions for spring are here. Models in crepe silks in light or dark shades and in stylish printed patterns await your selection.

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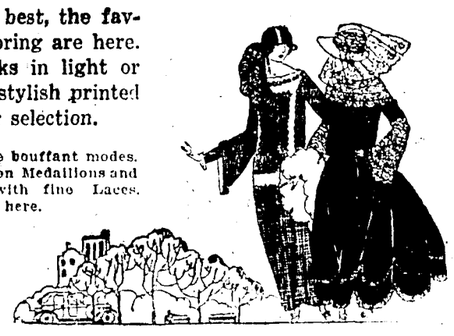

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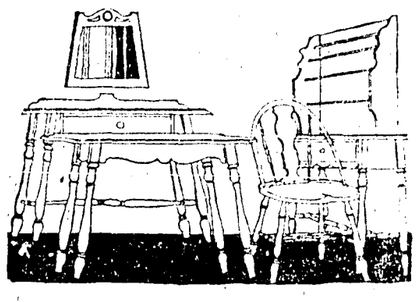

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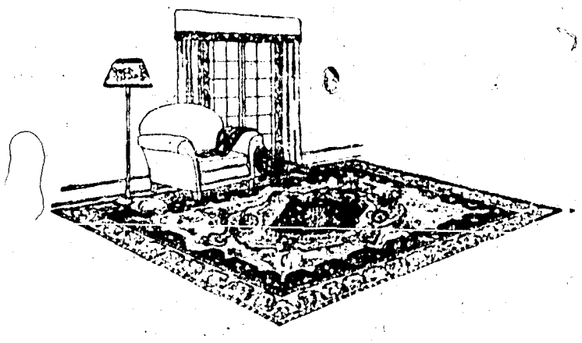

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WEEK BRINGS 2 MORE IMPORTANT WILDCAT DEVELOPMENTS

ARCHER COUNTY ADDS ANOTHER TO POSSIBILITIES BY SHOWING IN TEST EAST OF PANTHER POOL

Two more wild-cat developments last week, one in Wichita and the other in Archer county, served to sustain the theory that all the oil in Northwest Texas has not yet been uncovered.

The Gulf's well on Waggoner Brothers ranch, seven miles south east of Electra, showing for a good producer at 1769 feet, turned operators' eyes eagerly in that direction Thursday and caused a mild stampede for acreage. The well is not yet completed, but shows every indication of extending the Electra field further towards Beaver creek.

Late in the week, excelent promise of another two-mile extension in Archer county was furnished by the Shipley well on the Luke Wilson ranch, Section 40, two and a half miles east of the old Panther pool.

With dozens of wildcat wells going down in various unexplored parts of both Wichita and Archer county, another week may see still other areas brought into producing territory.

NEW EXTENSION IN ARCHER COUNTY IS INDICATED BY TEST

SHIPPLEY WELL MAY WIDEN PANTHER POOL TWO MILES EASTWARD.

WEEK'S COMPLETIONS ADD TO PRODUCTION

Wildcat Activity Continues Unmolested; American Brings in 275 Barreler.

An increase in the number of wildcat tests drilling, several good completions in the Freeman-Hampton section, and a general speeding up in all kind of oil field work are recorded in the week's review of activities in Archer County.

Several wells are due for completion especially in the defined area where a number are standardizing on the various sands. The Freeman-Hampton Company's No. 7 and 8 on the Ferguson were placed on the pump each with an average of 125 barrels daily. The same company is also drilling three other tests.

What promises to be a two mile extension to the east of the Panther pool is the showing made by the Shippley test on section 40, lot 14 of the Luke Wilson lands. This test picked up a sand at 1446 feet which was cored showing considerable oil. Casing has been set and the sand will be given a thorough testing out. A great deal of importance is attached to the development it being a new depth and in an absolute wildcat section, the nearest production being the producers in the Panther pool which is producing from the 1700 foot pay.

The showing made by the American Refining Company's No. 1 well which was drilling in Saturday on the Ferguson lease looks like one of the best brought in from this field recently. The top of the pay was encountered at 1752 feet and the well is flowing by heads at the rate of 275 barrels.

The No. 7 Ferguson of the Shaw-Rathke is also due for completion and is standardizing on the 1700 foot pay with 1 500 foot of fluid in the hole.

J. I. Staley is started drilling on No. 3 and 4 Ferguson, No. 3 offsetting the Ray producer.

Staley, Wynne & Stone No. 1, K. & K., offsetting Dr. Wallace No. 1 at the west was drilled in Saturday afternoon and the hole immediately filled up with oil, showing for a 150-barreler. It will be put on the pump at once.

Due north 300 feet a derrick is up to offset Dr. Wallace No. 2 which was brought in recently for around 150 barrels. The American Refinery has a derrick up 750 feet north of Staley Wynne & Stone No. 2 offsetting the latter lease.

Staley & Stone have let the contract to Henry Hobbs and have erected a derrick on a 20-acre lease out of the Kemp & Kempner just north of the road and a short distance from the American Refining Company's recent completion on the W. P. Ferguson. Staley Wynne et al have also erected a derrick offsetting the Humble's 40 acres on the Kemp & Kempner, and drilling will start at once.

The Texhoma Refining Company has finished a fishing job on the No. 3 E. Ferguson and is showing the greatest amount of activity in the county, having 14 rigs drilling on their different leases.

In the shallow field east of Holliday W. C. Parker has completed a nice little pumper making 25 barrels from the 660 foot pay and has made arrangements to put down several others.

Featherstone and associates are feeling for the 1700 foot pay in their two tests on the Ferguson tract.

The Woodburn Oil Corporation No. 1 Ferguson was also completed in the 1700 foot sand and is reported good for 125 barrels.

The Gulf Production Company's No. 1 Ferguson received a supply of salt water and is shut down; No. 2 lease D, is on the sand waiting to drill in at 1757 feet.

In the wildcat districts new locations have been made and during the week the Hobbs Oil Company built a derrick in section 2 William Cound survey abstract 798 about two and one-half miles west of Archer City.

Loggie & McCracken, about 2 miles southeast of Mankins in the Hooper-Wade survey Albright land, are drilling at 1360 feet.

Another interesting test is that of Burns-Stoneking in block 72 Wilson lands which had a show of shallow sand at 280 feet but did not warrant a test.

Dee Whitney and associates are spudding in on their No. 1 in section 182, abstract 141, six miles northwest of Archer City.

PREPARING TO COMPLETE NEW WELL IN GARVIN COUNTY

Casing has been set and cemented on the test of Staley-Meyers on the Newberry farm in Garvin county, Oklahoma. This test is located 500 feet east of the big 12,000 barrel gusher which came in a few weeks ago. The top of the pay was picked up at 1516 feet showing plenty of oil, and it is the opinion of the owners this well when completed will be as good as the discovery well.

If all the books sold were red there would be twice as many books read as are read.

Five paydays hath September, April, July and December.

See the Oakland stock car on indoor day and night 226 hour nonstop run at show rooms of Arthur Huff Motor Company.—adv.

Eyes tested. Lacth Optical Co.—adv.

New wallpaper at Decorators Company.—Adv.

MUCH ACTIVITY IN VICINITY OF OLNEY START NEW TESTS

OLNEY, TEXAS, March 17.—The territory within a radius of ten miles of this city is to get the biggest oil play within the next six months that it has ever had, and hardly a day passes that a new location is not made within the circle.

W. W. Alexander and others have closed up a lease deal for 2,000 acres immediately north of the city limits, and C. H. Creighton has contracted to drill a well, actual operations to begin not later than the 20th of this month. This is to be a deep test, and the derrick will be not more than a mile from the main street of this city.

The Monroe Production Company has a rig on the ground, location made and will spud in for a test on the Kemp land, five miles southwest of Olney some time this week or next. This company has also made a second location on the A. H. M. Anderson land, some two miles south of the Kemp lease, and operations are to start there in the very near future.

J. Lee Anderson has a contract with R. B. Magee and associates for a test to be started in 45 days. This test will be some 10 miles from Olney and in a northwesterly direction.

E. W. Hunt and T. L. Seigler of this city have procured a body of 1,500 acres of land west of town, and have contracted to drill a well on the Ollie Hayter survey, which will be nine miles from Olney, almost due west. This test is to start in 45 days.

A contract has been entered into for a test on the Pitts Neal farm, five miles north of Olney, work to begin not later than May 15, and there is also a contract for a well in the southeast corner of the old Bear Creek pasture, in the same neighborhood and just about a mile west.

In the old Miller field to the east there is quite a bit of activity, with three tests going down and contracts for two or three more to start soon. This is the only real production that has so far been discovered in the Olney territory, there now being three producing wells in the pool, two of which have been steady producers for 12 years, and without even being cleaned out, have held to original production, which is between 10 and 15 barrels per day each. As these wells are less than 1,000 feet deep—970 to be exact—they are very valuable.

BRECKENRIDGE HAS NUMEROUS TESTS GETTING STARTED

BRECKENRIDGE, March 17.—The coming of pleasant weather has had a stimulating effect on operations in all sections of this county, resulting in a number of good wells in the Curry & Ibex fields and in the district east of Breckenridge.

In the Curry pool six miles south of the city the month has witnessed a big transformation in the appearance of the field. A number of wells were completed and many new dericks may be seen on each side of the road as one goes through this field to the Ibex section. In the vicinity of the Roeser & Pendelton gasoline plants a number of buildings of various kinds have sprung up, the pool which is extended to the south will soon be the scene of greater activity due to prevail tests to be put down in that direction.

About 18 miles southwest of Breckenridge is the new town of Ibex born two months ago in the heart of the Ibex field. It has two hotels, drug stores, garages, several grocery and other small establishments. The main railroad point is Breckenridge which handles all the shipping and material for this pool.

The Ibex pool has at present 15 producers and 17 new wells drilling with 40 new locations made for tests showing; this field has the confidence of the operators in the future productiveness of the area.

The Empire well which came in some time ago with a daily production of 3500 barrels is still making 1800 barrels of high grade oil. The oil in this field tests 43 7-10 gravity and brings $2.70 premium not included.

Work on the construction of the refinery of Landreth Oil Company is progressing and it is reported the Empire Company is also planning for one.

Among the largest companies operating in the local pool is the Texas Company, Rosana, Landreth, Empire, Humble and the Prairie Oil Company.

2 MORE PRODUCERS DURING PAST WEEK IN HIRSCHI DISTRICT

BARCLAY-MEADOWS AND BRADLEY COMPANIES GET GOOD WELLS.

SOME DAMAGE FROM HIGH WINDS REPORTED

Number of Additional Tests Start Drilling With Several Others Near Sand.

The Hirschi district added two more producers during the week by the completion of the No. 4 well of the Barclay-Meadows on the Dale tract in block 835, and the Bradley Oil Company's No. 11 Hirschi, both in the 1886 foot pay. The former came in early in the week, making 200 barrels. The No. 11 Bradley is flowing by heads with an estimated production of 150 barrels.

The bad weather of the middle of the week retarded operations to some extent on several of the drilling tests and the derrick of Dale and others west of the Gulf Production Company's producer was blown down by the high winds.

The Texhoma Company's No. 3 Hirschi which was completed last week has been put on the pump and is making 150 barrels. The same company's No. 4 Hirschi is feeling for the top sand at 1318 feet.

Two other tests were spudded in by the Bradley company—Nos. 12 and 13 on their Hirschi lease in block 834.

The No. 6 well of the Burk-Cameron company is pumping 50 barrels and No. 7, a location to the south, commenced drilling.

On the Foster-Allen tract the No. 8 well of Bob Waggoner is drilling at 1450 feet.

Drilling has started on the Gulf Production Company's two tests in the Dale tract offsetting No. 2 which is producing around 250 barrels daily, one well being located to the nort hand ohe to the south.

A number of new tests are drilling in various parts of the field to the west and the next few months will no doubt add many acres to the defined area.

COMPLETION LIST FOR THIS DISTRICT SINCE LAST SUNDAY

The following wells have been completed and placed on the pump during the week in the different pools in the district:

Wichita County.

Texhoma Refining Co. No. 3 E. Waggoner, 1890-05, estimated production 750 barrels.

Shamrock Oil Co. No. 11 W. T. Waggoner, dry and abandoned at 1840 feet.

Ladd and others' No. 5 B. Waggoner, 660-75, 25 barrels.

Griswold 12, E. Waggoner, 905-15, 25 barrels.

Griswold Oil Co. No. 22, lease B. Burnett, 1920-15, 35 barrels.

Carterer Oil Co. No. 10 Waggoner, 1865-75, 30 barrels.

Bass-Dillard No. 3 Waggoner 1480-95, 50 barrels.

Gaulf Production No. 8 Douglass, 1570-78, 150 barrels.

Gulf Production Co. No. 1 J. and J. Waggoner, 1769-72, 75 barrels.

Bradley Oil Co. No. 11 Hirschl, 1886-85, 125 barrels.

Barclay-Meadows (Sun Company) E. A. Dale, 1885-932, 200 barrels.

Archer County.

B. J. Shaw No. 7 Ferguson, 1710-20, 100 barrels.

Texhoma 3, D. Ferguson, 1745-52, 200 barrels.

Texhoma 1, E. Ferguson, 1755-65, 275 barrels.

Texhoma Company and others' No. 6, A. Ferguson, 1730-40, 375 barrels.

J. T. Harrel No. 1 Ferguson, dry and abandoned 1800 feet.

Hudspeth and others' No. 1 Mankins, dry and abandoned 1810 feet

MORAN OPERATIONS CONTINUE BRISK IN SPITE OF WEATHER

MORAN, TEXAS, March 17.—The high winds which have prevailed over this section during the past week made drilling operations not only difficult, but somewhat hazardous; but the number of new completions is very little short of the average. There is a lack of wildcat news, which is probably due to weather conditions, but in the defined area work seems to have gone ahead much as usual. The pipe ine through the south field is laid and connected, ready for runs as soon as the boosting plants can be installed. This will give the south field a great stimulus and the coming summer will probably see activity in the Moran field about equally divided between the north and south fields.

Zoch-Barnes Petroleum Company, on the Edgar fee in block 20 have a completion in the 630 foot sands; an average producer.

Ernest et al., on the Anthony fee, block 1 D. & D. A. lands, completed a well on the 330 foot sands. This is in the flat lands about three-quarters of a mile northwest of the flowing wells on the Wagley land and refutes the old theory of finding oil only on the high points.

The Texhoma Company has a new completion on the C. R. Jones tract, block 72, good for 25 barrels.

Haley and Simons are drilling for the 440 foot sands on the Cora Grisham tract, block 2300 T. E. & L. survey.

The Godley Oil Company on the B. L. Oweng tract, have completed well No. 4.

Elliott and Chanler, on the Jenkins tract, block 69, had showings at 388 feet and at 518 feet, probably good for 10 barrels, but will drill to the level of the 630 foot sands. The hole will be kept in shape to plug back and develop the sands above mentioned.

A. J. Breman of Wichita Falls, drilling on the Pruitt fee, block 2278, completed in the sand at 414, good for 40 barrels of high gravity oil.

John Scharbrough and Hugh A. Lay, wealthy cattlemen of Fort Worth, have purchased a lease of 80 acres on the Pruitt farm, joining the Breman lease on the south.

Miller Bros. have sold their 40-acre lease on the J. F. S. Wilson tract, block 2279, with two wells on the shallow sands, for 16,000.

E. B Bierce, drilling for the 600 foot sands, on the Jackson tract block 66 University lands, drilled five feet into a sand at 181 feet making ten barrels. Casing was set at 178 feet, and this shallow sand will be thoroughly tested by pumping while a new hole will be started for the deeper pay.

The Dickey well No. 1 on the Pruitt tract, block 2287, has been deepened five feet and is now flowing natural.

SMALL GAIN SHOWN IN OIL PRODUCTION DURING PAST WEEK

Pipe line runs for the Wichita Falls district for the week ending Saturday March 17th, shows an average of 57,890 barrels daily, a gain of 115 barrels daily for the entire district.

Slight losses in Electra, Burkburnett and Iowa Park pools was offset by the 350 barrel increase in Archer county. Below is the week's run by pools.

Electra	23,155 barrels
Burkburnett	24,870 barrels
Archer county	7,440 barrels
Petrolia	275 barrels
Henrietta	180 barrels
Total for week	57,890 barrels
Total last week	57,775 barrels
Week's gain	115 barrels

See the Oakland stock car on indoor day and night 226 hour nonstop run at show rooms of Arthur Huff Motor Company.—adv.

Supreme Quality House Paint for your home. The Decorators Company.—Adv.

GULF'S WILDCAT ON WAGGONER LAND IS ELECTRA FEATURE

GOOD COMPLETIONS PROVEN AREAS RECORDED FOR WEEK.

750 BARRELER FOR TEXHOMA IS LARGEST

Drilling Activity Continues to Increase; Several Wildcats Being Watched.

The most important development for the week at Electra was the bringing in of the Gulf Production Company's No. 1 well on the John and Jeff Waggoner tract from an entirely new pay for this part of the field, the top of the sand was entered at 1769 feet which after drilling into made a number of good flows. It is estimated good for 125 barrels. The well is in wildcat territory being about seven miles southeast of Electra, the closest being those of the Culberson company and the Gem Oil Company to the west and northwest, a distance of two miles.

The finding of this pay will no doubt inaugurate a brisk drilling campaign in the vicinity as several locations have been made already.

Another feature was the performance of the Texhoma Refining Company's No. 3 E lease well on the Waggoner tract in section 33, which came in last week making 350 barrels from the 1988 foot level and during the past few days increased th eflow after drilling a few feet to between 750 and 800 barrels dally. The same company's No. 14 A lease Waggoner is also showing up for a good well from the same pay. The well is being bailed out and indications point to a 300-barrel producer.

The attention of operators in the county is also focused on the outcome of the Texhoma Refining Company's test on the H. A. Overall tract in the Sunshine Hill district northeast of town where that company is testing out a sand showing considerable oil at 2016 feet, it being the deepest sand so far encountered in this part of the county.

On the Douglass tract east of town the Gulf Production Company's No. 8 was completed in the sand at 1970 feet and is making on the pump 150 barrels daily. On the same lease the Camp Oil and Gas Company is drilling the sand at 1840 feet in their No. 5 test, and is showing up for a good producer. The wibleat test on the Flusche tract northwest of town is rapidly getting down to an interesting depth and is drilling around 1200 feet.

Brewer and others' test in block 320 Waggoner Colony sub-division northeast of Electra is drilling in the neighborhood of 800 feet.

In the south pool active drilling campaigns are under way on the various leases and each day finds ne wderricks going up in all directions.

Southwest of Fowlkes the wildcat test of Ed Timblin and others started drilling. This test will be drilled to 2500 feet.

In section 26, block 5, Waggoner, machinery is being instalted in the No. 1 test of T. J. Deskins.

During the week the Magnolia Petroleum Company made five locations for tests in the south pool, and the Griswold Oil Company made locations for three more wells on the Burnett tract.

In the vicinity of the J. and J. Waggoner well several acreage deals have been made and the coming week is expected to find several derricks up on the surrounding territory.

Supreme Quality House Paint for your home. The Decorators Company.—adv.

GULF REPORTED TO HAVE TAKEN OVER TEST NEAR NOCONA

NOCONA, TEXAS, March 17.—It is reported the Gulf Company has taken over the Thommassen test one half mile east of Nocona and will make a new location south of the M. K. & T. railroad. This test will be drilled 3000 feet with standard tools; the Gulf Company not noly now owns the Thomassen acreage east of this city, but has purchased in addition about 2000 acres to the south.

The Humphreys interests have made a new location somewhere north of their big gasser but as yet the exact spot has not been determined.

The Texas Company's well on the Lemons tract is still experiencing a great amount of salt water trouble which is coming in through the casing somewhere in the neighborhood of 2800 feet.

SHALLOW FIELD AT MORAN CONTINUES TO GAIN IN YIELD

MORAN, March 17.—The Moran shallow oil field continues to carry the banner for shallow production. The Richmond, Sprawls, et al., Wagley No. 1, section 3, D. & D. A. lands, came in at 336 feet, flowing over the rig mast. This well is 1500 feet south of the Borealis discovery well which put 400 barrels of oil in the tanks in 21 days, flowing natural.

A. G. Iheng has six wells on the Mason tract, one mile west of Moran, which are producing an average of five barrels each daily from sand at 165 feet.

Davis and Meredith, on the Sedwick fee, section 22, five and one-half miles northeast of Moran, have well No. 2 on the sand at 285 feet, making considerable gas and spraying oil.

E. B. Bierce is drilling for the 600 foot sands on the Jackson tract, section 66 University lands.

Pysher and Gebout are drilling at 200 feet on the Burton tract, section 70, University lands. Production may be expected here at 335 feet.

H. R. Ibach on the Broadfoot, has completed No. 2 in the 630 foot sand, flowing 75 barrels.

The Hope Oil Company is spudding No. 2 on the R. B. Pool, section 71.

Frazier et al., are drilling a wildcat on the Morris fee in section 55, B. O. A. lands.

Hoffman, Williams and Burkburnett, on the Eubanks, section 2279, have a completion at 430 feet good for 30 barrels.

Dr. Jones of Burkburnett, has completed Nos. 3 and 5 on the Pritchard, section 44. This makes five producers on this lease with a total daily production of 245 barrels.

The Seaboard Oil and Gas Company, on the Ries tract, section 44, has a completion at 640 feet, with oil standing 400 feet in the hole.

Pipe line runs for the past week have been slightly in excess of the runs for the previous week, showing flush production keeping ahead of the natural decline of settled production, although the weather has not been favorable to drilling operations in this field where the spudding machine predominates.

Beauty secret: Biting the finger nails leaves a bad impression on your fingers and on your friends.

There are no farmers around a country club and no cattle at a stock exchange.

SHOWING IN WHITTINGTON TEST IS FEATURE OF PANHANDLE ACTIVITIES

PANHANDLE, TEXAS, March 17. The correlation of the Whittington test in wildcat territory of southwest Hutchinson continues with the producing wells to the east. Eight inch casing has been landed in this test at 2800 feet to conserve 30 million feet of gas and drilling continued. The pay sand is expected in this test as in the producing oil wells at 3000 feet. The promising outlook in the Whittington has effected the location of three more wells to the east and is attracting many operators to the field including W. B. Pine of Okmulgee, Okla., J. B. Gregory of the New Domain, T. B. Hoffer of the Fensland and Dorset Carter of the Coline Oil Co., who is here with a field crew. Many operators have secured acreage in many large blocks or entered into drilling contracts for immediate development.

Sinclair Oil Co. and Skelly interests are preparing to enter the field and develop their holdings, at an early date. Skelly has recently placed a scout in the field. Sinclair is said to be arranging to drill a deep test on their lease two miles south of the Canadian river and Plemons, Texas, in south Hutchinson county.

Arrangements are being made to drill the Holmes, McIlroy and McGee producer deeper. This well is on section 10, block Y, Hutchinson and is credited with being a 100 barrel oil and 10 million feet gas producer. No work has been done on this test since last summer when drilling was suspended at 2900 feet. Local operators have made a location two miles east of Plemons on the north side of the Canadian river, for a test to start at once. Plains Oil No. 1 Weatherly, section 17, block Y, Hutchinson is drilling at 2000 feet. This test is two miles west of the McGee well and a like distance north of the producing Texas well in Carson county.

North Carson county—Gulf has lost their No. 3 Burnett at 2500 feet due to a crooked hole and lost tools producing 3 million feet of wet gas. The derrick will be skidded at a new hole started. Texas No. 2 Burnett, section 95, block 5, is drilling around 700 feet. Silk No. 2 Burnett on section 93, is drilling at 1800 feet 1500 feet west of their producer. A fifty-five thousand barrel storage tank is being erected to care for the production of the Silk producer until a pipe line is available.

Texas Company is erecting a derrick on section 3, block 1, Gray county. This location is in the center of the county where Texas, Silk, and many other operators have large holdings.

ANOTHER GAS SHOWING IS ENCOUNTERED IN AMERICAN CO.'S WELL

McLEAN, TEXAS, March 17.—The Smith No. 1 of the American Refining Company, located one mile north of the city of Alanreed at the depth of 3118 feet has encountered new gas. This is the third showing of wet gas found in the well—the others being at 2660 and 3045 feet. At this time the well is drilling in blue shale and hard lime—the hardest substance yet encountered in the well. It is the consensus of opinion of those interested that indications for oil are better at this time than has yet been during the drilling of the well.

The Burnett No. 3 in Carson county, section 116, block 5, at a depth of 2520 is to be abandoned. Sometime ago tools were lost in the hole and have never been recovered. At the time they were lost the well was reported to be gassing heavily. Efforts to recover the lost tools were in vain.

The Plains Oil Company, No. 1 Weatherly, section 17, block Y in Hutchinson county is now drilling around 2000 feet in open hole with a dry cave.

When a girl straightens a bachelor's tie it makes him feel as if his married friends may have had a little sense.

It would help this country some if as many checker games are sold in 1923 as dice were sold in 1922.

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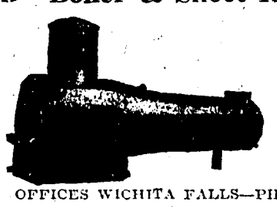

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The Famous 'Fort Worth Spudders'
are now equipped with "Walking Beam," doubling their capacity
Beware of Imitation
None genuine unless made by Fort Worth Well Machinery and Supply Co. See Factory Representative, W. B. Brown, Hearn Hotel.

OIL OPERATORS—ATTENTION
We have just installed PIPE MACHINES in our shop that will enable us to cut and thread pipe from 2" to 12½" in diameter. Our machinist is an expert pipe threader and can cut threads that will satisfy the most critical.
Special price for cutting full strings.
KEYSTONE PIPE & SUPPLY CO.
Store 608 Ohio Avenue; Phone 6874
Shop and Warehouse Seventeenth and Lamar Streets; Phone 6760
Residence Phone After 7 p. m. 2010

NEW OWNERSHIP MAP
Covers all of Wichita county and a portion of Archer, Clay and Wilbarger counties. Shows the oil and gas development, fee owners, original surveys and abstract numbers, the cities and towns, railroads, streams, highways and bridges, the irrigation canal and diversion dam. Scale, 4,000 feet, 1 inch. On cloth, $10.00; paper, $6.00.
HEYDRICK MAPPING COMPANY
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Is a Texas corporation with its home office in Wichita Falls. Its principal business is selling and erecting M & V Bolted Steel Tanks with gas tight tops, guaranteeing material, workmanship and efficiency.
A complete stock of Redwood Tanks, all sizes, on hand at all times. Welded Gun Barrel Tanks also carried. Re-setting Bolted Steel and Wood Tanks done promptly and well.
Our new plant for the manufacture of Welded Steel Tanks, all sizes and specifications, will be in operation about May 1.
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Our crude oil carburetor will run your pumping station on the vapor from your crude oil. It does not burn any oil, but just the light vapors, which are an absolute loss, unless utilized in a crude oil carburetor.
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TIMES' MAGAZINE AND WOMAN'S PAGE

Woman's Page Editor's Phone, 3938

Music Clubs Convention Here Will Be Big Event for Texas Musicians

The meeting in Wichita Falls of the Texas Federation of Music Clubs this coming April is already becoming the most talked-of event in musical circles of the whole season, and preparations are being begun even this early for the reception of the guests.

When the State Federation meets here it will bring some of the most interesting and noted visitors to Wichita Falls that it has ever been the pleasure of this city to entertain.

Among these will be the president of the National Federation of Music Clubs of America, Mrs. John F. Lyons, of Fort Worth, Texas.

The fact that the national president is a Texan—coupled with the fact that this year is bi-ennial meeting year for the National Federation—adds double interest to the meeting here. Mrs. Lyons has been an inspiring leader of the national federation, and has been characterized by "Musical America," as "an executive of rare and great ability, and not only a woman of charming personality, but of large mental grasp and forward looking vision."

A group of young artists will be here from three states to enter the three-state contest for the younger musicians, and a group of the older musicians of note will take part in the feature program of all-Texas artists.

Officers of the State Federation will all be here, it is expected now, as well as noted visitors not associated with the clubs.

Millions in Music.

Of interest in connection with the gathering here of the Texas musicians is a recent article in Musical America which tells of the expenditure of over 700,000,000 on music, musical instruments and musical education.

The fact that the United States today leads in musical activities of all kinds, gives the best opera, has the finest symphony orchestras and greatest aggregation of renowned artists during the season and that it has 7,000 supervisors of music in the public schools (including Wichita Falls), is credited largely to the work of the women.

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MRS. W. E. MILLER AND MRS. KING ARE HOSTESSES

Out of the cold wind storm of Thursday afternoon into the warm and attractive home of Mrs. Bert King, thirty members of the R. E. Huff class of the First Baptist Church were received Thursday evening by Mesdames W. E. Miller and King, and spent a delightful evening celebrating the eve of St. Patrick's.

Mrs. Fred Barron sang several Irish selections, and each guest told her best Irish story, and late in the afternoon the hostesses, assisted by Mesdames R. H. Hall and Jack Speegle, served shamrock ice cream and angel food cake with green clay pipes for souvenirs to Mesdames A. A. Allen, A. P. Adams, G. N. Burns, F. C. Barron, E. W. Carter, T. P. Duncan, Joe Erwin, Robert Goodfellow, T. A. Garnett, R. H. Hall, J. L. Jackson, N. E. Martin, J. L. Maxwell, C. E. McCarty, Sallie Morgan, Mytinger, W. T. Matches, John Nossett, Porterfield, B. F. Robertson, R. C. Smith, Jeck Speegle, O. C. Somers, T. M. Smyre, H. I. Smith, M. W. Snoddy and Stiffle.

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MR. AND MRS. C. S. RED ENTERTAIN BRIDGE CLUB

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Red entertained members of the "Congenial Bridge Club" Friday evening at their home on Lucile street.

The house was attractively decorated with St. Patrick's colors and souvenirs, and the games were enjoyed for several hours. Mrs. Brevard Long and Mr. Long won high scores and Mrs. N. B. Derby and Mr. Stanley Granger held low. Mrs. Long was presented a cut crystal vase, Mrs. Derby a bit of perfumed pottery, and Mr. Long an ash tray.

The hostess served shamrock ice cream and green and white angel food cake to Messrs. and Mesdames Paul Pearson, Jack Rayzor, Stanley Granger, N. B. Derby, E. G. Bilderback, Brevard Long and Faye Hardoman.

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MISS FAYE THOMPSON IS HOSTESS, SHAMROCK CLUB

Miss Faye Thompson entertained the Shamrock Club at her home Friday evening at 2300 Bridwell, when the house was prettily decorated with St. Patrick's colors.

After a short business session the young people were entertained with dancing and games, and at a late hour the hostess served a salad course to the following: Misses Virginia Harland, Vivienne Ross, Marian Vance, Jewel Williams, Louise Waller, Mildred Guthrie and Lutie Burke; Messrs. Henderson Newman, Ned Newton, Alec Damon, Walter Albany, Barton Burk, Don Cushley, E. H. Agnew and T. E. Apple of Atlanta.

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Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Edwards and Miss Esther Lea Heath of Fort Worth are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Heath at 1008 Travis.

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MONTHLY RECITAL SOCIAL EVENT FRIDAY EVENING

Mrs. Iva M. Harrison entertained her student classes Friday afternoon at her home at 123 Broad with a program and social meeting at which part of the young people were entertainers and the remainder guests.

Those on the program, who gave piano solos, songs, violin numbers and readings, included Edna, Marvin, and Elsie Kuehn, Isabel Delph, Violet Trevathan, Dorothy Reed, Wilford and Mary Carey, Amy Louise Meredith, Thelma Anthony, Bernice Trevathan, Walter and Ruth Fienhold, Homer Donohe, George Days, Franklin Zumwalt, Mary Marguerite Lewis, and Edgalee Gillan. The guests included about twenty other young people, and at the close of the program the hostess served dainty refreshments of ice cream and cake.

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BAPTIST YOUNG FOLKS HAVE ST. PATRICK PARTY

The B. Y. P. U. of the Floral Heights Baptist Church, was entertained Friday evening in the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Brown, 1604 Polk street, with a very pretty St. Patrick party. The rooms were decorated in honor of the day, and games and Irish songs were enjoyed by the guests until a late hour, when dainty refreshments were served, still carrying out the colors of old Ireland.

Favors were won by Mrs. George Smoot, Jr., for being the best artist, and by Mr. John Overall for having the best knowledge of things green.

Those present included: Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Holford, Mr. and Mrs. Jess McLaury, Mr. and Mrs. George Smoot, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Brown, Misses Tibbets, Merrick, May Holford, Nannie McAfe, Margaret Stone, Ila Myres, Sammie Dees, Lucile Moss, Hellen Phillips, Maxine King, Ruby Lumpkins, Ruby Lee Martin, Ruth Beggs, Jeffie Beggs, Gean Stengel, Echo Stengel, Una Steele, and Messrs. Jess McLaury, Jewell Cunningham, George Smoot, Jr., Ernest Holford, Dr. J. W. Loving, Cleborne Crunk, John Overall, Clifford Pike, Sweeny and R. J. Brown.

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INFORMAL GATHERING ENJOYS TRAVEL TALK

An informal gathering of friends at the home of Mrs. J. M. Sammons Friday evening enjoyed the account by Mrs. Florence Thompson, Mrs. Sammon's mother, of her recent trip around the world.

Mrs. Thompson spent fourteen months on the trip, going overland from her home in Iowa to San Francisco and taking passage on the S. S. Cleveland. She recounted many incidents of her travel which were unusually interesting, and had maps and souvenirs from every country and principality visited. Her stories of travel in the Holy Land and in some of the picturesque countries of the Orient were very absorbing.

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DAVID SIMMONS HOST AT BIRTHDAY PARTY

Master David Simmons celebrated his eleventh birthday Monday afternoon with a birthday party to which a score or more of his little friends came.

Decorations and refreshments as well as games took their cue from the approaching St. Patrick's day, and the afternoon was spent playing games and enjoying contests. The birthday cake was cut and served with ice cream to Dollie and Buster Bruce, Laura Shahan, Malcom Mauldin, Beulah Holman, Richard Dodson, Earl Perkins, Juanita Motes, John Sparks, J. B. and Bonnie Beason, Pearl Briscoe, Ford Massey, Hazel Bennett, Thelma Folsom, Ruth Pendleton, Merril Williams, Joe Perry and Edgar Satterwhite.

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MRS. RAY HOSTESS TO FIDELITY BRIDGE FRIDAY

Mrs. F. A. Ray was hostess to the Fidelity Bridge Friday afternoon, when the members enjoyed games in a prettily decorated livingroom.

Mrs. C. C. Randle won high and was presented a boudoir sewing set, while Mrs. Robert Hamilton received the cut prize, a box of hand embroidered linen handkerchiefs. The hostess served fruit salad, lettuce sandwiches, marshmallow pudding, tea and cakes, with baskets of candy for favors, to the following: Mesdames W. C. Witcher, C. C. Randle, W. M. Gamble, C. C. Eckman, Robert Hamilton, Hugh Weaver, R. W. Fritzz, A. W. West, C. C. Giover, B. F. Leggett, R. H. Peterson, O'Neal and Hobson.

The club meets this week with Mrs. Hugh Weaver at her home, 1653 Collins.

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MRS. BRADLEY AND MRS. DERDEN HOSTESSES, CLASS

Mrs. J. W. Bradley and Mrs. C. V. Derden were hostesses to the members of the Berean Bible class of the First Christian Church Friday afternoon at the Derden home on Marshall street in a very delightful social meeting.

The afternoon was pleasantly spent in get-acquainted games and contests, with several violin numbers by Mrs. Crouch. The St. Patrick's day suggestions were carried out in the decorations and in the refreshment plate of shamrock ice cream and individual cakes, which was served to the following members: Mesdames Paul Barnett, J. W. Leggett, M. F. Russell Jr., Frank Gibbs, King Davis, Harriett Bradley, Joe Crouch, Marvin Park, R. E. Green, B. A. Riggins, T. A. Bradley, Roy Coffee, Homer Karrenbrock, K. H. Cawthorn, Zack Maddill, J. B. Blaylock, James G. O'Dell, L. W. Allen, R. P. Brothertin, Grady Taylor, M. G. Monaghan and Miss Mary Smith.

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MRS. WILLIAMS HOSTESS TO G O AND H A T CLUB

Mrs. C. L. Williams was hostess to the G O and H A T Club at the home of Mrs. Ross on Fifteenth street, Thursday afternoon, when members enjoyed several hours of "500."

In the games, Mrs. Cliff Everts scored high and was presented with a sewing set, while Mrs. Neal Powers was consoled for low with a soup ladle. The hostess served sandwiches and hot chocolate to Mesdames Stanley Granger, Arch Tyler, J. W. McCormick, Clifford Everts, Neal Powers, W. H. Jackson, C. A. Davis and Melvin Johnson.

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MR. AND MRS. BYRNES ENTERTAIN BRIDGE CLUB

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Byrnes were host and hostess to the B. G. and S. Bridge Club Friday evening at their home, 2015 Lucille street, when tables were arranged for three sets of players.

In the games Mr. G. W. Gutzler won high score and Mr. John Tancred low, and both were remembered with trophies. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gutzler and Miss Anna Kelly were guests. The hostess served a light luncheon, and the club accepted the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. John Tancred to meet with them next week.

Stamps for sale at Times Office

AMONG THE YOUNGER PIANISTS

—Photo by Story

Miss Estellyn Allday is one of the younger pianists who is blossoming into a real musician. She is the attractive little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Allday.

MRS. ALFRED MILLER

—Photo by Nossett

MRS. ALFRED MILLER.

Mrs. Miller, formerly Miss Marian Maer, is another of the talented young musicians of Wichita Falls, who are generous with their time and gifts.

Mrs. Miller will assist the Wichita Falls Women's Choral Club in their second concert Monday evening at the First Baptist church, when she and Mesdames Jouette Bonner and Bruce Greenwood and Miss Vivian Railey will play the violin obligato for the chorus number, Bizet's Angus Dei," with Mrs. George Thorburn soloist. Mrs. Miller was until recently a member of the Wichita Falls String Quartette, which has resumed work together after a protracted vacation of a year or two, the other members of which were Mrs. Greenwood, Miss Annette Walsh and Mr. M. A. Ellis. Miss Vivian Railey has taken Mrs. Miller's place as second violin in the quartette.

"GRANDMA" IN "NEIGHBORS"

MRS. E. H. GIPSON,

Mrs. Gipson, who is well known for her assistance on countless programs in Wichita Falls as a reader, took the part of "Grandma" in the Players' Club's presentation of "Neighbors" Friday and Saturday evening. Mrs. Gipson is the possessor of an exceptionally pleasing gift of interpretation, and her character work in "Neighbors" was especially good.

"SPIRIT OF SHADOWLAND"

—Photo by Nossett.

MISS ADELE MARCUS.

Miss Marcus plays the attractive part of the "Spirit of Shadowland" in the "Cameo Girl," which the Business Women's club is presenting here Monday and Tuesday evenings of next week.

Members of the "Cameo Girl" cast have been going through grilling rehearsals every night the past week, and everybody is delighted with the pretty musical play. Held together by the thread of a delightful story of love and adventure, there are costumed choruses, several special dances, and a heavy end of comedy.

Among the most delightful of the special dances is a Cinderella ballet by 19 little trained dancers, three of whom take solo parts and stage a pretty little ballet dance. The three are Rose Marion Art, Helen Sylvia Lebenson and Wilma Brown.

The story of Cinderella has never been more attractively nor briefly told than it is by the Cinderella ballet, and there certainly never was a more adorable little Cinderella than that presented by little Miss Helen Sylvia Lebenson.

In one zephyr-like flitting upon the stage she appeals in pantomime to the other little children for friendship; they turn away, scorning the rags and tatters of the little girl's costume, and she is left at center stage with her face buried against a bare arm.

Quick as a flash a lovely fairy godmother dances in in the person of Rose Marion Art, unwraps the ragged garment from the little shoulders, and a lovely little princess is revealed when it drops to the floor. The prince dances in immediately and claims his sweetheart.

And there is the whole story staged as a cut-in when two of the principals in the cast regard each other of the fairy tale of their childhood. Beautiful lighting and background is used for the Cinderella scene.

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CYPHER CLUB DANCE NEXT FRIDAY, KEMP

The Cypher Club members and their friends in the Coons and Avoleh Club will enjoy a dance at Kemp Hotel Friday evening, when music will be furnished by the Eddies' Trumpeters' orchestra.

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MISS COOK PRESENTS STUDENTS IN RECITAL

Miss Katherine Cook will present a number of her students in piano and voice recital at the Central Presbyterian Church, corner Eleventh and Bluff, Friday evening, March 23.

The program will begin promptly at 8:15, and a general invitation is extended all those who wish to attend. The numbers will be as follows:

Piano, "Tinkling Bells" (Rushee), "The Birdies' Singing School" (Spaulding), Kathleen Yates.

Piano, "Zephyr and the Violet" (Krogmann), Kathleen Colligan.

Piano, "Bloom and Blossom Waltz (Edward Holst); "A Wild Chase Galop" (Renard), Sherman Anderson.

Piano, "Hand and Round" March op. 16, No. 1 (Anthony), Marion Proctor.

Piano, "To The Lover" (Gorman) Irene Noe.

Voice, "Hondina" (Teresa Del Riego), Mrs. Virginia Hotchkiss, Elizabeth Cole at the piano.

Piano, "Moonlight Dream Waltz" (Keats); "Just at Twilight" (Bugbee), Yvonne Jeter.

Piano, "Autumn Leaf" op. 12, No. 7 (Grieg); Pixies Drill, op. 16, No. 1 (Brown) Matzie Vincent.

Voice, "Daisies" (Hawley); "Jean" (Burleigh), Mrs. H. A. Withers, Miss Tinnie Mae Ring at the piano.

Part Two

Piano, "Russian Dance" op. 7, No. 23 (Englmann) "Valse," op. 39, op. 15 (Brahms), Tinnie Mae King.

Piano, "Playfullness" op. 292 (Lange), Willie Mae McGee.

Voice, "Still as the Night" (Bohn) "Boat Song" (Harriett Ware), Berenicee Millican, Elizabeth Cole at the piano.

Piano, "Love's Longing" (Tuckenberg), Edith Grace Tidwell.

Piano, "Sweet Clover" (Natalie Evans); "In the Boat" (Franke), Evelyn Yates.

Vocal duet, "I Live and Love Thee", (Campana), Berenicee Millican and Mrs. Hotchkiss, with Miss Cole at the piano.

Piano, "Dorothy" (Smith); "The Fountain" (Carl Bohm), Cyrus Jeter.

Voice, "Sing On" (Denza), Mrs. Hotchkiss, Miss Cole at the piano.

Piano, "Hunting Song," op. 19 (Mendelssohn); "The Joyful Peasant" op. 68, No. 10 (Schumann), Tinnie Mae Ring.

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KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS ENTERTAIN AT DANCE

The Knights of Pythias were hosts at their semi-monthly dance Wednesday evening at their hall when members and their guests enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Good music was furnished, and the following were chaperones or on the floor: Messrs. and Mesdames F. H. Noe, L. D. Powell, G. L. Palmer, F. W. Dickey, W. H. Veal Walter Bryant, William Idou, A. R. Westfall, B. L. Sullins, J. B. Blalack, W. E. Justice, H. S. Maer, G. L. Ward, and J. B. Lawson; Misses Florence Ball, Bess Doak, Simmons, Stokes, Mills, Eldora Bunnenberg, Thelma Wilhite, Mayo Frensley Snyder, Jewel Williams, Countess Taylor, Hazel Kuykendall, Williams, Bess Coger, Lois Johnson, Helen Davis, Viola Sutton, McGinnis, Millican, and Elgham; Mesdames Earl Trollinger, Arthur Dodge, O. B. Grant, E. L. Boone, G. R. Murray, T. H. Myer, H. Drane, F. H. Williams, C. R. Huffines, M. E. Johnson, Harold Cotner, Jimmie Ryan, A. B. Mercer, D. B. Dudham, H. D. Jobe, Lloyd Young, F. H. Frederick, A. D. McCoy, L. L. Sellers, Major McClure, C. R. McFaul, O. J. Murray, H. F. Carnen, A. C. Fitz, T. P. Bosworth, W. F. Westfall, H. W. Tatum, F. W. Ramsey Jr., G. R. Lalow, and W. H. Veal Jr.

The committee for the entertainment comprised C. C. Westfall, J. H. Thompson, George B. Estes and H. R. Ingram.

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Misses Blanche Creel [illegible] are attending the Christian Endeavor convention in [illegible].

Beautiful Program Announced for Choral Club Concert Monday Evening

The beautiful program planned by the Woman's Choral Club for presentation Monday evening at the First Baptist church is a sufficiently intriguing invitation to the entertainment.

The Choral Club, however, adds a most cordial one to all music lovers, and announces that the program will commence promptly at 8:30 o'clock. The numbers will be as follows, with Mrs. George Thorburn, soprano soloist; W. E. Young, baritone, and Mrs. F. R. Collard at the organ; Mesdames Jouette Bonner, Alfred Miller and Bruce Greenwood and Miss Vivian Railey, violins, assisting:

Organ, Triumphal March from Naaman Costa, and Evening Bells and Cradle Song (McFarlane), Mrs. Collard.

Chorus, Great is Thy Love (Bohm), Choral Club.

Song of Spring (Max Bruch), two solo violins, piano and organ; Mrs. Greenwood, Miss Railey, Miss Walsh, and Mrs. Collard.

Intermission; Silver offering.

Chorus, I Hear a Thrush at Eve (Cadman), When Twilight Weaves (Beethoven), Choral Club.

Baritone Solo, The Blind Ploughman (Clarke), W. E. Young.

String Quartette, Adagio (Hayden), and Genius Loci (Carl Thorn).

Chorus, Agnus Dei (Bizet), Mrs. Thorburn, soloist, with the string quartette obligato.

The members of the Choral Club include the following: Mesdames F. C. Barron, W. V. Bueltemann, Kenneth Bebb, C. C. Cabiness, W. R. Duke, L. A. French, R. W. Gutzler, J. M. Harrison, L. L. Hochersmith, J. Brown Hopkins, O. B. Kiel, John W. King, C. B. Long, J. S. Pitman, W. M. Priddy, W. S. Robertson, D. H. Rubrane, Jerry Schaefer, R. A. Sanders, R. E. Strange, George Thorburn, C. Y. Tully, Ray Wilhite, G. H. Nelson Jr. and F. D. Woodruff, and Misses Bessie Lee Bartlett, Lila Copeland, Dorothy Ellis, Lucy Ellen Huggins, Margaret Kaye, Agnes Luecke, and Frances Scott, sopranos and second sopranos, Mrs. C. W. Beavers, Lambreth Hancock, E. C. Huckabe, R. L. Lyle, H. W. Roberts, R. E. Shepherd, J. Warren Sparks, R. J. Webb, and E. G. Whitney, and Miss Dorothy Burk and Mildred Martin, altos.

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MASTER BILLY MAXSON CELEBRATES A BIRTHDAY

Mrs. W. B. Maxson entertained a lot of little folks Saturday afternoon with a birthday party for Master Billy Maxson, celebrating the young man's third birthday.

There were Easter favors for all the children, who played games during the afternoon, and refreshments of ice cream and little duck cakes were served at 4 o'clock. The favors were balloons and jelly bean bags, and the little children who enjoyed the party included Alfred and Constance Booth of Chicago, Martin and William Hamilton, Jimmie McCutchen, Frank and Chester Harvey, Myra Jane McMahon, Frank Timberlake Jr., Clair Gannon Jr., Billy Stayton, Ruth Van Warmer, Patsy and Carter McGregor, John Robbins, John and Billy Thomas, Orth Woodruff, Betty Lindsey, John Dabney Murchison, Barbara Bernard, Katherine Reed, Mary Ruth Simmons, Joe Stokes, and Sarah Evelyn Martin, Jean, Bob and Polly Hoffman, John McReynolds Jr., Helen, Jane and Martha Clayton, Bobby Burns, Jean and Harry McFarland, Harold Davis, Winnelle Ward, Ralph Woods, Helen and Joe McCormick, Mary Jane Robbins, Haawood Stacy Jr., C. L. Bass III, J. L. Jackson III, Kitty Ruth Jackson, Dick and Derman Swindler, Jean Hunter, Niski, Martha and Alex Fritain Jr., Janet Simms, and Francis and Joseph Fenton.

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BOB MARSHALL HAS A BIRTHDAY PARTY

Master Bob Marshall celebrated his sixth birthday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Marshall, Friday afternoon, when a dozen little friends enjoyed games and contests for several hours.

Refreshments of ice cream, candy and fruit were served to Amy Ruth, Wanda and Johnette Highsmith, Harold and Junior Darby, Monte and Ted Ramft, Maurice McNeill, Joiner Young, G. Kenley, Everlyn Houston and Clyde and Bob Marshall.

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Dinner Frock.

A gorgeous dinner gown of green crepe has a long bodice of dyed green lace and a sash that ties directly in front.

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Rainbow Haircloth.

Rainbow haircloth comes in a fascinating variety of hues and tints and is extremely popular now made into turbans for early spring wear.

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For School Girls

Attractive hats for school girls are made of coarse straw, trimmed with huge bows of plaid or polka dot ribbon.

Medium brown hair looks best of all after a Golden Glint Shampoo.

ONE-PIECE SMOCK FOR MISS OF TWO.

She's very coy, this miss of two,
In charming calico frock,
Caled English print, for fashion's sake,
And cut like dainty smock.

To make this little one-piece dress,
A year and a half's enough,
Though sleeves appear quite gaily,
Tucked in a little puff.

Touches of bright cross-stitching
And ribbon bands and bow
Complete this little outfit—
It's made in an hour or so.

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PUPILS OF ACADEMY TO GIVE RECITAL MONDAY

Music pupils of the Academy of Mary Immaculate will be presented in recital Monday evening in the parlors of the school, and a cordial invitation has been extended to the parents and friends of the young people.

The program will begin at 8 o'clock, and will be as follows:

"The Morning Invitation" (Veasie)—Chorus.

"Spring's Approach" (Kroeger)—Miss Erie Ward.

"Pleading" (Anthony)—Miss Imogene Roberts.

"Under the Palm Trees" (Sinnhold)—Pianos, Misses Edna Black, Katherine King; violins, Misses Edna Steed, Irma White, Madeline Ground.

"The Fountain" (Bohm) — Miss Gladys Hoskins.

"The Butterfly" (Merkel)—Miss Frances Lemons.

"Irish Medley" (Eastman)—Pianos, Misses Katherine Kennedy, Mary de Aquirre, Lucille Kelm, Erie Ward.

"Consolation" (Mendelssohn, Bartholdy)—Miss Mary E. May.

"Tis April in Killarney" (Nevin)—Miss Clara W. Gribble.

"Summer Showers" (Logan)—Miss Lucille Kelm.

"An Irish Song" (Trans. H. Ware)—Violin, Miss Edna Steed.

"Idillio" (Lack)—Miss Mary de Aquirre.

"Rustling of Spring" (Sinding)—Miss Katherine Kennedy.

"The Rosary" (Nevin)—Chorus.

"Madrilena" (Wachs)—Miss Ruth Harrison.

"Air de Ballet" (Chaminade)—Miss Katherine King.

"Polonaise in A" (Chopin)—Miss Edna Black.

"Homage to Verdi" (Duroc)—Pianos, Misses Beatrice Bauerle, Ruth Harrison, Katherine King, Edna Jack.

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Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Pitt and Mrs. L. J. Crowder of Ada, Okla., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Fisher on Twelfth street.

Stamps for sale at Times Office

"Prettiest High School Girl"

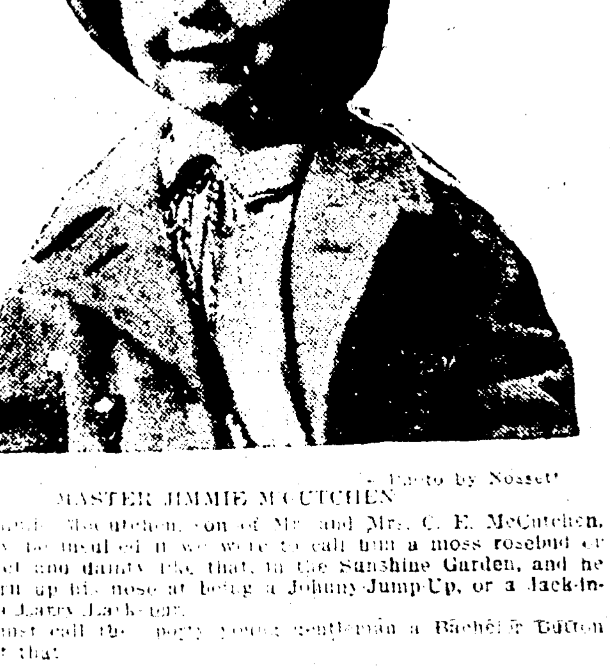
—Photo by Nossett

MISS MARY EVANS

Miss Mary Evans, daughter of Mrs. J. B. Evans, of Tenth street, was voted the prettiest girl in the High school at the recent Senior class election for the annual.

What pleases us most about Mary is the exceptionally good taste she displays in her school dress worn in the picture. It is a blue and white French gingham with collar and cuffs of sheer white.

Sunshine Garden's Bachelor Button



—Photo by Nossett

MASTER JIMMIE McCUTCHEN

Master Jimmie McCutchen, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. McCutchen, would object to most of it we were to call him a moss rosebud or something sweet and dainty like that, in the Sunshine Garden, and he might even turn up his nose at being a Johnny Jump Up, or a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, or a Larry Larkspur.

So we'll just call the sporty young gentleman a Bachelor Button and let it go at that.

TIMES' MAGAZINE AND WOMAN'S PAGE

Woman's Page Editor's Phone, 3936

$50,000 Collection of Masterpieces In Art Make Up Exhibit to Be Held Here Under Auspices Art Association

A $50,000 collection of masterpieces, featuring the work of Maurice Braun, internationally famous landscape painter, and nineteen other artists, comprises the exhibit which the Wichita Falls Art Association will show here for ten days beginning March 21st.

It is the first such opportunity that has ever been given the people of Wichita Falls here at home to see such an exhibit, and the Art Association has extended a cordial, even an urgent, invitation to every man, woman and child in the city to come to the exhibit room at 809 Tenth. The admission will be free—all the time.

Speaking of the exhibit and some of the beautiful Braun landscapes which will be included in it, a member of the Art Association said Friday:

"Those who love nature in all of her moods and fancies demand landscape portraiture which interprets the true charm of the great outdoors. For them, whose taste is not in sympathy with the blatant modernists, there will be much to engage their interest in the work of Maurice Braun. He is one of the foremost of the recently 'arrived' American landscape painters, and his work is very highly valued in discriminating circles.

"It is enough for art lovers who are well informed that the Macbeth Gallery in New York City has just closed an exhibition of Braun's work. Some of the pictures from that exhibit will probably be included among those sent here with the collection.

"The Detroit Museum of Art, the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, and the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington City are among galleries extending from coast to coast that have exhibited Braun's work."

Braun's art is described as decorative impressionism, and the artist, as possessed of a broad and direct technique and a love of fresh, positive colour. His canvases are described as fairly radiating cheerfulness, with a drenching of sunlight that could only be possible to one whose impressions were recorded in a high key of interpretation.

Frank Reaugh of Dallas is another artist who will be represented in the collection. Reaugh's cowboy and Texas prairie canvases are widely known. Another artist is Edward G. Eisenlohe, whose landscapes are said to be claiming the praise of the foremost critics. Eisenlohe's canvases are landscapes of the southwest.

In connection with the art exhibit here, the local association is very proud of its own artist, Emil Hermann, whose canvases have been on display in many eastern exhibits. Mr. Hermann is a fellow of the Pennsylvania Academy of Art, which is a great distinction among artists.

MAURICE BRAUN

MRS. PERHAM HOSTESS CULTURE CLUB FRIDAY

Mrs. L. W. Perham was hostess to the Culture Club Friday afternoon at her home on Tenth street, when Mrs. Ira Craig led the continued lesson on Texas history.

Mrs. Perham read a paper on the survivors of the Sam Houston family, which was very interesting, and Mrs. Lipscomb discussed facts in connection with Houston's second marriage. Two minute sketches were given by Mesdames R. B. Parker (Bowie); Jackson Price (Bonham), Bartell (Crockett), Guy Raley (Fannin), J. D. Bright (Travis), and McArthur (Lamar), all of which were especially interesting. A round table discussion closed the lesson.

The refreshment plate served by the hostess was symbolic of spring, with violets in the cake, and palte favors of violets and sweet alyssum.

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Second Division Christian Aid will take orders for Easter eggs. Phone 4607.

GREAT GRIEF! WE LOST OUR NEW SPRING HAT

If anybody should see a brand new spring hat wandering about town, it is ours!

It was lost, strayed or stolen from us last week from the vicinity of The Times office or the Y. W. C. A., and it's simply too, too much. Think of losing a new spring chapeau you had only worn a week or two and that hadn't even been paid for!

Anyway, we want it back, or we want to know in whose possession it now is. If it simply strayed and is hanging up in somebody's closet awaiting a claimant, we are ready to claim. If it is saving some indiscriminate wearer the price of a new bonnet, we want to see if we can't collect.

The hat has a soft golden tan crown, with a brim of pleated dark brown ribbon, shaped into a turn-up, with a bunch of green and shaded tan grapes on the crown. Of course the ribbon brim could be turned down and the grapes removed.

We didn't quarrel when somebody swiped our beautiful new fall shawl, nor our kodak, nor our shoes, nor a $5 bill, but we're mad "clean through" now. Nobody has got any business with our new spring hat but us!

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UNITY CLUB MEETING WITH MRS. W. N. MAER

Mrs. W. N. Maer was hostess to the Unity Club Friday afternoon, when the club voted, during a brief business session, to assist the other clubs in entertaining the Musicians' Federation in May.

The study for the week was Bernstein's play, "The Thief," prefaced by a sketch of the dramatist by Mrs. Gorsline. Mrs. J. T. Montgomery led the discussion, after a talk on the play. The members present included Mesdames G. D. Anderson, Walter J. Daugherty, E. B. Gorsline, J. A. Kemp, F. F. Langford, O. E. Maer, W. N. Maer, J. T. Montgomery, Robertson, Eugene Sherrod, J. C. Berney, and Zundelowitz, and Mrs. Alfred Booth of Chicago, a guest. The hostess served a dainty refreshment course.

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PIONEER IDEALS STUDY OF TRAVEL CLUB FRIDAY

The Travel Club studied Pioneer ideals at their meeting Friday afternoon with Mrs. J. B. Hatchett as leader.

James Lane Allen's "Choir Invisible" was discussed, and Mrs. Hatchett told stories of pioneer life in Kentucky; Mrs. C. N. Alexander gave an interpretation of Allegorical passages in the story; Mrs. J. W. Akin read Walt Whitman's "Pioneers, Oh, Pioneers," and the ideals of the pioneer times as compared with those of today were discussed.

Those present included Mesdames J. R. Hatchett, Ola Hamlin, D. J. Carithers, Ben G. O'Neal, T. A. Hicks, W. W. Fraser, J. W. Akin, Leslie Humphrey, E. T. Duff, John Kilgore, John Thomas, Will Pagan and W. P. Killingsworth.

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BARWISE MOTHERS CLEAR $15.45 ON FRIDAY SALE

The Barwise Mothers cleared $15.45 on their cap and apron sale Friday at the P. B. M. store. The sale was pushed up from Saturday.

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Second Division Christian Aid will take orders for Easter eggs. Phone 4607.

Some Interesting Fiction Added To the Kemp Library Bookshelves

Some good fiction was added to the Kemp Library book shelves last week, among which is included Hutchinson's much discussed "This Freedom"; Kathleen Norris' "Certain People Of Importance"; Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt," and Margaret Deland's "Vehement Flame," recently run serially in one of the National woman's magazines.

The complete list follows, with an interesting little sketch of the stories by the librarian, Miss Lucia Powell:

Temple Bailey, "Dim Lantern," story centers around a youthful heroine and her choice between a war-wrecked youth and former play-fellow and a rich old society bachelor.

Dean Byrne, "The Wind Bloweth." Story of an Irish sailor's life from youth to old age. Will appeal to all who love sea life and adventure.

Margaret Deland, "Vehement Flame." Story of the trials and final adjustment of the life of a 19 year old youth, who meets a woman of 20 years his senior under just the right conditions, falls in love with and marries her.

F. S. Fitzgerald, "Tale of the Jazz Age." Eleven short stories which were written by one of the younger generation and relates happenings and conditions as he saw them from a New York hotel in the spring of 1922.

Ellen Glasgow, "One Man in His Time." Scene is laid in Richmond, Va., in the midst of the old conservative pre-civil war aristocracy. The story centers around a man born in a circus tent and his fight to the top in spite of the blue blooded aristocracy.

Robert Hichen, "December Love." Life on the broad Nebraska prairie; his years at college and his marriage had failed to satisfy Claude Wheeler, when the great war came along and furnished an outlet for his ideals and energy.

A. S. M. Hutchinson, "This Freedom." Can a married woman have a business career and still do her duty by husband, is the theme of this modern novel.

Sinclair Lewis, "Babbitt." A most human and entertaining story about the everyday life of an average prosperous business man with his business clubs and family demands. More amusing than Main Street—good to read aloud.

George Marsh, "Whelps of the Wolf." Story of the Hudson bay country; of the fearless young trapper whose trials and adventures are shared by his faithful dog "Fleur."

H. R. Martin, "Church on the Avenue." A vivid story of a rising young minister and his plight when called upon to choose between present day Christian ideals and the safety of a lucrative, comfortable post.

W. B. Maxwell, "Spinster of This Parish." The romance of Emmeline Verinder's life begins when she meets Anthony Dyke, English explorer and social lion. In spite of the fact that Anthony is bound by an insane wife, they persist in their love and the way they meet situations as well as adventurous episodes makes the story interesting.

Kathleen Norris, "Certain People of Importance." Through this story of a large family and all their connections, is seen the life of the times and the development of the country. Particularly interesting are the glimpses of Spanish ranch life.

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The First Presbyterian circles will meet Monday as follows: One, with Mrs. R. R. Robertson, 1613 Filmore; Two, with Mrs. C. C. Randle, 1623 Eleventh; Three, with Mrs. J. T. Montgomery, 1300 Buchanan; Four, with Mrs. Frank Kell, 900 Bluff.

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Second Division Christian Aid will take orders for Easter eggs Phone 4607.

Sliver Tea Friday Afternoon Is One of the Week's Social Events

Two hundred and fifty guests called during the afternoon at the home of Mrs. Jeff Waggoner, 1600 Buchanan, where the ladies of circle four of the Floral Heights Methodist Church were entertaining with a silver tea.

The affair was one of the prettiest of the month, and was attractively sugestive of St. Patrick's day in its decorations and entertainment. Cut flowers, ferns and potted plants formed the floral decorations and reached a climax of blossomed beauty in the dining room, where the St. Patrick colors were carried out.

Mesdames S. A. Barnes and Preston Lea poured tea and officers of the society in the recieving line included Mesdames W. B. Chauncey, Waggoner, C. M. Simpson, W. B. Guthrie, M. E. Faulk, Merle Waggoner, M. E. Crowell, T. R. Boone, J. M. Bland, L. E. Cowling, T. B. Couch, W. S. Curlee, Francis Jackson, Irving Deaton, Milo Connelly, R. E. Schoolfield, J. W. Donoho, A. L. Lane, S. M. Gose, E. U. McArthur and J. B. Hopkins. In the dining room were Mesdames Tom Taylor, J. E. Brown, C. A. Reagan, John Morrison, A. C. Camp, Paul Harding, P. S. Richardson, S. E. Trevathan, F. C. Elkins, Lester Jones and Harold Murph. In the living room were Mesdames Charles Hill, Gregory Rowe and W. N. Chenault.

A musical entertainment was furnished during the afternoon by Mrs. F. R. Collard at the piano. Mrs. Merle Waggoner and Mrs. Fred Schmann. Refreshments of cakes, hot tea and green and white mints, with clay pipes for favors, were served.

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MRS. SILKWOOD HOSTESS RADIO "42" ON FRIDAY

Mrs. I. E. Silkwood was hostess to the Radio "42" Club Friday afternoon at her home, 1712 Elizabeth.

In the games Mrs. E. M. Suddith won high score and was awarded a potted plant, while Mrs. C. S. Taylor was consoled for low with an Easter basket. A luncheon of chicken salad, olives, coffee and cake was served to the following: Mesdames H. M. Cooke, W. L. Dillard, H. H. Davenport, I. E. Silkwood, E. M. Suddith, C. S. Taylor, B. S. Williams and J. M. Van.

Mrs. Suddith will be hostess to the club the coming Friday.

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Circle Six, of the First M. E. church, South, of which Mrs. Adrian is leader, will meet with Mrs. C. E. Basham at 2702 Ninth street Monday afternoon instead of with Mrs. Ben G. O'Neal. Every member is asked to be present.

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The Floral Heights Baptist circles will meet Monday as follows: Circle One, with Mrs. Joe Whatley, 2311 Buchanan; Two, with One or Three, and Three with Mrs. O. C. Adkins, 1412 Taylor.

NORMA TALMADGE'S Manners

By Norma Talmadge

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Letters afford an opportunity for evidencing culture and charm that never should be neglected. The written word never should be careless, for it usually is accepted literally and it may endure for ages. There is no gesture, no inflection, no smile to help interpret the line one pens. If a letter be anything but good-tempered, it had better never be written.

Letters.

1—Invitations, acceptances, regrets and other social notes should be penned, never typewritten.

2—Written words are a poor medium for the expression of emotions, whether they be anger, love or whatnot.

3—No woman should ever write to any man a letter that can be construed as foolishly sentimental or that implies intimacy.

4—No man ever should write any letter in which there could be the slightest intimation that he has received special favors from a woman.

5—Everyone should keep in mind that any letter he writes may fall into the hands of someone other than the one for whom it is intended.

It's bad manners to begin any letter with "I."

Tomorrow: Etiquet at the table.

KATHLEEN NORRIS Woman to Woman Talks

WHEN OUR DEAD COME BACK TO US

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"America's Most Popular Woman Writer for Women"

"You knew our Geordie and loved him. Would you like to join us tonight? He is always with us on Tuesday evenings."

This sounds like a mother's ordinary invitation to an old friend, and such indeed it was. But the thrill for me came, because I knew that Geordie had been dead for more than a year.

Geordie was among the thousands of young Britons who fell in the first cruel rushes of the great war, and Geordie's mother and so many hundreds of other mothers were causing an actual epidemic of spiritualism to wash over the world.

Even here in America we went mad over "ouija" boards and planchette and automatic writing; I remember hearing a year of two ago of a whole village gone crazy, a township actually demented by these staggering plunges into the unseen. In England it seemed that everyone was talking quite naturally and simply about it; "controls" and "media" were one of the commonplaces of the day.

To the books on the subject today there is simply no end; and it is principally from these books that I draw whatever conclusions I have reached about it.

A Seance.

I have them all, Doyle, Lodge, Cameron, Besant, Stead, King, and dozens of lesser lights. One at a time I have picked them up in second-hand bookstores; the Irishman and his levitations, the Frenchman and his photography. And I have been at a seance.

The seance was on a lovely summer night, some five years ago. The medium was a man of middle age, tremendously respected by a group of delightful and conscientious persons, who had been eager to have me witness one of his trances.

We had soft music; there were perhaps a score of us in the room. Next to me in the gloom were my sister and her husband, sceptics whom I had persuaded to accompany me.

The medium presently seemed to go to sleep and snored loudly. One of his controls, a southern colonel, immediately took possession and talked for half an hour about politics and the war. Then the 'colonel' went and an Indian control came in.

The Indian said that there was a tall dark man trying to get a message through and gave my father's name. In the soft anxious flutter of voices in the room I had to claim it: "James Thompson I know. That was my father."

"Father's" Greeting.

My father had a definite greeting for me, he wanted me to remember a certain place and a certain date. The date and city were not those of my birth, as it happened, but they were the statistics of my birth as they appeared in "Who's Who," both incorrect in minor details and later corrected.

I was so staggered, so ashamed, so struck by the utter falseness of the whole thing that my answers to my "father" were constrained and unresponsive in the extreme. But presently my sister leaned forward.

"Grey Hawk," she said (if that was the "control's" name, which, indeed, I forgot), "ask that gentleman if he had any message for me?"

"Illm not knowy you," said Grey Hawk, in extraordinary combination of Swedish, stage German and Chinese dialect evidently assumed by good Indians when dead. "But hay say him likee you because you goot friend to white squaw him daughter."

Raving Maniacs.

There was more. But this was enough for my sister and me. We excused ourselves from the hearty supper that followed the seance and drove home through the dark summer night in such irreverent gales of disrespectful laughter as might have raised whole hosts of indignant spectres from surrounding graveyards.

"Him not knowy you," became a household word. Incidentally my father was short, square, and very grey.

The "colonel," I might add, further revealed that America would withdraw from the war before its conclusion and that the enemy would be triumphant everywhere.

Two of the young women who were at that seance are raving maniacs now because of hundreds of such experiences. But the medium is still prosperously going his rounds.

However, to judge this whole field by one unfortunate experience would hardly be fair. But there is an enormous literature on the subject, and I have it all.

I have the testimony of Helen and Harry and Julia and Raymond and Frederick and many, many when we got 'Babs' we knew it was really Mother's spirit writing."

I have one fat, handsome book, priced "$5.00 net," in which some four hundred pages of evidence such as this occur:

"Sitting of April 20t' The medium immediately went into a trance and said: 'I get a small woman—very small—grey, nervous. She keeps showing her handkerchief. Passed over some time ago, perhaps twenty-five years. I get the letter J.'

"(Note by the author: This may be my mother, although her name began with D, and she was quite a large woman. Cannot place the handkerchief. Mother dead only eleven years. Interesting, but not sufficiently circumstantial).

400 Pages of This.

"'I sdem to get a G.' resumes the medium. 'Tall man, stout, rosy face—he would have died of some throat trouble. Feels pain in throat. The old lady comes back. She says "Annie." The tall man says, "Tell Grace." I seem to feel that he passed over some time ago. "Tell Grace not to go," he says. Grace Davis. I get Davis or Davids.'

"(Note by the author. We cannot place these entities. G. may be my aunt's first husband whose name was Gordon. Have written for details, as I never saw him. A Grace Dawson was once my mother's cook, have not heard of her for twenty-five years)."

This sounds like a joke. But there are 400 pages of it, at $5.00 net."

The believers say that the nature of the evidence is not important, the illuminating fact is that it comes at all. They say it helps us to understand both this life and more, and what does it all amount to?

Typical Testimony.

"After repeated trials," say the authors innocently, "we were successful in getting Barbara's pet name, which was positively unknown to the medium. The pencil wrote 'Babs,' which was what Mother had always called her! Before this we had gotten 'Baby,' 'Pussy,' 'Toots,' 'Dolly,' and 'Lovey'—none of which was correct. But the next and to lose the dread of death.

Ungrammatical Spirits.

But if anything could fill me with a horror of death, it would be to feel that I must become one of these vague and troubled souls who returns to this dull earth to tell a man named Brown that his old employer once had an infant brother named Frank. Having been fairly reserved and grammatical in life, why need I burst forth into slangy irrelevancies in death? Why do they all?

"The Geordie" mentioned in the beginning of this article was a nice, polite boy. But dead he became free almost to coarseness.

"Hello, Pop!" he said, through the pencil in his sister's hand. "Why are you all so glum? I may be dead, but I'm not a dead one. Tell C—— not to look like a sick alligator!"

Geordie's communications were taken down on the back of rolls of wall paper—hundred of them. One corner of the study was piled with them. I suppose they were burned when his mother died and his sister gave up the whole thing. She said that she calculated that they had spent three thousand hours at it altogether to learn—nothing.

Lavish Waste of Time.

For nothing is more noticeable in these reports than the lavish waste of time; one bit of "true" evidence in one hundred trials is enough for the sifters. And isn't that a low percentage even for sheer coincidence?

Note, in these books about spirit-writing, the intervals that pass so casually. "We could get nothing for weeks," they say. Or, "a month later, we got....." Or, "We sat again, but without results."

Think what this means, nights and nights and nights of scribbling—and sometimes days, too, for only this meagre fruit. I know two separate private "mediums" who have given up every other interest in life and feel that any one who wishes success should do so.

Note another characteristic of this sort of thing. Names and dates and addresses are glibly and rapidly given and the sitters make it their business to find out if Jerome F. Judson, of 706 Minniwaska street, Dublin Falls, Oregon, was once a carpenter, taken to a hospital with a broken leg.

They discover that there is no Dublin Falls in Oregon and, hence, no Minniwaska street. But there is a Killarney River, only there happens to be no carpenter named Judson there either.

No Satisfaction.

But they are not daunted. "This," they report cheerfully, "this misinformation came from 'Lily Green,' a meddlesome spirit who gave us a great deal of trouble and whom we had to try to drive away."

"Is that you, Lily?" they ask reproachfully. And the planchette or the ouija or the pencil gives a wicked flirt and says something like "Couldn't help—it good chance to fool you!"

Unquestionably honorable and intelligent persons, here and there, are entirely convinced of communication between this phase of our existence and the next. But these inwdry, commonplace messages bring them no apparent satisfaction.

There is none of the sense of awe and revelation one might expect, no widening of horizons, no lifting of fears. And ninety-nine out of a hundred persons stop this sort of experimenting after awhile because of the strange lack of vitality in it. If it is what it purports to be, why isn't it more?

KATHLEEN NORRIS SAYS:

If anything could fill me with a horror of death, it would be to feel that I must become one of these vague and troubled souls who return to this dull earth to tell a man named Brown that his old employer once had an infant brother named Frank. Having been fairly reserved and grammatical in life, why need I burst forth into slangy irrelevancies in death? Why do they all?

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Real Revelation.

And then sometimes, away from pencils, boards, cabinets, "controls" and circles, there comes a moment for oneself alone, a moment of true revelation. The light floods in, the old delicious sense of communion and companionship with the lost son or sister or mother comes back, one sees, through rushing tears, the old smile, and one stands dazed and bewildered in a flood of real seeing, real "seance," never to doubt again.

Such seconds, with their personal proof that death is but a veil—but the dark glass that encloses us, and that the going on is into better understanding and better opportunity—are all, I believe, for which we may hope now.

Personal, more of the spirit than the senses, infinitely great, inconceivable to our finite minds and so terrifying and blinding and overwhelming, and won by hours of tears and heartache and prayer—this is the true gleam.

For the rest, are we not told that this particular generation shall not be given the sign?

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This is one of a series of Woman to Woman Talks on present day family and social problems that Mrs. Norris, America's best loved and most popular woman writer, is writing especially for this newspaper. Another talk will be printed next Sunday.

MRS. MARRS HOSTESS TO THURSDAY BRIDGE CLUB

Mrs. John P. Marrs was hostess to the Thursday Bridge Club at her home on Elizabeth Thursday afternoon, when the games were enjoyed by two tables of players.

Mrs. W. B. McClain won high score and was presented with a handsome hand embroidered towel. The hostess served perfection salad in St. Patrick colors with sandwiches, ice cream and cake in a two course luncheon to the folowing guests: Mesdames Martin, C. E. Rodgers, John Stephen, W. B. McClain, Stanley McGregor, John Davenport, John Morrison and Harrison E. Bachman.

Mrs. McClain invited the club to meet with her this week on Thursday evening, when the members' husbands will be special guests.

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EVANGELICAL Y. W. M. C. MET THURSDAY EVENING

The Young Women's Missionary Circle of the First Evangelical Church met at the home of Miss Katherine Ford on Thursday evening and several interesting games were enjoyed after which refreshments were served.

This social was the first given since the reorganization of the circle, and the following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Maier, Misses Emma and Magalene Maier, Juanita and Lora Hammersley and Martha Mahler; Messrs. Geo. Crawford, S. G. Merritt and Preston Beck.

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OLD TIME SPELLING MATCH AT HIGH SCHOOL FRIDAY

The Alamo and Austin school children tied, with 33 left standing from each school after an hour's spelling, Friday night at the high school auditorium.

Words from the music memory contest of 1923 were used, with the Austin children under the direction of Misses Frances Smith and Hazelle Dean and the Alamo children under the direction of Mrs. Wayne Holmes. Many of the parents were present.

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Circle Two of the Ladies' Aid, First M. E. Seventh and Lamar, will meet with Mrs. J. H. Simmons, at 1511 Tenth street Monday, March 19th.

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Gray and Silver

Silver leaves form the girdle and make festoons that reach to the hem on a lovely gown of gray chiffon with floating panels and graceful draperies.

Dollar Window
MONDAY AT 7:45
Art Jewelry Co.
Indiana at Eighth

ANOTHER ATHLETIC BABY

RUSSELL HAWORTH

Russell Haworth, four months old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Haworth, is another member of the Wichita Falls Juvenile Association. Somebody ought to plan matched events for these youngsters.

The Tangle

LETTER FROM JOHN ALDEN PRESCOTT TO LESLIE HAMILTON.

My Dear, Dear Girl:

Wait until you see Priscilla Bradford, and you will be rather ashamed that you asked me if ever I had loved her.

That girl has just about as much appeal to a man as a wooden Indian maiden set up in front of a cigar store. A man only looks at her because he knows that just beyond he probably will find something that pleases him—in the case of the Indian maiden, a good smoke; in the case of the Puritan maid, a modern girl just like you.

Of course you understand, dear, that I know all about the methods of modern journalism and I did not mean anything derogatory to you except to explain to you how the paragraph must look to mother. If Priscilla had just kept still mother would never have known anything about it.

I wonder if I wrote to you that I had a letter from your father—strange, isn't it, how fathers make you think of something else besides the romance and joy of coming married life?

Leslie dear, do you really think you love me well enough to give up a great deal for me? You must remember that we will have to begin life with what, to you, will be comparative poverty.

Of course I have great hopes for my future, but it probably will be a small apartment and one maid-of-all-work for at least a year or two. When I see you we will have to talk over all these matters. I did not want to spoil the newness of our love by bringing money into it while you were here.

You and I want to begin right, do we not, dear? I know I have been a very extravagant fool, but I am beginning already to think where I can economize. We won't let the roadster go, will we? It seems to me nothing was so joyous in all our lovely life as were those beautiful rides.

Spring is coming, too, when everything will be so beautiful. Oh, darling, darling, I can hardly wait. The days go by so slowly. I am bucking into work, however, and I hope to put over an advertising contract before our wedding day that will give me a splendid bonus and perhaps raise my salary to five thousand a year.

Dearest, you need not meet Priscilla unless you wish, but I think it would make a great hit with mother if you did. However, do as you please, and you will please your loving JACK.

Letter From Leslie Hamilton to Priscilla Bradford.

My Dear Miss Bradford:

I have just heard from my fiance—Mr. John Alden Prescott, that you, a childhood friend of his and a girl from his home town, are in the city, and I hasten to write to you this note.

Of course you know how very busy I am in preparing for our marriage, which takes place on the 22nd of next month, barely four weeks away, and I wonder if you would waive ceremony and take tea with me at the Country Club on Friday afternoon? I would be very pleased to have Miss Alden come, also. I have met her at the Adamses a few times. She will probably remember me.

John tells me that she is a distant relative of his, although he has never seen her. Of course you will both come to John's and my wedding, and, as he says that you are an especial favorite of his mother, we are making reservations for you in the same suite with Mrs. Prescott during her stay in the city from the 21st to the 23rd.

I am very sorry that I did not know you were hers before, but, of course, I did not even know John until I went to Albany, a little over a month ago.

Hoping to see you Friday—I shall bring my sister Alice with me, and if you wish, we will call for you—I remain,

Sincerely,
LESLIE HAMILTON.

Note From Priscilla Bradford to Leslie Hamilton.

Miss Bradford and Miss Alden will be pleased to take tea with Miss Hamilton at the Country Club on Friday, at four o'clock.

Letter From Leslie Hamilton to John Alden Prescott.

Enclosed please find the most formal acceptance of my very informal invitation to the Country Club to your friend, Priscilla Bradford. I don't anticipate, John dear, that I am going to have a very good time; and if I get a chance, I want you to know that I shall say something to her about sending that newspaper gossip to your mother.

Of course you know that it probably will be cat meeting cat, and one of us is apt to get scratched—for, lover mine, you didn't really know I was such a nasty thing, did you?

I don't intend that Priscilla Bradford or any other girl shall think you have ever cared for her.

You haven't ever loved anyone else, John, have you? Really, I forgot to ask you before, but this is very important; did you ever tell any other girl you loved her? I shall be unhappy until you answer that question for your loving LESLIE.

Monday: A letter to John Alden Prescott—soon to be married—from an old flame.

MISS MAURINE McNEILL CELEBRATED BIRTHDAY

Little Miss Maurine McNeill was assisted in the celebration of her third birthday by half a dozen little friends Thursday afternoon at her home, 1410 Sixteenth street.

The children brought birthday gifts for Mildred, and after an hour or two at games and contests they were served birthday cake, eskimo pie, and grape juice. Mesdames Pettijohn, Vance, and Goodlett assisted Mrs. McNeill. The children included Wayne McNeill, Nick Karr, Vincent and Wade Goodlett of Burkburnett and Wanda and Pauline Pettijohn.

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Mrs. O. A. Scharff and little niece, Leabell Fogle, left Saturday for Dallas to join Dr. Scharff, who left some time ago to make their home there.

IF STOMACH IS TROUBLING YOU, CHEW A FEW !!

Instantly End Indigestion, Gas, Heartburn, Acid Stomach

Taste pleasant! Work wonders! The moment you chew a few tablets of Pape's Diapepsin all the misery of indigestion and disordered stomach ends.

Your stomach needs this harmless help. Get relief for a few cents. Millions of dyspeptics and stomach sufferers never bothered any more. Any drug store.

The trouble with a man who knows everything is he only thinks he does.

DEFY GRAY HAIR

NO matter what your age, gray hair proclaims you old. If at 30 or 40 your hair has grayed, "Brownatone" will be your greatest boon. "Brownatone" is woman's best friend in preserving the "look of youth." It has restored girlish charm to thousands. Easy to use and quickly tints gray, faded, streaked or bleached hair to any shade of brown or black. Odorless, greaseless, will not rub or wash off. Guaranteed harmless to the hair, scalp or skin. Sold at all dealers 50c and $1.50. Trial bottle mailed direct for 10c. The Kenton Pharmacal Co., 609 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky.

BROWNATONE

Tints Gray Hair Any Shade

INGROWN TOE NAIL TURNS OUT ITSELF

A noted authority says that a few drops of "Outgro" upon the skin surrounding the ingrowing nail reduces inflammation and pain and so toughens the tender, sensitive skin underneath the toe nail, that it can not penetrate the flesh, and the nail turns naturally outward almost over night.

"Outgro" is a harmless, antiseptic manufactured for chiropodists. However, anyone can buy from the drug store a tiny bottle containing directions.—adv.

10¢

"CASCARETS"—CONSTIPATION

Clean Your Bowels! Stop Sick Headache, Dizziness Colds, Sour Stomach, Gases, Bad Breath

Clean your bowels—then feel fine! Enjoy the nicest, gentlest bowel cleansing you ever experienced by taking one or two candy-like Cascarets tonight. They physic your bowels fully. All the constipated waste and sour bile will move out of the bowels without griping or stirring you up. There will be no bowel poison to cause colds, sick headache, dizziness, biliousness or sour stomach when you wake up in the morning. More men, women and children take Cascarets for the liver and bowels than all other laxative-cathartics combined. 10 cent boxes, also 25 and 50 cent sizes. Any drug store

SOCIETY NEWS FROM THE NEARBY NORTHWEST TEXAS TOWNS

Seymour

Social Items

Home Economic Girls Hostesses

Miss Hallye Stribling and her girls in food classes of the home economic department held open house at their cottage on the high school grounds Friday afternoon from five to nine. The reception hall was attractive with its bevy of girls in pretty gingham costumes which they had made themselves. In the serving room were displayed note books on design in clothing and pottery, also hand painted pottery, and ready made garments. On entering the dining room it was found that it held a handsome new dining set and from the table punch and sweet meats were served. The next entrance was the kitchen, which is a beauty with its new equipment. In each department girls were demonstrating their work. In a contest of the best and neatest made gingham dress with Mrs. C. T. Porter, Misses Bess Woodrum, Millie M. Halsey and Foster, new county demonstrator, as judges, Miss Winnie Cooper won the prize of five dollars in silver by Lively & Kellum. A silver offering was left by some of the guests during the afternoon and evening which will help finance the girls expenses who will attend the clothing contest in Fort Worth in April. One hundred and fifty guests called during the reception hours.

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Misses Smith and Porter

Miss Thelma Porter was hostess to a number of friends last Saturday afternoon at a beautifully planned party in honor of Miss Mary Del Smith of Wichita Falls, who is house guest of Mrs. C. E. Rupe and her sister Miss Loyd Porter of Meridian, Texas. Receiving were Misses Thelma Porter, Mary Del Smith, Loyd Porter, Mrs. C. T. Porter and Mrs. A. B. Hosey of Waco. Tables were arranged for bridge and "forty-two." The entire reception suite was fragrant and pretty with flowers and the shaded lights lent a soft glow to the setting. In a cut for high score Miss Jessie England won high and was presented a pretty mixing bowl, while Mrs. L. Bellows was consoled for low with a cream pitcher of pottery, and each honor guest was given a pretty linen handkerchief. A salad plate in colors of purple and yellow with pansies as plate favors was served to Mesdames G. C. McGowen, Horace C. Lankford, H. K. Jackson, D. B. Daugherty Jr., Gene Culver, W. B. Alexander, Clyde Grossman, Geo. Plant, L. Bellows, J. H. Milam, F. H. Bunkley, R. C. Plant, Buck Wallace, A. B. Hosey of Waco, Misses Lucy Britton, Jessie England, Lucile Rupe, Pauline Knox, Mary Del Smith of Wichita Falls, Ethel Britain, Thelma and Loyd Porter.

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Harmony Club

The Harmony Club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Humphrey's with Miss Doris Humphrey as hostess. A program on "Lucia Dio Lammermoor," was studied and enjoyed. The Plot of the drama was told by Mrs. J. J. Cockerel; "Character of Donizetti" by Mrs. Mothes; "Relation of Opera to Scott's 'Pride of Lammermoor'" by Mrs. John C. Henson, "Comparison of Ophelia's madness to that of Lucia's" by Mrs. W. A. Baker. After the program the hostess assisted by her mother served ice cream and cake with violets as plate favors to Mesdames Lee Coy, John C. Henson, J. J. Cockerel, C. H. Mothes, W. A. Baker, Misses Leola Campbell, Lucile Rupe and Aline Humphreys.

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Birthday Party

Miss Josephine Britton, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Britton, was hostess at a very happy occasion Saturday afternoon when she invited a number of her little friends in to help celebrate her eighth birthday. Easter suggestions were used as decorations. After a number of games had been enjoyed the guests were invited into the dining room and they found the table very prettily decorated in their honor. A large pink birthday cake bearing eight candles in pretty rose bud holders centered the tables, while candy favors, chicks, rabbits and other Easter motifs further decorated the table. The children were Helen Grace Grover, Virginia Johnson, Ruth Hinds, Evelyn, Ruth and Mary Ann Alexander, Sue Briggs, Louise Huffman, Katie Lee Coy, Kate Britton, and Edna Florence Britton.

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Outing Enjoyed

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Portwood were host and hostess at their ranch home near Bomarton Friday evening, the occasion being Mrs. Portwood's birthday. Nothing was left undone to make this evening a memorable one to the guests. The guests from Seymour were Capt. and Mrs. A. H. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Tarver, Miss Ethel Williams, Mr. Robert Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Fancher. From Haskell were Miss Josephine Roberts, Mr. J. D. Roberts and Mr. Barber. From the Roberson ranch were Miss Myrtle Roberson, Mrs. Brantley Sloan, Mr. Elbert Elliot and Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Tucker.

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Mrs. Davis Hostess

Circle five of the Baptists ladies aid met with Mrs. F. H. Davis Monday afternoon. A mission study was enjoyed, after which plans for the circle were discussed. It was decided this circle's main work would be in interest of Buckner's Orphan Home at Dallas.

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Presbyterian Aid

The ladies aid of the Presbyterian church met in a business and social session at the home of Mrs. A. Power Monday afternoon. The main subject discussed was the beautyfying of the church lawn. The ladies are now selling "snow drift" their profit will be used in building a curb and in planting trees on the church lawn. Mrs. A. E. Richmond is the new president of the aid and her motto for her church is "To Work".

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Institute Program

The following institute program was held at the Seymour high school Saturday with Supt. J. F. Kemp as chairman. "Psychology of learning arithmetic" by Miss Violet Heasley, "Psychology of learning history" by Mrs. W. A. Baker, "Transference of training in special mental functions" by Mr. H. C. Chaddick, "Transference of training in abilities in school subjects" by Miss Leola Campbell; a discussion followed each subject.

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Dinner Party

Misses Lucy Britton, Joe Terry, Ethel Britain and Roberta Snyder very charmingly entertained Messrs. Dutton Bailes Bryan Terry, Ted Alexander and Mr. Murphy last Sunday afternoon at a six o'clock dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alva Hill. Mr. Ted Alexander was honor guest of the occasion, as he is soon to leave for Haskel, Texas. The dining table was centered with a vase of roses and burning red tapers in mahogany holders added attractiveness. A three course dinner was served after which the evening was spent in conversation and music.

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St. Patrick Party

Mrs. Geo. Knight was hostess to the U. D. Club members and a few guests Wednesday afternoon at an unusually pretty St. Patrick party. The green of the shamrock and all the pretty tokens that serve to mark the day, hats, harps, pipes and even Irish potatoes lent themselves very strikingly to the decorations of the home. The afternoon program was of an Irish nature, first a musicale program was enjoyed, a piano solo "On Mexican Waters" by Mrs. A. Bule with "Turkey in the straw" as on encore. Vocal solo "A little Bit of Heaven" by Miss Lucile Rupe, "Polonaise" by Mrs. C. H Mothes, vocal solo "A Typical Tipperary Over Hire" by Mrs. W. B. Alexander, were profusely applauded by all. After this each guest was asked to tell an Irish joke. Later they were blindfolded and asked to feed the pig, the contest being to put a potato in a spoon and then into the jar with out feeling or seeing. Mrs. M. R. Fuller won fifteen points in this. In a guess of how many potatoes were in a basket Mrs. M. E. Tarver won ten points and in an Irish jig Mrs. G. A. Bule won fifteen points, so in a cut between Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Bule, Mrs. Bule won a lovely box of chocolates. The hostess assisted by Mesdames W. H. Francis, F. H. Davis Morris Randal and Mrs. A. Britian served a salad plate with Shamrock sandwiches with plate favors of minature green harps to Mesdames W. B. Alexander, T. J. Bolger, A. B. Hosey of Waco, M. E. Tarver, Horace C. Lankford, J. J. Cockerel, A. J. McNeil, W. H. Francis, G. A. Bule, Charlie Randal, N. P. Mitchel, J. T. Lively, R. D. Mugg, J. M. Roach, W. T. Britton, Bob Baskin, C. H. Mothes, T. E. Craddock J. A. Britain, M. R. Fuller, Alva Kiel, Moris Randal and Mrs. F. H. Davis, Miss Lucile Rupe and little Verle Tarver and Janie Knight.

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Mrs. Foster Hostess

Mrs. P. J. Foster was hostess to a number of the ladies of the Christian Aid Society at her home Monday afternoon in a business and social session. The ladies voted to hold an Easter bazar the Saturday before Easter with a food and candy sale in connection. Carpeting was selected for the church, and a committee appointed to see about staining the floors. Sandwiches, oat meal cakes and hot chocolate were served.

Personals

Mrs. R. D. Logan of Fort Worth is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Lee, and sisters, Mrs. W. B Craddock and Mrs. Alva Hill.

Mrs. M. R. Fuller has returned from Dallas.

Mrs Coleman Bailes and children of Electra are visting Mr. and Mrs W. E. Bailes.

Mrs. H. L. Jet accompanied by her mother, Mrs. J. O. Bashman, left Saturday for Clarkesville, Ark.

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Haskell

SOCIAL ITEMS.

Davis Sherrill Wedding

Culminating a romance of several years, the marriage of Miss Francis Sherrill and Mr. Tom Davis occurred at the home of the bride's parents Monday evening and was beautiful in every detail. At seven o'clock Mrs. R. E. Hooker sang "At Dawning" with Miss Carrie Sherrill at the piano. As the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march were heard, the bridal party members descended the stairs and took their places before an improvised altar made on an arch of twined sprays of fern, directly beneath which and at both sides were lilies. Lilies were used as decorations in other parts of the home. The ring ceremony was performed by Rev. Lewis J. Sherrill of Covington, Tenn., brother of the bride, who was lovely in her wedding gown of white silk lace over satin. She carried a bouquet of white roses and entered with her father, R. E. Sherrill. Immediately following the ceremony a reception was held during which refreshments of pink and white brick cream and cake was served by Misses Galen and Ruth Robertson and Mary Sherrill who were attired in dainty white organdie frocks. The favors were pink and white carnations. Receiving with Mrs Sherrill were Mesdames: R. R. English, H S. Wilson and J. L. Sleeper. Mrs. Sherrill wore black satin and georgette, Miss Carrie Sherrill a lovely blue and gold changeable taffeta Mrs. Hooker wore white georgette. The numerous and beautiful gifts on display proved the popularity of the bride. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Sherrill. She finished school here and then attended Worcester college in Ohio. She was teacher in the city schools for a few years. The groom is a young lawyer of west Texas. In 1918 he was elected county attorney and soon after resigned to enter the world war. Last year he was elected prosecuting attorney for the 39th judicial district of Texas, which he now occupies.

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Husbands Entertain

The members of the Thursday luncheon club were royally entertained by their husbands last Thursday evening in the second annual affair of this kind. The members and guests met in the library building where some time was spent informally. Partners for the evening were chosen by score card. The guests later repaired to the Merchants Cafe where they were served a luncheon. At each lady's plate there was a pink carnation as a favor. Mr. O. E. Patterson was toastmaster for the evening, and introduced one of the visitors. Mrs. J. U. Fields gave her impression of the club, Mrs. Hardy Grissom and Mrs. Morris spoke of their acquaintance of the club. Others who responded as called were Messrs. J. A. Couch, Lex B. Morris, Hardy Grissom, J. U. Fields, H. S. Wilson and F. L. Daugherty. After the luncheon "84" was enjoyed at the library. Mrs. Reid the president of the club, expressed the appreciation of the ladies. The following enjoyed this delightful party: Mesdames and Messrs. W. M. Reid, F. L. Daugherty, J. U. Fields, Hardy Grissom, Lex. B. Morris, T. J. Arbuckle, Alfred Pierson, M. R. Lebo, Elmer Irwin, O. E. Patterson, H. S. Wilson, R. J. Reynolds, W. E. Kirkpatrick, G. W. Waldrop, Mrs. R. J. Paxton, and Mrs. B. M. Whitaker.

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Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Brasher

Mr. and Mrs. Brasher entertained the members of the school board and their wives and the teachers of the Haskell schools with a lovely party Friday evening. Eight tables were arranged for "42" and a number of interesting games were enjoyed. The hosts assisted by her sons, Charles and Thomas, served brick ice cream and [illegible] to the guests, with the favors, Shamrocks, to: Misses Crider, Minnie Ellis, Payne, Chambers, Graham, Betty Lee Castles, Laura Lee Langford, Mina and Eula Seelbach, Carrie Sherrill, King, Juanita Kirkpatrick, Mesdames and Messrs. M. B. Lebo Virgil Meadors, Morris, O. E. Patterson, R. V. Robertson, J. A. Couch, Hardy Grissom, F. T. Sanders and B. Cox, Mrs. S. R. Rike and Mr. Anthony.

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Elks Dance

The young people enjoyed a dance at the Elks club rooms Friday evening. The Munday orchestra furnished the music. Some of the out of town guests were: Jessie Campbell and Marlin Wilson of Rule, Dave Bennett, Harry Yates and Elbert Haney of Stamford, Miss Hazel Speer of Swenson, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, Dr. and Mrs. Davis, Miss Thelma Palmer, Bernard Cartwright and Palmer Barton of Munday.

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Thursday Bridge Club

Mrs Bernard entertained the members of the Thursday bridge club at her home Thursday. A very pleasant afternoon was spent at the game. The Sheik idea was carried out in the table decorations and tally cards. A two course luncheon was served to Mesdames J. P. and Claiborne Payne, Hill and John Oates, Courtney Hunt, Reid and R. R. English.

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Mrs. Elmer Irwin Hostess.

Mrs. Irwin was hostess to the younger crowd Friday evening honoring Calvin Middleton and Amos Kemp. A delightful evening was spent playing "42". The hostess, assisted by her sister, Mrs. Owen Fouts, served ice cream and cake to Misses Juanita Cox, Carrie Bess Culwell, Helen Caldwell, Maldee Watson, Edith Jones, and Messrs. Roy Watson, Earnest Sanders, Calvin Middleton, Amos Kemp, Clyde Culwell, Otho Cass, and Mr. and Mrs. Owen Fouts.

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Magazine Club

The club met Friday with the president, Mrs. C. L. Lewis. It was reported that the club members donated the sweet pickles for the west Texas Chamber of Commerce banquet held in Fort Worth during the Fat Stock Show, and that the peach pickles reached Fort Worth in time and duly appeared on the menu.

Mrs. Charles Conner directed a very interesting and instructive lesson on British and American Illustrators. Mesdames W. E. Kirkpatrick and S. R Rike too part on the program and Mrs. Leon Gambrell gave a beautiful vocal solo.

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Church Social

The Methodist people met at the church Wednesday evening for a special program and social get-together meeting. F. L. Daugherty, district lay leader, directed a splendid program. Miss Judith Taylor sang a solo, two of the little Kaigler girls gave readings, Katherine Rike gave a reading, Mrs. F. T. Sanders spoke on "Why we should be members of the church," and Mr. F. G. Alexander spoke on "Our duty as church members." Messrs. O. E. Patterson, W. M. Free, Tom Pinkerton and Roy Neil sang a quartet. The women of the church served pie, whipped cream, coffee and chocolate to 200 guests. A delightful social hour was enjoyed, there being several diversions, the cleverest was when all the man sang "Will There Be Any Stars In My Crown" and the women immediately struck up "No Not One."

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Preston Baldwin, son of J. I. Baldwin of this city who lives 12 miles east of town recently underwent an operation for appendicitis in the Temple sanitarium He is reported to be doing nicely.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Fields left in their car Sunday morning for San Antonio where they will visit Mrs. Fields' parents and Mr. Fields' brothers.

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Stamford

SOCIAL ITEMS.

Mrs. J. R. Andrews entertained the Wednesday Bridge Club Wednesday afternoon. St. Patrick's suggestions were used in the decorations and fancy green caps were furnished the guests. Green hats filled with candies were at each table and the score cards and slates were of the Irish color. Delicious ice cream and cake were passed to Mesdames Frank Morrow, Henry Andrews, A. S. Vernon, H. H. Harman, Herbert Carter, J. M. Carter, Lewis Dial, W. G. Swenson, Harry Fuller, Tom Elliott, D. T. Perkins, W. L. Wileman, W. B. Kay, Lawrence McElwee, Leland Mathews, W. P. McDonald and Misses Marie Dee, Suzanne English, Agnes Pender and Lucy Bunkley.

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Jack and Jill Club

Miss Agnes Pender was hostess to the Jack and Jill Club Wednesday evening. In the bridge games Miss Suzanne English won the ladies' prize, a set of bridge pencils, and the men's prize, a match container went to Harry Yates. Bavarian cream and cake were served to Misses Marie Dee, Suzanne English, Lucy Bunkley, Messrs. Jeff Haynie, Andy Erwin of Abilene, A. S. Lawrence, Harry Yates, Ralph Daniels and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dial.

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Club Royale

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Haynes were host and hostess to the Club Royale on Friday evening at their home in College addition. In every detail the idea of St. Patrick's Day predominated and the Irish color with sprigs of peach blossoms gave a pleasing effect to the reception suite where tables were arranged for bridge. Clover leaves marked the guests places and clover leaf cups held green mints at each place. Miss Marie Dee was awarded the ladies' prize a dutch silver mat and the men's prize, a silver cigarette case went to Mr. Henry Andrews. A luncheon plate was served with Irishman's pipes for favors. The members and guests present included Messrs. and Mesdames Hugh Astin, R. R. Robertson, Claude Yates, Cordie Pennell, W. B. Tayman, Henry Andrews, W. B. Harrison, Lewis Dial, Arthur Vernon, Herbert Carter, Mesdames W. L. Harrison and W. P. McDonald and Misses Marie Dee and Suzanne English.

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Parent-Teachers Association

The members of the Parent-Teachers Association had a very interesting program Wednesday afternoon at the high school building. The program was furnished by Mrs. Fuqua and Mrs. Woolridge. The invocation by Rev. J. H. Hamblen and a special song by the Wisdom sisters.

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Athletic Club Banquet

Friday evening in the new high school building the members of the Athletic Club and their friends enjoyed a banquet and program, W. A. Woolridge acted as toastmaster on this occasion, introducing the following speakers: Supt. N. S. Holland, Dr. Dallas Southard, Dr. J. E. Montgomery, E. L. Howard and Dr. S. B. Tadlock who spoke on the development of the athletic field. The members of the club introduced themselves and told just what they had done for Stamford high school. Two of the members were at Baylor University attending the older boy's conference.

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Pierian Club

The Pierian Club met Thursday afternoon in the club room at Carnegie Library. After the business session the program was presented by the leader, Mrs. Russell Morrison. After a few introductory remarks concerning the two great contemporary English poets, who were the subjects of the afternoon study. Mrs. Morrison presented Miss Ruth Hastings who discussed John Masefield.

Thursday the club is to have the privilege of seeing some very fine and rare specimens of pottery from all the great potteries of America. The exhibit is in charge of Mrs. W. M. Harlan and has been brought here by Mrs. E. P. McKinney, the art chairman.

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Mrs. Whaley Entertains

Mrs. Porter Whaley entertained the Bridge Club Friday afternoon at her home in College addition. Mrs. Pennington won the high score prize, a large bottle of perfume. Salad, cake, confections and tea were served to Mesdames J. M. Carter, W. M. Harlan, H. H. Pennington, Walter Orr, Lawrence McElwee, Fred Hudson, Russell Morrison, E. V. Hardwick, J. M. Hanna, Arthur Vernon, Walter Keith and Miss Blanche Baldwin.

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Bowie News

Irish Wake Party

Members of the Maids and Matrons Club and a few of their friends have received invitations which read as follows:

"Come next Wednesday at 2:45 afternoon,
There will be 'Colleens' but not a 'Gussop.'
The cars will be waiting out in the street,
They will convey you to a real Irish wake,
Held at a club house on the banks of a lake.
She who comes armed with the best Irish joke,
Will surely be given a 'Pig in a Poke'."
Minnie Hutchinson Mahaffety
Ann Stallings Muldooney
Loretta Stephenson O'Brien.

The guests were conveyed to the club house at Good Luck. The club house livingroom was artistically decorated in shamrocks and ferns and white hyancinths and calla lillies. A "green cheese" moon adorned one side of the door while on the other side was the "Irish Home Rule"—a yard stick tied with green ribbon. Showers of shamrocks fell from the lights.

The guests were met at the door by the three hostesses who wore tiny white and green caps and aprons. Upon entering the door each guest was told that they must kiss the "Blarney Stone" before they would be allowed to have anything to eat. Of course every one immediately did so.

The eight tables which had been placed for the luncheon were centered with vases of fern and white hyacinths. The guests found their places by white place cards, which were tied with green ribbon and bearing tiny shamrocks.

A delicious three-course luncheon was served, each course carrying out the white and green color scheme. The following program was rendered between courses: Reading, "Irish Coquettery," Miss Alberta Jameson; Paper, "Origin of Saint Patrick," Mrs. Henry T. Ayres, Dialogue, "The Cute Little Girl," Mesdames David Warren and Wilbur Morgan.

About the middle of the afternoon the hostesses announced that they had invited some ladies over from Cork for the party but on account of the severe sand storm on the ocean they would be unable to come, so the guests must make some ladies form Cork. Each guest was given the necessary articles to make their ladies and some very unique figures were produced. Mrs. Thurman Galaway was awarded the prize for the best made lady. Two other clever contests had been arranged for which prizes were awarded. Mrs. E. R. Mangum and Mrs. Chilton Ayres.

Each guest was armed with an Irish joke, as requested in the invitations. Mrs. C. F. Mutchinson told the best joke for which she was given the "Pig in the Poke," a box of bacon in a paper bag.

The guests departed at a late hour declaring the "Irish Wake" to be the very nicest party they had been to in many months.

Those present besides the Maids and Matrons Club were: Mesdames T. P. Evans, E. R. Mangum, Percy Stallings, J. O. Gilliland of Henrietta, Harold Womack of Coleman, Texas, C. F. Hutchinson, Rex Younger of New Port, W. S. Cox, Robert Meyer, Pritchet Montgomery; Misses Alberta Jameson, Edith Ball, Elva Streng and Vivian Hutchison.

Harris-Stephens

Mr. H. R. Harris and Miss Ora Stephens of Waurika, Oklahoma, were married Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Garlington, Rev. J. W. Cole performing the ceremony. They left on the midnight train for Socorro, New Mexico, to visit the groom's parents. Miss Stephens has been working in the office of the Consumers Gas Company at Waurika. She is a niece of Mrs. J. E. Garlington.

Radio Entertainment

On Wednesday night of this week I. F. Bradley entertained the Business Mens' Bible Class with a radio party at his store on Mason street. The program was put on by the Business Mens' Bible Class of the Broadway Baptist Church at Fort Worth, broadcasted by the Star-Telegram station, WBAP.

Mrs. Ferguson Dies

Mrs. L. J. Ferguson, aged 84 years, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. R. Tankersley at Comanche, Oklahoma, Tuesday, March 13, and her remains were brought to Bowie, Thursday, for interment in Elmwood cemetery.

Price-Huskey

Mr. Roy Price and Miss Linda Huskey left Bowie last Monday morning and went to the home of a relative in Waurika, Oklahoma, where they were married Tuesday. Miss Huskey has been employed at the Ayres Hotel for several months and Mr. Price has been boarding at the hotel while employed as fireman for the Queens Peak Oil Company on the Patter well No. 1.

Personals

Billy Green came in Friday from Breckenridge for a visit with his mother, Mrs. W. O. Green.

Miss Glena Jameson left Wednesday for a visit with friends and relatives in Wichita Falls and Breckenridge.

Mrs. J. O. Gilliland of Henrietta is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. V. Gilland on East Tarrant street.

Mesdames Earl Giles, Leo Fulton and Kelsie Dort of Saint Jo were shopping in Bowie Wednesday.

Mrs. Harold Womack of Coleman, Texas, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. V. Gilliland on East Tarrant.

Miss Hazel Ousley of Chickasha, Oklahoma, is the guest of Miss Edith Ball on West Pecan.

W. E. Shelton of Stillwater, Oklahoma, state agricultural agent, stopped over in Bowie last Friday to visit his brother, Postmaster J. E. Shelton.

Mrs. Etta Cherry of Marguerite, Texas, is in the city visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred A. Young.

Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Humphreys of Nocona were visitors in Bowie Wednesday. They were returning from Dallas, where they had been to attend the wedding of their daughter, and at which Mr. Humphrey was the officiating minister.

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Henrietta

Late Social News

Misses Martha Virginia Marberry and Mary Allison attended the Christian Endeavor convention at Bowie.

Mr. and Mrs. Olan Lane are visiting Mrs. Lane's parents at Ponca City.

Mrs. M. J. Skinner who has visited her daughter, Mrs. G. B. Mcginnson, left Wednesday for Dallas.

Mrs. W. H. Myers was in Dallas.

Miss Bula Bradley was in Fort Worth.

Mrs. R. E. Taylor and Misses Mildred and Roberta Taylor were in Dallas.

Mr. James Sullivan of Harrisburg, Va., visited his sister, Mrs. H. Andrew Myers.

Mrs. C. E. Walker is visiting in Dallas, Denton and Corsicana.

Mrs. Harold Womack of Coleman visited her sister, Mrs. J. O. Gilliland.

Mrs. T. J. Stubbs of Anson is visiting her mother Mrs. J. D. Pickens.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Millsapps have returned from Sweetwater.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Dunn have returned from Coleman.

Mrs. G. W. Eustis has gone to Springfield, Mo., where she was called on account of the serious illness of her sister.

Mrs. Volney Lefever is home from Marlin

Mrs. John Kosanke is visiting her parents in Gainesville.

Mrs. F. F. Green has returned from Fort Worth.

Mrs. E. A. McKenzie of Decatur is visiting Mrs. Jack McKenzie.

Mesdames G. A. Jackson and Guy Jones have returned from Terrell where they attended the district woman's conference.

Miss Billie Jean Mangum is at home from C. I. A. for a short vacation.

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Delphian Club

The Delphian Club met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. W. H. Myers leader. Ibsen's "Doll House, Ghosts and Enemy of the People," was the lesson Those taking part on the program were Mesdames E. C. Carter, J. S. Dickey, R. J. Brown and W. H. Myers.

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Bridge Party

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Barker entertained Thursday evening with a bridge party. There were four tables o players and Mrs. Cedric O. Taylor made high score for the ladies. She was given a crystal bird vase. Among the gentlemen Mr. Cedric O. Taylor won high score, and received a deck of cards. A two course luncheon was served, with violets as plate favors, to: Messrs. and Mesdames R. J. Brown, Alvis Fuller, Carl Green, J. O. Gilliland, Cordie O. Taylor, Harry Myers of Jolly, R. R. Hodge and Miss Cora Neville.

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Maids and Matrons Club

The Maids and Matrons Bridge Club was entertained Friday afternoon by Mrs. M. M. Alexander. Daybreak carnations added to the attractiveness of the card rooms when three tables were placed for the games. Miss Jessie Chestnutt scored high and was given a black lacquered box filled with toilet accessories. The hostess was assisted by her sister, Miss Cora Neville, in serving a tempting two course luncheon to Mesdames R. R. Hodge, R. C. Carter, W. L. Mount, E. F. Schwend, A. B. Staggs, Carl Green, A. B. Edwards, Lewis Ikard, Misses Mabel Edwards, Cora Neville and Jessie Chestnutt.

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Senior Class Party

Last Friday evening Miss Lillian Howard entertained the members of the senior class of the high school with a "kid party." The party first enjoyed Wesley Barry in "School Days" at the Majestic theater after which they repaired to the home of the hostess for children's games—bridge and forty-two. Dainty refreshments were served to Misses Catherine Carrow, Virginia Van Houton, Mildred Clarihew Catherine Wiseman, Betty Joe Wiseman, Iva Pickens Gladys Owens, Fay Hines, Ethel Campbell, Mary Louise Koethe, Opal Shaw, Nell Brown, Twilla Washburn, Kate Collie, and Winnie Rice. Messrs. Pierre Stine Harold Younger, Anthony Grinke, J. B. Jennings, Lawrence Dalton, Leonard Lankford, Harry Olsen, Sam R. Cook, Thompson Carter, Bruce Palmer and Paul Clay.

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Wednesday Club

Mrs. W. K. Millsapps will be hostess to the Wednesday Club this week.

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Forty-Two Party

Miss Ettie Pickens entertained with a delightful "42" party Monday evening. There were three tables of players, and at the close of the game dainty refreshments were served to Messrs. and Mesdames. J. H. Shelton, W. R. Evans, T. W. Marberry, Mesdames David Crockett, Jack McKenzie, Stubbs of Anson, Cyrus Coleman, A. L. Thompson, and Miss Hart Galloway.

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Tuesday Evening Club

Mr and Mrs. W. R. Evans entertained the Tuesday Evening Club at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Crockett. St Patrick decorations were carried out in every detail. Forty-two was enjoyed at seven tables. A tempting plate luncheon was served by the hostess assisted by Mrs. Crockett and Miss Ettie Pickens Those present were Messrs. and Mesdames. J. A. Allison, W. B. Allen, Leslie Bramer, W. H. Cook, Lon Kelly, Dick Hodges, F. P. Neville, Ben W. Nutter, Glenn Younger, Glover Thaxton, T. W. Marberry, Mesdames Stubbs of Anson, David Crockett, Lillie Graves and Miss Ettie Pickens.

Eyes Strained

If your eyes are work-strained or tired; if your vision is dim or blurred; if it bothers you to read; if your eyes burn or itch or ache; if you wear glasses, get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets from your druggist, dissolve one in a fourth of a glass of water and use from two to four times a day to bathe the eyes. Bon-Opto has brought comfort and relief to thousands.

Note: Doctors say Bon-Opto strengthens eyesight 50 per cent in a week's time in many instances.

A sallow skin

is a skin that is asleep

YOU can awaken it!

You can give your skin brilliant color and life simply by using a more stimulating method of cleansing.

Follow this treatment once or twice a week, and see how it will rouse the inactive pores and blood vessels—how the whole tone of your skin will improve:

JUST before retiring fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion.

Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The other nights of the week cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

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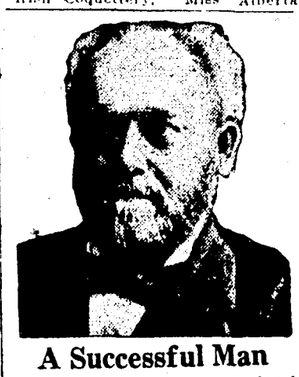


A Successful Man

Among the notable professional men of this country who achieved great success along strictly legitimate lines was Dr. R. V. Pierce. Devoting his attention to the specialty of women's diseases, he became a recognized authority in that line.

Over fifty years ago this noted physician gave to the world a Prescription which has never been equaled for the weaknesses of women. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., long since found out what is naturally best for women's disease. He learned it all through treating thousands of cases. The result of his studies was a medicine called Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This medicine is made of vegetable growths that nature surely intended for backache, headache, weakening pains, and for the many disorders common to women in all ages of life. Women who take this standard remedy know that in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they are getting a safe woman's tonic so good that druggists everywhere sell it in both tablet and fluid form.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. Write for free medical advice.

Nurse Stacey's Suggestions to Middle Aged Women

MRS. H. STACEY
COLLINSVILLE, ILLINOIS

A MOST trying period of a woman's life is that of middle age, fraught with danger to some extent, and invariably with most annoying symptoms, such as hot-flashes, smothering spells, nervous troubles, irregularities and fainting spells.

When a woman like Nurse Stacey after many years of caring for the sick writes a letter of praise for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound like the following, it should influence other women who are passing through the Change of Life to try it.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a root and herb medicine especially adapted to act upon the feminine system. It helps nature to build up the weakened, nervous system, and enables women to pass this trying period with the least possible annoying symptoms.

Nurse Stacey's Letter Follows:

COLLINSVILLE, ILL.—"I could almost write a book in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. In the first place my husband induced me to try it and I have continued taking it off and on for years. I have become a well woman from its use and am now taking it through the Change of Life just to be on the safe side. I first took it for backache and a weak condition of the whole system and I think it saved my life and my baby. She is now a mother and takes it herself and I think I can count as high as a hundred women I have recommended the Vegetable Compound to, as I am a practical nurse. Use my letter in any way you see fit for I will stand by what I write."—Mrs. H. STACEY, Collinsville, Illinois.

Another Woman's Similar Experience

"During the Change of Life I was always tired and weak, could hardly do my work and did not care to go anywhere or talk to people. After I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I noticed a change and before I had taken four bottles of it I felt like a new person. I can and always will recommend it in cases like mine."—Mrs. JOS. WANISH, 1119 S. 18th St., Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

Take Mrs. Stacey's advice and try

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

To Top the Mode with Smartness

by Muriel Mertens

It is often said—and quite truly—that you can always tell when a woman is wearing a new hat by the gratified, pleased expression on the face. Somehow, with a becoming new hat she feels well dressed, no matter how old and shabby her frock or her coat may be. And a smart hat really does set off the costume as well as the face, marvelously. But perhaps the newest idea is to have a hat which is suitable and appropriate with the rest of one's costume. In fact, the real secret of being well dressed is the ability to wear things that go well together and are becoming to you. The woman who has very few costumes, but makes them complete by having her hat just perfectly suited to her frock and her shoes, gloves and hosiery in perfect accord, will always look well dressed, even though she wears that same costume every day in the year.

Unless one keeps strict rein on one's self one is apt, to see some charming little hat in a shop window whose great appeal lies in the fact that it is wholly different from the things we have and of which we are terribly tired. If, in addition to this, it is becoming and the saleslady is clever—we are lost and buy it without further thought. But this really is not necessary, for never before have we been offered such countless varieties and variations of the millinery mode.

Smart Street War

For street wear the little felt cloche is still quite the smartest. Generally the crown of the cloche is high and is either rounded or cone shaped. But in the brim and in the trimming the variation is infinite. One smart little model has a narrow brim turned down so sharply in front that it resembles a bonnet and in the back it goes to the other extreme and turns up so abruptly that it is flat to the crown of the hat. It is trimmed with a fuzzy little pompon far back on the right side. This tendency is seen on countless smart hats. The trimming is way back on the right side and now and then even moving right to the back.

Another smart cloche has a narrow brim turned up on the left side and abruptly down on the right. Flat against the crown, pointing down to the right shoulder is a quill.

Frequently one will see a little ribbon cockade sewed flat to the crown of the hat.

Still other styles of the cloche will be turned up in the front and an extremelyy narrow brim turned down in the back. When this is the case a fluffy little pompon will be seen clinging to the right cheek.

Stiff Felts in Vogue

A very unusual combination has recently come into great vogue with these stiff felt hats. A narrow binding of silver or gold on the edge of the brim and sometimes a band of this same cloth around the crown. The felt hats of any of the many shades of gray are trimmed with silver cloth, while those of brown favor the gold. In these little hats, dark blue and black are conspicuous by their absence.

For sports wear this felt mode is quite the most popular. The shape is just the same as the street hat, but the trimming is much more simple. The ever favored silk bandanna is drawn tightly across the turned-down brim of many a smart little hat which will take its way around the golf course some sunny morning. And the wearer of a felt cloche with a flat ribbon cockade is certain to be seen that very same day, so popular is this style. Even silver cloth made its appearance for sport wear when the hat was of a beautiful white.

The soft felt hat which may be modeled to the wearer's every mood is just right for sports wear, though it is not worn with a street frock.

Hats for Afternoon Wear

With the hat to be worn with an afternoon frock feathers are in high favor, but invariably they are turned down and reach far below the brim of the hat. The crowns of these hats are so generally rounded and cone shaped that a square crown is quickly noticeable, though they do make their appearance now and then.

A lovely little hat worn at a very fashionable tea recently had a small turn-down brim, and an uncurled ostrich plume which started at the middle of the back of the crown and falling over the right ear curved gracefully under the charming wearer's chin. Almost every feather used tries to follow this same general line.

Frequently one will see an ostrich feather plucked so that the feathery part is just a little pompon at the end.

Strange unheard of birds, if they have long, curving feathery tails, are also quite at the height of the mode.

Modes of the Large Hat

When the large hat is worn it is usually very large, sometimes with the brim much wider in back than in front. And where a woman finds a large hat more becoming she may quite properly select one. One large black hat was trimmed with a band of silver ribbon which fell through a slit in the brim in two large loops over the right ear. Many a gracefully draped veil is used in this same manner.

In fact, this tendency of all trimming to go to the right was carried out to such an extent by one smart Parisian that she wore a long sinuous earring on the right ear only, leaving the left ear unadorned. It hardly seems likely that many Americans will carry this fashion to such an extreme but it does show how strong this tendency is.

However, these large hats do not as yet enjoy the popularity of the smaller one. And though they may burst into highest favor any day, it is hardly possible that the fashion will continue for long.

With the soft, dainty summer dresses the hat is usually softer, though there may be a little stiffening in the brim. It is a very charming fashion, too, to keep our stiffer hats for our more tailored costume. And a soft crushed little model is so lovely with a dainty dress.

Evening Hat to Return

It is rumored that the evening hat, which has been absent so long, is returning to high favor. It is really quite a natural development when one stops to think about it. Bandeaux have been growing wider and more elaborate than ever. So some clever milliner just put a tulle top on a wide bandeau and the evening hat was in vogue. And after it has gone that far naturally little tulle brims were added. This does not mean that the bandeaux is going out. Just the opposite. For the wider and more elaborate the bandeau that is worn with a formal frock, the smarter the costume. It just shows our tendency to wear some sort of head covering at every possible moment. This desire for headgear is certain to last while the bobbed heads are growing out, for it solves many a problem of hair dressing. And the person to whom the simple smooth style of coiffure is unbecoming—and unfortunately there are many such—is sure to follow this fashion with enthusiasm.

Veils Winning Favor

The veil is enjoying high favor this season and quite deservedly.

On a windy, blustery day of early spring how trimly smart and dashing is the wearer of a veil. And how great is her composure when she knows that her hair is not stringing about her face but is just as it was when she last peeped into a mirror. The graceful folds of the draped lace veil seen so often in the afternoon are very flattering, too. And countless are the ways in which such a veil may be draped. A gold veil covering the crown of a brown hat and falling in loops close to the face would surely be a prized addition to any wardrobe. Or a small hat may allow its veil to hang straight down in the back, but be draped up a little under the chin. This slight draping is held in place by pins placed close to the edge of the veil. Where these veils are worn the hat is very plain and without any other trimming. The veil itself is very elaborate. It may be beautifully figured at the edge or of some delcate light color.

On New Hats

Ribbon is probably the most favored trimming for the first spring hats. It is used for bindings, cockades and bows.

NEW SPORT TAILLEUR JUST SUITS 1923 AMERICAN GIRL, DECLARES LOCAL MODISTE

"The new sport-tailleur is appropriate for business, street or sports wear. It's neither too conspicuous nor too plain," declared Mrs. Stella Mason of Anderson's ready-to-wear department last week.

"It just suits the 1923 American girl," she added. "It is a clever combination of the severely tailored suit and the popular sports model, retaining the best qualities of both. It possesses the comfort and color that the tailor-made lacked and also attains the severer style's trimness and neatness.

"Skirts of these suits are narrow, but not uncomfortable, and are of medium length.

"Jackets generally are of hip length and are belted or unbelted to suit the type of coat. Sometimes the plain sack coat is modified by a side closing and long revers."

"Materials are flannel, jersey, tricot, kasha cloth, twill, and the new knitted fabrics."

"The suits in the illustrations are the very latest word in style," Mrs. Mason declared.

Hemlines

While the hemline is going to lead a much more conventional life this coming season than formerly, one still sees many points and draperies that extend below. These irregularities, however, occur usually on evening or semi-dress frocks. For street wear a more tailored line is being featured.

Flannel Frocks

Flannel is a very popular material just now for sports costumes and there is a chance that it will challenge the popularity of jersey cloth. It is particularly effective in white and in black and white combinations.

On Black Felt.

A cluster of pink rosebuds, outlined with pink leaves, making an ornament about six inches in diameter is the only trimming on a tiny hat of black felt with a narrow brim, shorter in the back than in front.

GET RID OF YOUR FAT

Thousands of others have gotten rid of theirs by my simple and efficient method of fat reduction, often at a very rapid rate, and WITHOUT PAYMENT until reduction has taken place.

I am a licensed practising physician and have made a careful study of the physiological requirements of the human body. This has enabled me to select such ingredients and in such proportion as in my opinion will produce not only a loss of weight without harm and an improvement in health, but with it an alleviation of all of the troublesome symptoms which frequently accompany and often are a direct result of overstoutness, such as shortness of breath on slight exertion, palpitation of the heart, etc., not to speak of the relief from the embarrassment of being too stout. Stout persons suffering from such diseases as Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Eczema, Asthma and high blood pressure are greatly relieved by a reduction of their superfluous fat.

My treatment will relieve that depressed, tired, sleepy feeling, giving you the renewed energy and vigor which come as a result of the loss of your superfluous fat. The medicinal ingredients I employ do not depend for their reducing power upon starvation diet or tiresome exercise. Taking them, they should produce a loss of weight without you doing anything else.

If you are overstout do not postpone but sit down right now and send for my FREE TRIAL TREATMENT and my plan whereby I am to be PAID ONLY AFTER REDUCTION HAS TAKEN PLACE if you so desire.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician State of New York
286 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Desk No. 562

IF SICK TODAY! TAKE NO CALOMEL

"Dodson's Liver Tone" Straightens You Up Better Than Salivating, Dangerous Calomel and Doesn't Upset You—Don't Lose a Day's Work—Read Guarantee

I discovered a vegetable compound that does the work of dangerous, sickening calomel and I want every reader of this paper to buy a bottle for a few cents and if it doesn't straighten you up better and quicker than salivating calomel just go back to the store and get your money back.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your thirty feet of bowels of the sour bile and constipation poison which is making you feel miserable.

I guarantee that one spoonful of this harmless liquid liver medicine will relieve the headache, biliousness, coated tongue, ague, malaria, sour stomach or any other distress caused by a torpid liver as quickly as a dose of vile, nauseating calomel, besides it will not make you sick or keep you from a day's work.

Calomel is poison—it's mercury—it attacks the bones often causing rheumatism. Calomel is dangerous. It sickens—while my Dodson's Liver Tone is safe, pleasant and harmless. Eat anything afterwards, because it can not salivate. Give it to the children because it doesn't upset the stomach or shock the liver. Take a spoonful tonight and wake up feeling fine and ready for a full day's work.

Stamps for sale at Times Office.

Making Victrola Records Was Once Precarious Task

"In the year 1903 a special representative journeyed to Europe to engage Enrico Caruso to make a record for the Victor Talking machine. Considering the talking machine a huge joke, Caruso refused. At a later date he consented to make one with the understanding that he be allowed to approve it before being used. He was paid the largest sum any artist had ever received for a record at that time—$400. The record was "Woman Is Fickle" from Rigoletto. The speaker was Miss Annie Campbell, of McConnell Brothers Victor department and she went on to give any number of other interesting facts concerning the development of the Victor Talking Machine Company, which is the largest concern in the United States manufacturing one product.

"When the company was first organized, 26 years ago, Eldridge Johnson and his associates spent their evenings experimenting with materials for records. They worked in the attic of a small carriage factory and one evening some acid leaked down on a carriage below and ruined it. Paying for the damage so depleted the funds of the company that it was several months before work on their project could go on. From this obscure beginning has developed company of today with a capitalization of 165 millions.

"For years an artist who made a record had to give a separate performance for each record, so if a hundred records were made the poor singer had to sing his song a hundred times," Miss Campbell said. "It is a far step from that time to the present when thousands of records are produced from one performance of the artist," she added.

MORE GOWNS WITH SEVERE WAIST AND DRAPED SKIRTS

Black moire gowns are effective when sleeveless and very severe as to blouse and very complicated and draped as to skirt.

Black and White.

A gown of black satin has an elaborate front drapery lined with white satin. The lining is slightly revealed and makes an interesting arrangement of black and white effect, which is much more popular than unrelieved black.

Stamps for sale at Times Office.—adv.

Genuine ASPIRIN

BAYER

SAY "BAYER" when you buy. Insist!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over 23 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Rheumatism
Neuritis	Lumbago
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

In the Realm of Fashion

THERE are no finer examples of artistry in design and workmanship than is shown in.

"House of Youth" Apparel

Designed to especially please women who desire to be smartly and correctly dressed. In the assortments here are many models from which to choose.

Your Easter Costume

The smartest fashion influences of Parisian designers, including Balkan effects, Egyptian patterns and supple fabrics are interpreted in a way to befit the desires of American women, by these House of Youth Designers.

The Suit for Easter

Three-piece costumes are the height of distinction for formal day occasions. Developed in fine quality twill, cord fabrics combined with bodices of beautifully patterned silks.

Two-piece suits that afford versatility in effect with various blouses to enhance their smartness.

Both the two and three piece styles present the favored lines, including the close fitted hip mode, the flared jacket and the simple belted styles. Embroidered, beaded and adorned with designs in silk braid. Models for all types of figures.

The All Enveloping Mode Featured in

Coats and Capes

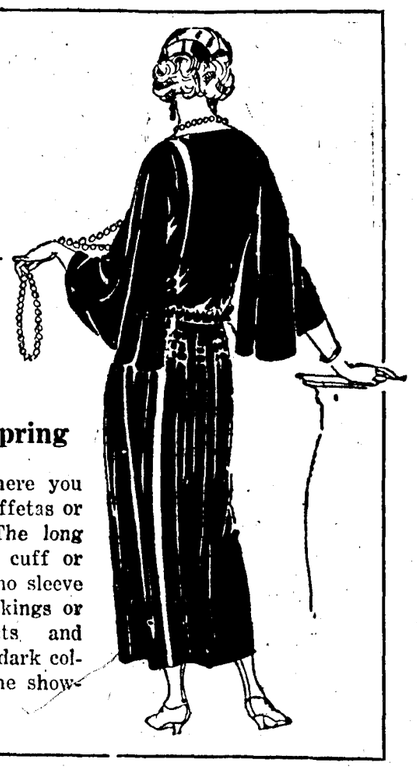
Decidedly practical as it meets every daytime need. Certainly beautiful for it lends an unconscious grace to the figure. The enveloping wrap with its side fastening is the favorite for smart wear. Capes too, have a distinctive appeal in the new fashions. Bloused effects, extreme fullness, novelty collars and beautiful fabrics are the smart features.

See the many fashionable styles in our displays.

The New

Frocks

For Easter and Spring



In the clever creations here you may choose from crisp taffetas or softly draped crepes. The long sleeve with close fitting cuff or the shoulder cap that is no sleeve at all. Cordings and tuckings or distinctive panel effects and drapes. Light shades or dark colors, all are included in the showing here.

Phone 3188

W. B. McCLURKAN & CO.

Ohio at Seventh

For Your Inner Gratification

by Muriel Mertens

It is a fact well known to every woman, that no matter how carefully or how modishly you may be dressed, you never feel quite at ease unless you have that inner consciousness that your lingerie is just the most exquisitely dainty and feminine that can be found. Self-possession is very charming in a woman. And that knowledge that one is dressed with perfect taste, both inside and out, brings a very lovely poise to any woman. With this knowledge in the background of her mind, she can forget her clothes entirely and devote all her energies to being entertaining or entertained.

Some women will always love the fresh daintiness of lingerie of cotton or linen, no matter how beautiful the silk models may be. And when one sees the sheer daintiness of undergarments of handkerchief linen exquisite with hemstitching and real filet one is certainly tempted to agree with them. Particularly for summer there is something so fresh and clean about them. Triple voile which wears like iron yet looks as delicate as chiffon is another great favorite both for underthings and night gowns. And what entrancing colors it comes in! Delicate green or a soft, pale yellow, lavender and countless shades which are quite as lovely. These colored underthings are usually very simply made. Batiste with its lovely silky sheen is also frequently seen.

Undergarments of Silk

But the woman who loves the soft luxury of silk will find just as many exquisite models to uphold her in her preference. The silk night gowns and underthings are beautiful in white or pink as well as the more unusual shades. Sometimes they are trimmed with wide laces or embroidered in contrasting shades.

The vest chemise and the step-in drawers are beginning to usurp the place of great popularity which was held for so long by the envelope. Sometimes the knicker is worn with the vest chemise.

The cut of the newest night gowns has been greatly influenced by our gresent mode in frocks. Many have a bateau neck—lower, of course, than a bateau necked frock. The front and back of the nec. is straight, but the lowness is achieved by having them connected over the shoulder by four or five inches of ribbon or lace strap across the shoulder. The arm-hole is made by an opening cut straight down under the arm for five or six inches.

Chiffon daintily hued or black is still used to make some of the most exquisite of our lingerie.

Lounging Pajamas Now

The lounging pajama is the very latest creation for our more luxurious hours. It is not only beautiful but an ideally comfortable garment in which to spend a few hours of relaxation. There are such gorgeous advocates of this fashion! Black is quite a favorite for these pajamas, though the lighter colors are by no means put in the background. Black velvet, magnificiently embroidered in color or black velvet trousers with the gayest of silk jackets. The Oriental influence is clearly seen in one model with orange velvet trousers and a Persian patterned silk jacket. Exquisite silks and lustrous satins fashion many another charming model.

For the woman who does not care for the pajama mode, there are many daintily feminine negligees. Silk covered with chiffon and with long trailing chiffon sleeves and a low placed girdle is a charming fashion.

With the negligee or pajama a wide matching bandeau is appropriate and so becoming.

Spring Exposition

An Air of Newness Lends a Gladsome Note to Spring's Inaugural

HUNDREDS of foreign and domestic ports have contributed to make the store an extraordinary delightful place to visit this month. Everything you want; could possibly need for Spring is here—and such varieties.

Spring is apparent everywhere, and with Easter just around the corner you will want to make purchases from each department to complete your Spring wardrobe.

COME IN AND SEE HOW COMPLETE OUR DISPLAYS ARE IN EVERY WAY

Gloves

In short and cuffed styles, and the ever popular 12- and 16-button lengths. Colors are varied to harmonize with the new Spring Frocks and Suits.

Jewelry

Jeweled accessories are beautifully unique in their colorings and designing. Ear Screws, Bracelets, Soutoirs and Bead Chains in matched sets and odd pieces are here in all their glory.

Chokers

The Fur Choker of Sable, Martin, Mink or Squirrel is a necessary complement to the Spring Costume and our display is one that you should see before making a selection.

Suits Are to the Spring Wardrobe What Rain Is to the Flowers

Spring always means at least one suit to the woman of either unlimited income or of moderate means.

Every woman can find a style all her own this season, so varied are the types and so definite the purpose of each.

Suits shown now are both in two and three-piece models.

Spring Blouses That Are Different

The length of a man's coat, but in that detail alone, "mannish" come favored blouses.

Their pattern is gay Chinese or Egyptian print. The sleeves attractively new. Prices are quite reasonable.

Hats for Every Early Summer Occasion

One of the most attractive groups of hats we have ever assembled is ready for you. It includes, every Spring and Summer style. Large and small sports shapes—Hats for travel—for motoring—chic black shapes for dance or dinner wear. Exceedingly good values indeed, for the prices asked.

Frocks of Silk Are Simple Yet Ornate

There are drapes on the Spring frocks, side drapes or a drape down the front. Sleeve versions are quaint and varied. neck treatment often bertha. In dark colors or the pastel shades, these frocks are quite as alluring as in the fascinating Egyptian hues.

Separate Skirts Are Gallantly Colored

Checked Homespuns and Eponges, for instance, are in Periwinkle, Beige, Canna, etc. Tweeds are shown in swagger color tones and others in Bayadere stripes are rather jolly looking affairs.

The More English a Top Coat Looks The More Certain Is Its Success

Most people would think these coats were imported direct from old London town. They're so swagger, so exactly what the well dressed woman wants for street or sports wear.

They must be seen to be properly appreciated.

The vogue for drooping effects in large Hats has extended to trimmings. Feathers, fruit clusters and veils tend more and more to droop gracefully over cloche brims, as on the model illustrated.

Andersons'

WICHITA FALLS QUALITY STORE

The Youthful Mode

by Muriel Mertens

How far we are removed from the day when the style for children was just a minature of the style for their parents. And it is really quite recently that becoming childish fashions have been developed for children. But now the mode for children has a distinct and separate existence. Of course, now and then it is influenced by the older fashions, but it does not follow them slavishly. When one thinks back just a few hundred years to the time when little girls of six or seven wore frocks which reached the floor, we realize what a long way we have traveled.

It is on this question of length that the childish mode has definitely decided to go its own way, for their little frocks and coats are quite as short as ever.

Party Frocks of Chiffon

When the little girl under ten goes to a party, she is quite likely to wear a frock of finely pleated rose-colored chiffon with a bertha of plain chiffon edged with fur. Or she may choose a delicate pink crepe de chine with an edging of tiny ruffles and tucks. Or if she would look quite crisply smart she may choose to be clad in the most delicate of filmy blue taffeta. The younger she is the less apt is she to have any belt line on her frocks. They will just hang short and full from the shoulder. Her sleeves will be quite tiny—hardly more than caps and she is certain to favor the bateau neck.

If she is a little older, her frock will have a long blouse with the belt line just at the top of the hip. When this little miss attends a party it may well be in the youthful crisp taffeta frock of a sunshiny yellow trimmed only with a quaint little garland of flowers about the hips. Or if she likes the softness of chiffon she may wear a frock whose long blouse is of a heavenly blue taffeta with a three-tiered skirt of softly ruffled blue chiffon.

White Linen for Playtime

When the younger miss spends a glorious sunshiny morning playing on the sands or in some cool shaded wood she will be quite the fashion if she wears a white linen frock with yellow linen binding the Peter Pan collar, the short, full cap sleeves and buttoned front. This frock also hangs straight from the shoulder. With it are worn white linen bloomers to match which are also edged with yellow. All the light shades of linen are very becoming to children.

Rose, bright yellow, green and blue linen with white linen trimmings made in this straight simple style are charming for children.

The gaily checked ginghams are also very appropriate for these simple little frocks. As she grows older, the young girl of under fifteen is very apt to copy her street clothes from her older sister's simplest sports attire. A straight pleated skirt, brilliantly checked, worn with a single toned sweater and a white Peter Pan collar is a very suitable costume.

Three Piece Suits

However, if she requires something a bit dressier than this, she might have a three-piece serge suit. The dress of one model of this type has a long, straight blouse with a bateau neck and a finely pleated skirt. It is worn with a straight, close-fitting little jacket.

The simpler the dance frock of the girl of this age, the better dressed she is.

Green taffeta fashions just such a frock which is smocked at the waist and hipline. A bouquet of old blue and green flowers at the waist has long streamers of ribbon which reach almost to the bottom of the skirt.

For the Little Man

To clothe the young man becomingly and appropriately when he first puts aside dresses is the most difficult problem which any mother has to face. One very successful way to solve it is to let him wear a straight little suit of blue linen in which the straight knickers are fastened to the waist by a belt of white linen edged with tiny narrow ruffling. Sometimes the knickers are fastened to the top by means of large pearl buttons a couple of inches apart which pursue their way about his waist.

The smartest possible hat for a little girl is a small affair with a rounded crown and the narrowest kind of a brim. It might well be called a stepping stone between the bonnet and the hat.

Socks and flat little single strap slippers are the smartest footwear for children. Patent leather slippers for "best" and dull leather or white buckskin for their energetic hours of play.

difficulties encountered by the girl inclined to stoutness. "She may improve her appearance wonderfully if she knows how to select her dresses properly," she declared.

"A dress wonderfully becoming to a slender, sylph like girl may become a tragedy on her plump school mate.

"She should avoid a design that is too cut up or complicated, and trimming about the waist line or elaborate belts." She called attention to the fact that contrasting materials, large patterns and lustrous textures add width to the figure.

"Suitable accessories are just as necessary for the girl as for her mother or older sister, and should be selected just as carefully," Miss Roberts said.

GINGHAM FROCKS WILL BE POPULAR AGAIN THIS YEAR

Smart gingham frocks are making their appearance. One particularly colorful one is in red plaid, trimmed with bands of blue crepe. Another red and white check is trimmed with bands of white linen and a girdle of blue grosgrain ribbon.

Styles for Girls And Misses Offer Pleasing Variety

"We have the exclusive rights to small sizes in dresses and suits of various houses whose lines we handle," stated Miss Hazelle Razelle Roberts, of Kimberlin-Smith ready-to-wear, in discussing clothes for misses and small women last week.

"Even very small fourteens which are just right for these tiny high school girls," she added. "In fact you might call our store a misses' shop."

"One of the surest tests of the good judgment and refinement in a girl is her selection of clothes," said Miss Roberts as she displayed attractive and suitable garments for the high school girl.

"The coat dress is a recent popular development," she pointed out, "but there is no costume worn by the young girl as interesting as the sports costume. Here her personality and love for color may have full range.

"It has the advantages of being youthful, healthful, durable and often inexpensive. Brilliant colors in plaids, or stripes are attractive as also are knitted garments."

Miss Roberts also spoke of the

BEAUTIFUL HAIR IN A MOMENT

Try This! Hair Appears Soft, Colorful and Abundant —A Gleamy Mass

35 Cent Bottle of "Danderine" Also Ends Dandruff; Falling Hair

Immediately!—your hair becomes beautiful. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; this will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or any excessive oil—in a few minutes you will be amazed. Your hair will be wavy, fluffy and possess an incomparable softness, lustre and really appear twice as thick and abundant—a mass of luxuriant, glinty, colorful hair.

Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine eradicates dandruff; invigorates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair.

Danderine is the best, cheapest and most delightful hair corrective and tonic. It is to the hair what fresh showers of rain are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, vitalizes and strengthens them. Its stimulating properties help the hair to grow long, heavy, strong.

You can surely have beautiful hair, and lots of it, if you will spend 15 cents for a bottle of Danderine at any drug store or toilet counter. It is not greasy, oily or sticky.—Adv.

WOMEN! DYE ANY GARMENT OR DRAPERY

Waists	Kimonas	Draperies
Skirts	Curtains	Ginghams
Coats	Sweaters	Stockings
Dresses	Coverings	Everything

Diamond Dyes

Each 15 cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old, worn, faded things new, even if she has never dyed before. Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade or run.

The Gayest of Patterns for Spring

by Muriel Mertens

With the coming of spring what woman does not feel a longing for exquisitely lovely colors after the somber winter ones? The softening air and the first sunny days suggest the glorious colorings of summer. So now Dame Fashion, ever capricious and inconstant, selects new shades for her favorites. And one of the first of these is green—Lanvin green. Even the name has an enchanting sound. The color is that soft, delicate green like, fresh, unmown grass. How exquisitely refreshing it will be on the hot days to come. Green suggesting, as it does, fresh growing things and the soft shadows of trees, makes you feel and look deliciously cool. And still another favorite is Madeleine rose. It is an old saying that a woman in love longs for a rose-colored gown and fresh violets. Perhaps, instinctively she knows how flattering is this delicately warm shade. But this summer when a riot of color is all the rage, all the light, bright shades are quite in vogue.

But these colors, instead of being in the flat tones which have predominated for so many months, are found in the most intricate and unusual designs on a neutral background. In fact, this passion for the allover design is the most distinctive characteristic of the season. Almost every fabric used is printed, beaded or embroidered over every seemingly available inch of its surface.

Long Lines Newest

The gracefully becoming, long lines are still the newest—yet they are not the same, for in some subtle way we seem to grow cleverer in our ability to drape them with more artful simplicity. Oftentimes the newer frocks are caught into an elaborate buckle on the left hip—buckles of strangely wrought gold or clear, gleaming crystal or richly colored stones. At other times they are caught into knots of the material, forming a little draping on that side.

Simplicity in Frocks

An evening frock of the approved Greek simplicity which is most becoming to the slender figure has a deep "V" neck in the front and back. The frock hangs straight but both the back and front are draped into a huge pearl ornament on the left hip. From this ornament hang long stranda of pearls which almost reach the ground. Underneath this ornament the skirt opens to show the gleaming silver of an underskirt. It is in clever ways like this that the long, straight lines are made possible for dancing or walking without the graceless, mincing step of the too tight skirt.

Modes of Afternoon Frocks

It is on the glorious sunshiny days of summer when one watches the sunlight sparkling on the waves and the yellow sands or spends a deliciously lazy afternoon in the cool shadows of the country club porch, that the season shows her loveliest interpretations of the mode for afternoon frocks. It is on just such an occasion that one will be permitted to see a beautiful little georgette frock, made quite simply with a light blouse and a little draping at the side, where the material falls in a point just below the hem line. But it will owe its smartness to the myriad beads which gleam and glisten on its soft, dull surface. Perhaps this frock will be sleeveless, for the sleeveless afternoon frock is quite the rage, but it will be just as much in fashion if its whimsical wearer happens to prefer a little short tight sleeve or one of those wing-like extensions which have recently been serving as sleeves.

Silk Crepe Frocks Shown

If one wanders further on such a day, one is certain to meet one of those gaily patterned silk crepe frocks. It is in these frocks that the mode fully expresses its present love signs. These allover patterns are on a white or neutral background, but the brightest, gaudiest colors lend their decorative touch to the intricate traceries of the design.

Voile for Sultry Weather

The cool freshness of voile is so alluring on sultry days, so if you choose you can express the mode charmingly in a frock of voile quite as brilliantly figured as the silk ones. Other dainty little frocks achieve this same effect by having the figures embroidered.

It is not in the least surprising that the coat frock is a very great favorite again, for it would be difficult to conceive of anything either more stunning or more practical. However, they have certain marked differences from the coat frocks we wore last year.

Now and again one sees a slender little miss with a graceful circular skirt, but more often the skirt is straight with first a circular flare introduced into it. One charming coat frock of serge has a circular flare of crepe set in at the closing of the frock. This is not only smart, but extremely practical as it gives freedom for walking without destroying the straight one-piece effect. The wide rever which covers almost the entire front of the waist is of this same crepe.

Unusual and Varied Sleeve

But doubtless the most cleverly varied and unusual part of the afternoon frock is its sleeve. The long, tight sleeve is the greatest favorite of the coat frock. But it must never be a plain, tight sleeve. Far from it. Over some long, slender hand will fall a circular cuff reaching to the knuckles. Or in a gay cavalier fashion this circular cuff will be turned back forming a gauntlet. Then another tight sleeve admiring this gauntlet fashion will assume three gauntlets whose combined efforts almost reach the elbow. Or a favored way is to have three circular flares turned down, the top one a few inches below the elbow and the lowest one falling over the hand. The sleeve of the satin or chiffon frock may start out to be long and tight, but at the elbow it is very apt to change its mind and end by being full and flowing, quite as fashionably, however, it may be a full flowing sleeve straight from the shoulder.

The three-piece suit is still in high favor for spring. It is such a convenient and becoming costume, particularly for afternoon, when one drops into a restaurant for tea or goes calling. The lovely blouses which peep forth as one opens the jacket make really a very dressy costume appropriate for almost any and every function of the afternoon.

An almost limitless choice is offered your fancy when you are choosing the blouses for one of these suits. If your taste inclines to the Oriental, a blouse of Persian patterned silk will suit the mode as well as your personality. Of course, it will be long-waisted, cut to fit snugly about the hips or gathered into a tightly fitted band.

Now and again a button cleverly placed will hold the jacket so snugly about the hips that it has a tendency toward a slight blouse or perhaps it would be quite frankly a little bloused and gathered into a tight band at the hips. With these jackets the line of the skirt is straight. There may be a little draping at one side but not a circular flare.

Variations in these Suits

As often as not the three-piece suit consists of a dress instead of a skirt and a costume blouse.

Whether you golf or whether you motor or whether you are just an interested spectator on the sidelines of sports, of course, you are wearing sports clothes. For the sports costume, which year by year has been becoming more and more popular, has reached the topnotch of fashion and is just the thing to be worn almost every hour of the day. It may be because we are more keen for sports, it may be the effect of the ever present country club, but surely one great reason is its youthful dash and smartness. It is so unusually becoming to every age and type.

Jaquette a Sport Favorite

The Jaquette or overblouse which was worn so much last season is here in a new form for sports. Fashioned of various novelty cotton materials, all vividly figured, or of colorful ratine, they bid fair to be in high favor for a morning on the links.

Among the newest sweaters, for the women actively engaged in sports are rather mannish one. Many of these are checked in a tiny diamond shape pattern with a plain border or sometimes with plain sleeves also.

Of course, the high round neck sweater is still very good. And even more darlingly original are the strange designs which encircle it. In addition to the American Indian designs there are new and even more gorgeously elaborate figures. The slip-on sweaters also show the allover diamond-shape checks. But whatever kind of a sweater you choose, one thing is certain—if you are slim it must be beltless.

Finely Pleated Kasha Cloth

There is a lithe grace about finely pleated Kasha cloth, which makes it particularly suitable for our more active hours. In white, gray or a soft tan, worn with the vividly patterned blouses or sweaters, it makes a costume which will be seen frequently at the most fashionable country clubs. And as beautifully lined as the rainbow are the figured silk crepe shirts, fashion's latest creation. Of course, these are particularly lovely with the single tone blouses. The new wool or silk-and-wool skirts are severely distinguished by unusual button hole loops and pockets, and now and then drawn work.

Handkerchief Completes Wardrobe

But no mention of the sports costume is even half begun until one has heard all about the handkerchief—for in all verity it has seized the most important place in our wardrobe. The more gaudily colored these silk bandannas—for that is the handkerchief's newest form—the smarter they are. Some are tied loosely about the neck in true cowboy fashion with the knot in front or on the shoulder. Others deftly knotted about the hips form a fascinating girdle for a long-waisted frock.

Color Notes for Season's Styles Suggest Rainbow

"The day when to wear l ad colors was bad taste is certainly past," declared Saul Lebenson, of Saul's Department store last week.

"Today colors run riot through milady's wardrobe. From lingerie to cats, from shoes to hats, color touches the garments of the well-dressed woman.

"The new silks for the season, the print goods, everything that is being manufactured for the feminine wardrobe, suggests that the rainbow must have been lost and found its way into the dye pots of America and Europe," declared Mr. Lebenson.

"Ribbons, of which there has never been a larger nor greater variety of designs and weaves and combinations and colors, permit a touch of color in garments and decoration for small cost and with satisfactory results.

"Even the little grey wren women who loves one color dresses in the neutral tones, can be in style and yet follow her love for the one tone by lining the sleeves, collar, belt, or the sash of the garment with ribbon. Ribbons are an inexpensive touch and a labor saver," declared Mr. Lebenson.

Shiek Robe and Headpiece to Be Displayed Here

"We have a "Shiek" robe and headpiece to match, in orchid colorings, coming from New York, which is the very last word," stated Miss Lyla Fountain, manager of the ready-to-wear department of P. B. M's. last week. Miss Fountain stated that the interesting new garment will be displayed in the show window of the store and is expected next week.

In speaking of the new styles and silks Miss Fountain said: "The new spring silks are copies of old Russian, Hindu and Egyptian prints and plain silks are much too tame and respectable to attract much attention this season.

"Gods, beasts and men rumble all over the silken surfaces of these new Egyptian garments.

"They're all decorated with pictures and every picture tells a story. A learned Egyptologist, meeting one of these dresses, should be able to take a look and t an read the dress right off," according to Miss Fountain.

The earliest known Egyptian book is the "Book of the Dead" written more than 5000 years ago.

An Easter Hat of 1840

'Lady Frances' Hats Carry *the* Spirit *of* Summer

Our Display of Early Summer Models

Carries a distinctive note of individual creations that interprets in the most attractive and pleasing manner the favored style tendencies of the new season.

New 'Easter Models

We welcome you to view our new arrivals, wherein we are sure you will see at least several hats that meet your approval.

Our dressmaking establishment is becoming more popular every week.

The Modiste Shoppe

1919-A Tenth Street. Phone 4441

Kimberlin-Smith Co

INCORPORATED

Correct Apparel for Women & Misses

Bags

Quite necessary to the complete costume and they come in many novel styles, fancy soft leathers on dainty metal or enamel frames or in square shapes in mesh bags of metal.

Beads

The success of a frock may sometimes be assured with a string of bright colored beads at the neck. Jade greens, bright reds, amethysts, jet and crystals are shown in novel styles.

Authentic

Styles

Spring's Smartest Apparel In a Collection That Includes the Favorite of Fashion's Leaders—Is Here

Attractive Wraps

Novel in appearance yet charmingly beautiful are the enveloping models in coats which fasten at the side with ties or buckles and have dolman sleeves to which are added artistic embroidery and tassels. Rich looking capes are here too and both are developed in soft finished woolens of fine quality.

Charming Dresses

It may be a girlish effect in bouffant skirt and fitted bodice or may present the slender silhouette with ribbon sash. It may be in light spring shades or grey, rose or tan and it may be dark The great collection here affords every smart effect in solid colors, printed silks and combinations.

Smart Tailleurs

The three-piece suits mean a complete dress with harmonizing jacket which affords two costumes in one. The bodice of the dress is of fancy silk to match the lining of the coat. Two-piece suits are also smart and both styles are here in Balkan modes, flared styles and boxed models.

New Blouses in Plain and Printed Silks

Paisley, Egyptian and Batik prints as well as the favored solid colors are shown in many pretty new blouses.

Many Beautiful Effects in New Underwear

Teddies, gowns, bloomers and step-ins are here in wonderful styles of lace and crepe silks or in plain tailored effects.

Spring Fashions

AN ASSEMBLAGE OF INDIVIDUALIZED MODES FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

Easter Apparel

Suits, Wraps and Dresses that uphold the reputation of The Parisian for smartness and exclusiveness in apparel.

Large stocks now afford opportunity for satisfying selection.

Smart Hats

Present the Mode for Spring

With daring colorings and striking shape or soft tones and demure design the spring hats appeal to a wide variety of preferences. Severely tailored or prettily adorned with flowers or feathers. Great variety assures finding a pleasing model.

Dainty Underwear

Soft hues of the rainbow are featured in this pretty display of Teddies, Gowns, Step-Ins and Bloomers. Tailored or Lace-trimmed as you prefer. An excellent variety.

The Parisian FOR SMART STYLES

805 Indiana

ASSOCIATED P-T STORES

9th and Indiana *9th and Indiana*

PERKINS-TIMBERLAKE COMPANY
UNINCORPORATED

Color plays a leading role in Spring Lingerie news—also the more durable of the Lingerie Silks. Colors include orchid, flesh and maize. Silks—Radium, Crepo weaves and Glove Silk. Philippine and Batiste styles as well as Silk modes stress step-in sets.

Exotic frocks call to their aid costume jewelery gorgeously primitive to match. Long pendant Earrings, Chains and Bracelets are of ultra smart onyx, red brilliants and gold. Printed Silk Handkerchiefs. These are accessory notes.

The Easter Parade

You Will Be a Part of It Of Course—Every Fashion-Loving Woman Will, for It Is the One Great Clothes Occasion of the Year

WHETHER you walk briskly to church on Easter morning or wait until afternoon to saunter down the avenue you will want to look your best; be attired in a new Spring costume that reveals not only in its outstanding features, but in its tiniest details the unmistakable imprint of distinctive designing.

HERE such costumes are not difficult to find because from the many collections of fashion's famous designers which were seen, only the most attractive styles were chosen for this display of Easter Apparel.

Suits

Have Piquant Coats that Flare

Debonair, indeed are Suits. Short box coats or those that pertly flare—as well as youthful boleros—give suits youth-giving lines. Many have coats of contrasting fabric to skirts, or those braided and embroidered in Oriental fashion. Tan and grey are new suit shades.

From "Beller" comes many Tailleurs of twills, piquetines and other fine fabrics—Sport styles in imported camel's hair and tweeds. Three piece suits in silks and piquetines. Priced up to **$250.00**

Garment Salons (2nd Floor)

A. Traina Frocks

With the Printed Vogue Prominent

Frocks are exotic in their use of printed fabrics—for crepes, Deauville prints, knitted weaves, voiles and the horde of "crashy" materials to come in with the new season are all gaily printed. Tan and grey are two smart shades where street and sport frocks are concerned.

$29.75 to $95.00

We feature exclusive models in Easter gowns from NEMSER, REGINA-KOBLER, and MAX COHEN—Newest crepes—Exquisite designing. Priced up to **$250.00**

Garment Salons (2nd Floor)

Wraps

With Many a Device of Color

New wraps are more elaborate than they have been in years, and many a mode bears color somewhere. Sport modes have buoyant box coats embroidered in all over designs of the popular Oriental persuasion. Topcoats are plaided in color. Dressy modes include capes of Paisley or those lined with it.

Exclusive models from "Beller"—These exquisite wraps were designed by "Worth" and made by "Beller"—of fine imported fabrics. Many unique and clever styles. Priced

$95.00 to $225.00

Garments Salons (2nd Floor)

Requisites for Your Easter Costume

- *—Stylish Gloves*
- *—Dainty Hosiery*
- *—Fancy Neckwear*
- *—Lovely Footwear*
- *—Exquisite Under Silks*

Your Easter Hat Is Ready For You Here

Not in several seasons has the proverbial Easter Bonnet been as becoming as are the Hats this Spring. Whether you choose a snug cloche shape and teasingly half hide your face behind a tiny veil or whether a large Hat with a perky bow of Faille across the back attracts your favor matters little—both are presented in a variety of versions.

Easter Hats $4.50 to $60.00

Millinery Salons (2nd Floor)

For Men

- *—Stetson Novelty Hats*
- *—Manhattan Shirts*
- *—Men's Fine Neckwear*
- *—Other Fine Furnishings for Easter*

Men! Select Your Easter Apparel Now—Easter Is April 1

You'll Be Correctly Attired if You Are Dressed in Suits Made by

Hart Schaffner & Marx and L. Greif

Fabrics are new—Styles are snappy. You'll just want them when you see them. Hundreds of new suits are here for your selection. A model to fit every figure. Priced—

$35.00 to $60.00

Extra Trousers to Match $9.50 to $15.00

Largest and Most Complete Boys' Department in North Texas

Boys' Easter Suits—Lovely Woolen Fabrics—Shown With two pairs trousers. Exquisite Wash suits and fine furnishings.

Boys Department (Main Floor)

ASSOCIATED P-T STORES

Telephone 4343

ASSOCIATED P-T STORES

The Buckled Foot of Fashion

Nowadays one of the first dictates of fashion is becomingness, so it is sometimes hard to lay down any hard and fast rule about what "they" will wear and what "they" will not wear. The wise woman adapts the style to her type and gives little individual variations which make our costumes so much more interesting.

So if one should say that every slipper must have a buckle, the next day one might see the smartest of slippers quite unadorned. However, if any rule could be laid down with absolute finality, it would be that slippers must be buckled.

We dress so much more artistically nowadays—particularly in regard to our footwear. A smart frock is never really charming unless everything else really goes with it. So in the clever choosing of our footwear we change a gown into a complete costume.

For Evenings Wear

The most elaborate and strikingly beautiful silk brocades are the newest materials for the evening slipper. And the effect of these vari-colored, rich looking slippers below a simply cut frock is really unusually beautiful. Many shades are to be seen mingling in each slipper, but the predominating tone matches or, at any rate, harmonizes with the frock. Gold or silver kid frequently forms the heels and the trimming of these slippers, but as often as not the slipper is entirely of the brocade.

However popular these slippers may be, gold or silver cloth, either plain or brocaded is still seen to fashion the slippers for many of the smartest.

As for the cut of the evening slipper, your choice is practically unlimited. Some have tiny straps which seem to almost wind themselves about the ankle, while the plain slipper is very new.

Buckles of Beauty

The plain slipper relies entirely upon an elaborate crystal buckle for its adornment. And so magnificent and so large are these buckles that it needs no more. And large as they are, the newest thought is to have them made even larger by putting behind them a fluted or ruffled tongue of the material. One slipper even had such a tongue composed of tiny colored feathers.

The buckle for the strap slipper is much smaller and set on the strap just at the top of the instep. Another way is to have the buckle placed at the fastening. But one thing is certain, whatever style the slipper may be, the heel is sure to be very high.

Afternoon Slippers

The smartest afternoon slippers first make sure that the toe is of patent leather. After that countless variations of style are offered them. They may be all of patent leather. But probably they will have inserts of some colored suede—usually some shade of tan or gray. When these colors are chosen to harmonize with the frock, the result is an extremely smart costume. The cut steel buckle is the one which is used with these and, in fact, all afternoon slippers.

The all-suede slipper, while not the newest, is still in very good style. Sometimes they yield to the vogue of patent leather by having a patent leather heel and binding next to the sole. Or perhaps the patent leather will be found as a saddle strap.

For Street Wear

For walking and for wear with a street frock, the low heeled strap slipper of a combination of suede and black leather helps to make a stunning costume. One model which is very good is of suede with black leather toes and heels and a black leather strap holds close to the foot a large tongue of suede. Of course, if you choose a low heeled walking oxford you will make no mistake—particularly if that oxford be of a suede and leather combination.

For the softly shimmering frock of some lazy summer afternoon, the dainty white slipper of kid, buckskin or linen is the appropriate finish. When these afternoon slippers have straps they are piped now and then in some bright colored kid.

With the sports costume the buckskin oxford with a leather saddle strap will be most frequently seen.

"ONE TO WIN ONE" CAMPAIGN STARTS TODAY AT FLORAL M. E. CHURCH

Dr. S. A. Barnes of the Floral Heights M. E. church announces that the "One to Win One" campaign will begin today at the Floral Heights Methodist Church. All necessary arrangements have been perfected. Two meetings of the Sunday school council and teachers has been had during the week and the workers have enthusiastically entered into the work. The announcement says:

"The campaign will close on Easter Sunday. We are planning to make this the red letter day in the history of the church.

"There will be a varied program for Easter morning and a great blessing is in store for all who attend. We earnestly solicit the cooperation of each member and friend of our church in this campaign.

"The father and son banquet of the junior department, of which Milton Johnson is superintendent given on Thursday evening at the church, was quite a success. Mr. Johnson was toastmaster and talks were made by the following: Judge John C. Kay, Dr. Barnes, Mrs. Chauncey, Paul Cotner, Harry Costly and Philip Kouri."

Rainbow Colors Not Confined to Women's Clothing

Women will not have a monopoly on the colors of the rainbow this season according to Harry Baum, who declared that all of the bright and daring colors and combinations are to be featured in men's neckties. "Foulard is the popular material for these new effects and they are to be worn with sport suits," said Mr. Baum as he displayed a tie of canary yellow with turquoise figures.

"The newest things in men's wear are the new sports suits with very low belt lines. In fact the belt will come down over the top pocket which is an innovation in men's apparel.

"Light greys are good as usual but the most popular shades run from light tan to brown, and English hats in bronze are the thing to wear with these suits.

"In some parts of the world men are wearing pajamas with a sash tied juantily around the waist," Mr. Baum declared but he said that he does not expect this to be a popular style with Wichita Falls men.

Stamps for sale at Times Office. —adv.

Dollar Window
MONDAY AT 7:45
Art Jewelry Co.
Indiana at Eighth

ASKS ALL ELIGIBLE TO JOIN CAMP OF SONS OF VETERANS

J. A. Kemp, recently appointed commander of the 13th brigade of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, has issued a call to Wichitans to join the local camp of the sons, so that this city and section may be adequately represented. Mr. Kemp's statement follows:

"The Honorable Lon A. Smith, state commander of the S. C. V., having appointed me brigade commander of the 13th Texas Brigade, S. C. V., I begin my duties by calling on the sons and grandsons of Confederate veterans to join our local camp of S. C. V.

"I most heartily endorse a statement of Goverpor E. Lee Trinkle, the present governor of Virginia, made at the reunion at Richmond last year, in which he says:

"'My father was a Confederate veteran. Today through the generosity of my fellow citizens, I am the governor of Virginia. This is an honor of which any man should be proud, and yet, as God is my judge I would not surrender my right to be called the son of a Confederate soldier for any title, dignity or station which could be conferred upon me by man.

"'The heritage of a descendant of a Confederate soldier is priceless. It represents a kinship to the traditions of the old South. It implies direct relationship to the now faded banner of the stars and bars, that immortal emblem of truth and beauty, which for four long years of agony and glory led on the hosts in gray.'

"My comrades, sons and grandsons of a Confederate veteran, if you feel that your heritage as a descendant of a Confederate soldier is priceless, then I appeal to you to join the local camp and help us to perpetuate the memory and the story of the noble deeds and wonderful sacrifices made by that brave soldier, your father or your grandfather, and you can do this by joining the local camp.

"Those that are eligible are any lineal descendants of a Confederate soldier; the grandsons are eligible as well as the sons.

"Our camp will be entitled to one vote in the Confederate convention which meets at New Orleans April 10 to 13, 1923, for every 10 members and each decimal thereof, and the vote will be cast by any delegate or any member of the camp present at the convention.

"The railroad fare is a one-way rate for the round trip. The ticket from Wichita Falls to New Orleans and return will be $21.11.

"As a matter of personal as well as civic pride, I would like to see our local camp, W. R. Scurry Wichita Falls, reported in the convention as one of the larger camps of the Confederation.

"All requests for information with referendo to membership in the camp or to details about going to the reunion, etc., should be addressed to S. Y. Ferguson, my adjutant, at room No. 315, American National Bank building. Yours fraternally,

"J. A. Kemp, commander of the 13th Texas Brigade, S. C. V."

Strictly Tailored.

Contrasting with the draped and fancy frocks are the strictly tailored ones of striped or checked flannel, with only pockets or crisp collars and cuffs for trimmeng.

Camel's Hair.

The suit of tan camel's hair, is going to be very popular for spring. It is light in weight as well as in tone, and is an extremely youthful style.

Seen on the Stage.

A very stunning wrap of cloth of gold is lined with yellow crepe de chine and finished about the neck with large roses of the gold cloth. It is to be worn with an all-white frock.

Haircloth Turban

The haircloth turban is returning to favor and is frequently trimmed with long, drooping feathers, or even ostrich.

Stamps for sale at Times Office

Don't let child stay bilious, constipated

MOTHER, YOUR CHILD'S BOWELS NEED "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP"

Even Cross, Feverish, Sick Children Love its Taste and it Never Fails to Empty Little Bowels

If your child is listless, full of cold, has colic, or if the stomach is sour, breath bad, tongue coated, a teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" will quickly start liver and bowel action. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works the constipation poison, sour bile and waste right out and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today may save a sick child tomorrow. It never cramps or overacts. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Name Plates Are Worn by Clerks Help to Shoppers

Out where the handclasps a little stronger,
Where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the west begins.

Because he believes in encouraging this spirit as well as in giving the very best service to his customers, Claud Miller, of Miller-Ferguson's ready-to-wear, has inaugurated a "spring feature of service," so that customers may get acquainted with the clerks and the clerks may know and better serve the customers with whom they come in contact.

Every clerk is furnished with a name pin to be worn during working hours, that the customers may be able to address by name the sales people who serve them. Mr. Miller believes that this will bring about a friendlier spirit and a more "at home" feeling on the part of the patrons and that the sales people will feel a greater obligation to give the very best service and consideration to those whom they serve.

This plan has been used successfully in various parts of the country, Mr. Miller declared, and mentioned particularly the feature of service used by Titche-Goettinger, of Dallas.

Three Piece

A very smart suit of blue twill is trimmed on the jacket and skirt with braid in a shade of deep blue, just the shade of the blouse which is a part of the costume.

Of White Felt

Tiny hats of white felt have practically no brims, but an interesting pompon or a bow of taffeta ribbon cut in points and frayed.

First Suits

The popular suit model of the present moment is the short belted or box coat, heavily embroidered or braided, accompanying a simple frock with a plain, narrow skirt.

Stamps for sale at Times Office.

The Easter Costume Is Further Enhanced by Charming Chapeaux

Hats, the one dress item of all others that can express individuality so dear to the heart of femintity. And especially at Easter time are you so very particular about the right Chapeaux. Gay flowers and ribbons, bright colors and soft handle the irregular brim, which by the way, plays so important a part in Spring Millinery, in a manner charming to perceive. They fairly radiate Easter—and are so smart.

JOZA DICKSON
714 Indiana Phone 0807

SAUL'S MONDAY EXTRA SPECIAL
"Sheffield Plated" bread or cake trays—sold in a regular way for about $3.50. Just 50 on sale Monday. One to a customer $1.00

Saul's Store

"Wichita Falls' Foremost Cash Department Store"

SAUL'S MONDAY EXTRA SPECIAL
Women's $2.98 Jersey Silk Vests, in all colors, all sizes, special Monday—Just 2 to the customer, each $1.49

A Great Store! Mammoth Stocks! Saving Opportunities in Every Department!

Saul's Pre-Easter Dress and Millinery Sale!

Saul's Pre-Easter SHOE SALE Lasts 'Till Easter—Two More Weeks!

Dresses! Over 1000 on Sale at $4.88 $8.88 $13.88 $18.88 $23.88 $29.88

Men's and Young Men's Suits
A Wonderful Line Beginning at
$15.00 up to $37.50

On the Balcony We Feature
Beautiful Spring Suits and Capes. Newest in Blouses and Skirts. Dresses and Millinery of the better sort. We invite comparison of values and prices.

Men's Odd Trousers
The Biggest Assortment we have ever shown from
$2.95 up to $9.85

Boys' 2-Pant Suits
All our Boys' Suits have an extra pair of Pants. Priced
$5.95 up to $16.50

Pretty Pre-Easter Millinery
Divided in 4 Selling Groups
$1.88, $2.88, $3.88, $5.88
Buy Your Easter Hat Now

Remnants
Hundreds and hundreds of remnants in desirable lengths and materials on sale in Saul's Bargain Annex.

Bargain Shoe Counter
Hundreds of Pairs at
49c, $1.00, $1.95, $2.45
Every Pair Worth Almost Double

Girls' Pretty Capes and Dresses
As good as you want them—or as cheap as you want them.
$3.98 up to $17.95

Saul's Monday Extra Special
Beautiful Art Mirror panels with assorted paintings, size 8x28 inches. Just 100 to sell. Extra special Monday $1.00

"Van Raalte" Hosiery and Gloves for Women. Silk Underwear, too.

Saul's Store
We do not deliver, we do not charge—but we do Sell for Less

"Cooper's" Hose for men. "Ironclad" stockings for boys and girls.

Saul's Pre-Easter Extra Special
Women's felt house shoes, ribbon trimmed, all colors, all sizes, on sale every day 'till Easter—a pair..... 69c

TO THE PUBLIC

At eight o'clock sharp tomorrow—Monday morning, our doors swing open to the good people of Wichita Falls, revealing to the piano buying public the greatest harvest of bargains ever offered in this part of Texas. We are opening our new store in Wichita Falls and we are determined that it shall—it must be an event of gladness. It is our purpose to send music and cheer—"Love's message" into the hearts and homes of every child and mother in Wichita Falls. The power of price will undoubtedly dispose of every piano and player-piano in our store this week. The wise buyer will see the point—Come tomorrow morning early and get first choice.

Entire Stock of New, Used, Slightly Used and Rebuilt

PIANOS and PLAYER PIANOS

Beautiful instruments, every one of them—But too many for our limited space—Our stores are crowded to the doors with these instruments, many of which we took in exchange over the holiday season for new pianos, players, grands and reproducing player pianos, and are now offered in order to dispose of them at

Prices Cut To Absolute Rock Bottom

Every Piano and Player Must Go—Every One Will Go at These Prices

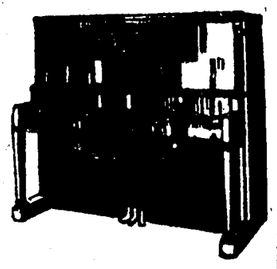
BOTH STORES OPEN EVENINGS DURING THIS SALE

For two months we have been preparing for this event. We expected to start this CLEARANCE SALE weeks ago, but held it off until we had our stock in condition and ready to be shown. Now we start this sale knowing that every piano is all that we say it is and with the knowledge that every instrument is priced so low as to insure its sale. In the meantime our stock has been growing larger all the time, due to the arrival of several cars of new instruments that were held up by the freight embargoes. We have reached the breaking point. Our warerooms and warehouses are overflowing with stock. Good business judgment demands the quick disposal of this large stock. You, the buyer, will benefit by the combination of events which makes this sale necessary. Call at either our Wichita Falls or Fort Worth stores at once, ready to buy. Do not put off your selection when you have an opportunity such as this. It may mean that you will have to anticipate your purchase a little, but it will also mean a good instrument in your home and many dollars saved. Buy now, don't wait.

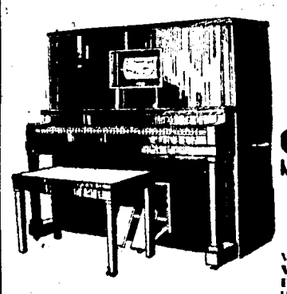
BOTH STORES OPEN EVENINGS DURING THIS SALE

Every Piano and Player Piano Guaranteed to Give Full Service

Here Are Just a Few of the Other Bargains Offered



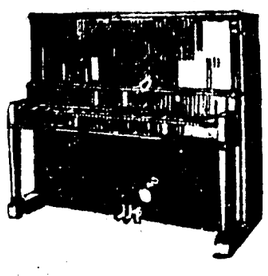
Upright PIANO
$75
Used. Fit for any Home. Stool and delivery included.



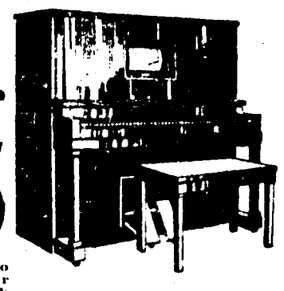
Used 88 Note Player
$225
Wonderful Value. Worth much more. Bench, rolls and delivery.

TERMS
AS LOW AS
$1.00 Per Week on the Pianos
Reasonable. Extension in case of sickness, out of work etc.
$1.75 Per Week on the Players.
Start Monthly Payments April 15

USED PIANO
$68
Must be seen to be appreciated. Stool and delivery included.



New 88 Note Player
$365
For someone who wants a good player at a low price. Bench rolls and delivery.



A Liberal Allowance For Your Upright Piano Or Phonograph In Exchange

BOTH STORES OPEN EVERY EVENING UNTIL NINE DURING THIS SALE

We Deliver Free of Charge Anywhere Within 100 Miles

ROSS & HEYER CO.

806 Seventh Street
WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS
J. A. WARD, Manager

316 Houston Street
Fort Worth, Texas

Every Instrument Fully Guaranteed
Write If You Cannot Call

AMUSEMENT CALENDAR FOR WEEK AT LOCAL THEATERS

Strand to Have Big Cooling and Ventilating Fans

Preparing for the summer season, the Strand theater has purchased and will have installed within the next few weeks the Typhoon Cooling and Ventilating System, a system used by many of the largest theaters in the country and which renders the building comfortable regardless of the temperature of the weather. While the Strand was already equipped for the comfort of its patrons, equally as well, if not better, than the average theater, Manager Day, determined to provide the very best cooling and ventilating facilities, has gone to this additional expense, which represent a considerably outlay of money.

The new fan system is said to be the largest in the entire state of Texas and is a duplicate of that used in Chicago and many of the larger cities. To give some idea of the size of this system it is explained that the fan has a capacity of 14,500 cubic feet of air per minute or 150 tons an hour.

Installation will be begun at once and will be completed before the beginning of warm weather.

Many Producers After 'Thorns and Orange Blossoms'

One of the best known and most popular novels and stage plays of a generation ago is to be seen at the Strand Theater, where the Preferred Picture, "Thorns and Orange Blossoms" will be presented Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

There are but few stories that have ever attained such great popularity and wide circulation as the book by Eertha M. Clay. The story first reached the public in serial form in a popular magazine. When the book was finally published it is estimated that more than three million copies were printed, which means a possible reading public of fifteen million people.

Then as a stage play "Thorns and Orange Blossoms" ran for many years and was one of the most successful melodramas ever produced. The stage presentation was sponsored by Rowland and Clifford and it played over the Stair and Havland circuit season after season.

Picture companies for years were bidding against one another to secure the film rights to this old favorite. When B. P. Schulberg, president of Preferred Pictures, finally secured it every well known screen artist on the coast was considered in order that the highest degree of perfection might be reached in casting this unusual story. The final selection includes such well known names as Estelle Taylor, who recently scored in "A Fool There Was," and "Monte Cristo." Edith Roberts, featured in De Mille's "Saturday Night" and Kenneth Harlan, for many years the mascuffine opposite the Talmadge sisters. Garnier, director of Otis Skinner in "Kismet" and of "Rich Men's Wives," is responsible for the direction.

Dramatic Story Comes Monday to Empress Theater

When Roddy Warren, son of Andrew Warren, millionaire steel magnate, married Natalie Lane, an artist's model, his father tried to break up the marriage, telling his son that he had married below his station in life. Roddy refused to give up his bride, and set to work to try to support her and himself.

But the father was determined to interefere, and he had detectives follow Natalie. One evening the sleuths reported to him that they had followed the girl to the studio of Byrne Travers, a famous artist. Andrew Warren went to his son's home, and, confident that he had at last discovered a way to dissolve the marriage, told Roddy that he could find his wife consorting with the artist.

Roddy rushed to the studio, and found the artist, shot, lying on the floor. While he was gazing, horror-stricken, at the victim, his father entered, having followed. At first the father believed his son to have slain the artist. Then out of a door walked Natalie. Roddy, believing his wife to be untrue, and suspecting that she had fired the shot, dropped into a chair, heartbroken.

How the mystery of the shooting was cleared up, to the discomfiture of the father, vindicating Natalie, forms one of the interesting episodes of "The Woman He Married," a First National attraction starring Anita Stewart, which begins a two-day engagement at the Empress Monday. It is one of the most thrilling dramas of the year and was directed by Fred Niblo, the creator of "The Three Musketeers."

MAJESTIC
THE FAMILY THEATRE
MONDAY—TUESDAY
Wallace Reid
—IN—
'Clarance'
Your Last Chance to See Beloved Wallace Reid
10 AND 20¢
PRICES YOU CAN AFFORD

OLYMPIC THEATRE THURSDAY TO SATURDAY

Leatrice Joy, Albert Roscoe and Jacqueline Logan in the Paramount Picture "JAVA HEAD" A George Melford Production

STRAND FEATURE FOR THURSDAY

ESTELLE TAYLOR AND KENNETH HARLAN IN A SCENE FROM "THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS." A PREFERRED PICTURE

Officer Praises 'I Am the Law' Coming to Gem

"At last I have seen a motion picture that does full justice to the policeman. It is a towering tribute to the honorable motives that actuate the average policeman in the performance of his duties. In addition it is bully entertainment."

Such was the glowing tribute paid to Emory Johnson's sensational police drama "In the Name of the Law," scheduled for exhibition at the Gem Monday.

The fact that Lieutenant Regan is the leading traffic authority connected with the police department that safeguards the welfare of 6,000,000 souls should be borne in mind when one considers what the noted policeman has to say about the high qualities of a motion picture.

Lieutenant Regan is not given to haphazard praise of films. But when he recently reviewed "In the Name of the Law," it was shown at the annual installation of officers of the New York Police Honor Legion, he was quick to announce his belief that it outdid by far any similar picture in its dramatization of police lives and dangers.

"I like it particularly," continued the lieutenant, "because it gives the police a square deal. It shows the policeman as he acutally is. It shows him to be a fine, fair, square-dealing fellow who wants most of all to uphold the laws of society. It shatters the hypocritical antagonism of many who think they see in the police an arch-enemy of humanity. It is, in short, a very wonderful picture."

Hundreds of chiefs throughout the country have added their modicum of praise to the tremendous volume of commendation now being bestowed upon "In the Name of the Law."

Plenty of Thrills During Filming of Picture "Fury"

A life on the ocean wave isn't such a round of pleasure as the songster would have you believe! Take the word of Richard Barthelmess. He spent three weeks before the mast in order to find it out.

For the filming of "Fury," a stirring story of the sea by Edmund Goulding, in which the young star is appearing, a four-masted schooner was chartered for Mr. Barthelmess and his company, and a cruise from peaceful Philadelphia to rocky Gloucester, Maine, was made. Mutiny, near shipwreck, hardtack, canned willie and his turn at the watch were some of the experiences which Mr. Barthelmess had in his eventful journey. And then there was a fist fight on the slimp deck of the ship in which the young star took part.

"It was an experience which I wouldn't miss for the world," said Mr. Barthelmess, "but terra firma will seem good for a long time afterwards. I'll say that the average sailor has got more than a man-sized job. We had an anchor that weighed several tons that had to be let out or pulled in by hand by means of a capstan, and we all had to take our turns pushing it around. It took hours to raise that anchor.

"We slept in hammocks, and unless you have ever tried it, you will never know how hard it is to get the swing of it. Most of us landed on the deck several times before we managed to hand on.

"The near mutiny by the crew was exciting to say the least. For one thing, it was led by a 1922 edition of Captain Kidd with a couple of guns at his belt. He led his comrades up and demanded to know if they were going to get their fare paid back to Philadelphia when the trip ended at Gloucester. The captain told them 'No!' There was some excited muttering and they massed for action. Then Henry King, our director, stepped in and told the men they would be provided with transportation home and trouble was ended.

"One night we were in so heavy a fog that you couldn't see the ship's rail. Our fog horn sounded as though it might be heard twenty feet away, no more. We barely crept along. Suddenly there was a terrible swishing and a big ocean liner passed so closely that we could almost touch it. A miss may be as good as a mile, but I can tell you I never want to get any nearer to Davy Jones' locker than that.

"In our fight on the boat, we had to be careful not to slip over the side. This wasn't easy, because it was supposed to be a terrific elemental fight to the finish between two sailors.

"Anyone who envies a motion picture actor his 'easy' job ought to have a look at us some time when we are making pictures. He'd change his mind then all right. You can't fool the camera. You've got to do the things you're depicting—not fake them. And that's really one of the pleasures of our existence. It's something new every picture, and my experiences in making 'Fury' provided the most thrills of any so far."

"Fury" will be presented at the Empress theater Wednesday to Saturday as one of the closest-to-life sea dramas yet produced.

Hike in Europe, Too

LONDON, March 17.—Two Boy Scouts from Czechoslovakia have arrived here after havig made on foot 750 miles of the distance from Prague here. They covered the 750 miles in 26 days.

MAKING MOVIES IN THE SOUTH SEAS

Impressions by an artist who went to Tahiti with the Goldwyn Company to film "Lost and Found," showing at the Strand first half of week.

Bargain Basement Soon to Move to Its New Location

C. M. Richardson, of Richardson's Bargain Basement, announces that they expect to be in their new location at 809 Indiana in less than a month.

Mr. Richardson stated that all of the departments of the store will be enlarged, particularly along the most extinct lines of ready-to-wear. Miss Nevada Houston will be in charge of the millinery department and Miss Clara B. Price will be manager of the ready-to-wear department according to Mr. Richardson.

Mr. Richardson expects to continue to feature wash dresses, suitable for the tiny girl, her big sister and her mother.

The Virginia Hart and the Dolly Pompon are two of the most popular lines of wash dresses according to Mr. Richardson, and cretonnes, ginghams and crepes in all colors and combinations are being worn this spring.

Shingling church spires is an almost extinct industry.

Strand
Monday—Tuesday
Wednesday
Shows 1, 2:45, 4:30, 6:15, 8, 9:45
The love drama of a South Sea maiden!
LOST AND FOUND
on a South Sea Island
with House Peters
Pauline Starke
Antonio Moreno
Photographed in the South Seas.
A Goldwyn Picture

"Oh! How she could dance!"

IN the glorious South Sea Islands where each day is a flaming kiss and each night a cool caress —
WE highly recommend this picture as the greatest South Sea picture ever made. Thrills, romance and love, that will make your heart leap within you.

SPECIAL MUSIC
—By—
9 PIECE CONCERT ORCHESTRA
L. V. LAWLER
7:30 to 10:30

Extra—Baby Peggy in "Sweetie"
COMING THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY
Keneth Harlen and Estell Taylor
IN
Thorns and Orange Blossoms
ONE OF THE GREATEST PICTURES OF YEAR

OLYMPIC
Mon. Tues. Wed.
USUAL PRICES
A wonderful cast in a picture that will live in your memory—

She was a liar (and beautiful)
She was a hypocrite (and kissable)
She was a tyrant (and adorable)
She was a cheat (and bewitching)
Yet no one lifted a hand against her—
Why?
See
Booth Tarkington's
"The FLIRT"
Extras: Pathe News, Aesops Fables

EMPRESS
MONDAY AND TUESDAY
Shows at 12:00, 1:45, 3:30, 5:15, 7:00, 8:45, 10:30
Anita Stewart
in
"The Woman He Married"

A story of what some wives were and what some wives are.
Extras: Rolin Comedy
Pathe Review
WED.—THURS.—FRI.—SAT.

The Drama Made Before The Mast
The boy who wouldn't believe all women bad—
The little Limehouse slavey who knew most men were! Here's their love-drama.
RICHARD BARTHELMESS
with DOROTHY GISH in
"FURY"
9 REELS YOU WON'T FORGET!
Ships and storms and sea—a drama of rolling decks—a romance of roaring Limehouse. The biggest Barthelmess ever made.

AMUSEMENT CALENDAR FOR WEEK AT LOCAL THEATERS

'Lost and Found' Classed by Critic As Decided Treat

Frank Shelton, noted critic, reviews "Lost and Found," which comes to the Strand Monday to Wednesday, in a recent issue of the Motion Picture News as follows:

"We were getting awfully tired of the constant flow of South Sea island stuff. We didn't think there was anyone who had the nerve to make another picture of this type. And then we saw "Lost and Found." Here is a picture that puts all former South Sea productions to rout. It is the best film tale of this land of romance and the hula hula that we have ever had the pleasure of viewing. It will come as a decided treat for a jaded public. This feature was not made in Florida or the Catalina Islands, but right down in Tahiti itself. And the finished product is an artistic, entertaining and thrilling photoplay. From a photographic and scenic viewpoint, it is a thing of surpassing beauty.

"R. A. Walsh's direction of the story by Carey Wilson makes the whole scene live. The plot holds the interest from title to fadeout. We meet with the unusual at every point—even giving the observer some shots at real hula hula dancing that will made Gilda Grey jealous.

"The cast is one of uniform excellence. House Peters, Pauline Starke, Antonio Moreno, George Seigmann, Carl Harbaugh, and Rosemary Theby do admirable work.

"There are so many thrilling scenes in the picture that it would be impossible to enumerate them in the space available. Perhaps the battle between real South Sea natives is the real novelty of the picture. There's another tense moment when Captain Blackbird, after long years of cruising, at last finds the man who ran away with his wife. There is a terrific fistic battle here. Blackbird takes the man aboard and is just about to throw him to the sharks, when he reveals that it was his own daughter whom he left behind on the island.

"There is a charming romance running through the dramatic plot with Miss Starke and Mr. Moreno carrying it along to a happy ending. 'Lost and Found' is all very fine and we predict for it a real welcome at the hands of the public, —always eager for something different."

The Screen

Olympic.

Monday to Wednesday—Booth Tarkington's story, "The Flirt," with an all star cast.

Thursday to Saturday—Leatrice Joy, Albert Roscoe and Jaqueline Logan in "Java Head."

Strand.

Monday to Wednesday—Pauline Starke and House Peters in "Lost and Found."

Thursday to Saturday—Estelle Taylor and Kenneth Harlan in "Thorns and Orange Blossoms."

Empress.

Monday and Tuesday—Anita Stewart in "The Woman He Married."

Wednesday to Saturday—Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish in "Fury."

Majestic.

Monday and Tuesday—Wallace Reid in "Clarence."

Wednesday and Thursday—"The Concert," all star cast and first showing.

Friday and Saturday—Herbert Rawlinson and all star cast in "The Power of a Lie."

Gem.

Monday—Johnnie Walker and Ella Hall in P. A. Powers' extra special "In the Name of the Law."

Tuesday—Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix in Rupert Hughes' comedy drama, "Dangerous Curve Ahead."

Wednesday—John Gilbert in "The Love Gambler."

Thursday—William Farnum in "The Last of the Duanes," a Zane Grey story.

Friday—Edith Tallaferro in "Keep to the Right."

Saturday—Jack Hoxie in his latest western, "Forbidden Trails," also Larry Semon in "Golf."

Stamps for sale at Times Office.—adv.

CUTICURA HEALS ITCHY PIMPLES

Face and Part of Body Affected. Face Disfigured.

"My face and part of my body were affected with pimples. The trouble kept getting worse, and the pimples itched and burned all the time. My face was disfigured and my clothing aggravated the breaking out on my body.

"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in three or four days I could see an improvement. I continued using them and in two weeks I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Nova Parks, R. 2, Box 68, Wynnewood, Okla.

Cuticura Soap daily, with Cuticura Ointment occasionally, prevents pimples or other eruptions. They are a pleasure to use, as is also Cuticura Talcum, a fascinating fragrance for perfuming the skin.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. H, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

MONDAY AT OLYMPIC THEATER

EMPRESS STARTING WEDNESDAY

RICHARD BARTHELMESS and Dorothy Gish in "FURY"

Artistic Stellar Cast Is Provided For "Java Head"

With a stellar cast seldom seen in a motion picture, George Melford's latest Paramount production, "Java Head," a picturization of Joseph Hergesheimer's celebrated novel, will be given at the Olympic theater Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

"Java Head" is a photoplay of exceptional heart interest and appeal. The scenes are laid in China and in old Salem town in the late forties, and the story deals with the trials and fortunes of a young sea captain and a Chinese girl of high station, whom he marries in order to save her life at the hands of assassins. He brings his bride to his home town, where his old sweetheart is awaiting him. His interest in his Chinese wife lapses, and, when the latter awakens love in the heart of an opium smoker, dramatic developments ensue. The finale of the story, dramatic and tense, makes "Java Head" one of the strongest screen attractions produced in many a day.

Leatrice Joy, whose work in "Manslaughter" won her much praise, plays the colorful role of "Taou Yen," the Chinese wife. Jacqueline Logan is seen as Nettie Vollar and Albert Roscoe plays Gerrit Ammidon, the leading male role. Raymond Hatton has the chief character role, that of an opium smoker, and George Fawcett has the part of Brazil Dunsack, an old sea captain.

Arthur Stuart Hull, who played the heavy in "The Great Moment" with Gloria Swanson, is cast in the role of William Ammidon. George Fawcett, Rose Tapley, Helen Lindreth, Dan Pennell, Frederick Strong, Marie Aswell, Betty Bronson, Audrey Berry and Polly Archer have important parts in the picture.

This story by Joseph Hergesheimer has been given as authentic and elaborate background. The first scenes were taken in Salem, Mass., where the story was laid and all the sites spoken of in the novel were transformed into their 1850 style by Rudolph Bylock and his technical staff. After finishing work in Salem the company returned to the Paramount Long Island studio, where the colorful Chinese scenes were filmed.

Queen Visits Blind

LONDON, March 17.—Queen Mary has taken a deep interest in the blind and has visited the National Library for the Blind. She took blind children on her knee and asked them to read aloud to her from Braille books.

For Service Call 6231
HOME TAILORING COMPANY
RELIABLE CLEANERS, DYERS & HATTERS

$10000 REWARD

For Mike Darley, alias Spike Mcfruder, wanted for bank robbery and murder. For further information, see

"In the Name of the Law"

starring Johnnie Walker and Ella Hall in the greatest Drama ever filmed.

Gem Theater Monday Only

Coming Tuesday: "Dangerous Curve Ahead"

Prices $2.00 $3.00, $4.00, $5.00—Plus 10% War Tax

LOCAL AND OUT-OF-TOWN MAIL ORDERS FILLED NOW FOR

GALLI-CURCI

Palace Theatre
WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS
Monday, April 2

Local Management Luella B. Thompson and McConnell Bros.

Local and Out-of-Town Mail Orders Filled Now. Box Office Open March 26

Lower Floor, $5.00; First Balcony, $4.00
Second Balcony, $3.00; Third Balcony, $2.00
Send Money Orders Payable to Galli-Curci Concert Fund
If tickets are to be mailed enclose self-addressed envelope and 10 cents for registration.
Address—Luella B. Thompson or McConnell Bros., Wichita Falls, Texas

EMPRESS MONDAY AND TUESDAY

Anita Stewart and Darrel Foss in "The Woman He Married"

'The Flirt' Comes To the Olympic Theatre Monday

Have you ever noticed that one photoplay holds you spellbound, while another, equally as artistic in photography and cast, leaves your mind groping, and you rise from your seat with a sense of something having been lacking? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is due simply to the fact that the story lacks that human touch that brings it within our sympathies.

"The Flirt," Booth Tarkington's delightful classic of American life, which comes to the Olympic Theater on Monday of this week, is a glowing example of the type story that holds the attention from start to finish, and a careful analysis proves it to be due to the fact that it is a cross-section of life as the average person knows it.

Hobart Henley, especially engaged by Universal Pictures corporation to direct "The Flirt," stuck closely to the text of the book and retained all the delightful little human touches that make Mr. Tarkington's work so universally popular. Exceptional care was used in selecting the cast for this production. To interpret the title role popular Eileen Percy was selected, her winsome blond beauty, coupled with her proven dramatic ability, made her a happy choice for Cora Madison. Helen Jerome Eddy was cast as the sister who was the direct antithesis.

For the role of the father the casting director engaged the services of that sterling actor, George Nichols, whose work in "Human Hearts" won wide commendation. Others in the really all-star cast are Lydia Knott, Paddy Messenger, Nell Craig, Tom Whitlock and William Welsh.

"The Flirt" will be seen at the Olympic theater for an engagement of three days, starting Monday.

QUIT TOBACCO

So easy to drop Cigarette, Cigar or Chewing habit

No-To-Bac has helped thousands to break the costly, nerve-shattering tobacco habit. Whenever you have a longing for a smoke or chew, just place a harmless No-To-Bac tablet in your mouth instead. All desire stops. Shortly the habit is completely broken, and you are better off mentally, physically, financially. It's so easy, so simple. Get a box of No-To-Bac and if it doesn't release you from all craving for tobacco in any form, your druggist will refund your money without question. (adv.)

'Shuffle Along' At the Palace March 20 and 21

A Nashville, Tenn., paper reports that city was treated to quite a novelty in theatricals with a presentation, matinee and evening, of the musical comedy success, "Shuffle Along," by an entire colored cast, leads, principals, chorus and all, and seemingly the two large audiences which witnessed the performances voted mentally that they had easily gotten their money's worth.

There is quite a vein of comedy running through the acts and the comedians make the most of the lines and the situations, complicated over rivals running for mayor and a pair of dusky grocery store partners playing havoc with each other.

Of course, when it comes to singing, the negro has as a race long been known for vocal accomplishments, and particularly when it comes to the lilting swinging tones that have in this latter day been dubbed jazz. The song numbers, the majority of which were of a decidedly catchy order, were rendered with plenty of pep and won many encores. Among the principal numbers were "Honeysuckle Times," "Love Will Find a Way," "Gypsy Blues," "If You Haven't Been Vamped By a Brown Skin, You Haven't Been Vamped at All" and "Shuffle Along." During the run of the piece four of the principals formed a quartet that put over some "barber-shop chord" deluxe.

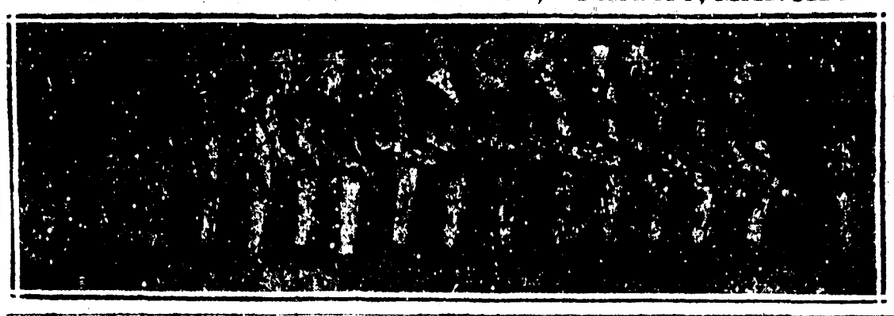
All in all considered, the principals, John Vaughan, Edgar Connors, Blanche Thompson, Nellie Brown, Hattie Christian, Buddy Shields, Jack Alexander, Theodore MacDonald and others, measured up fully to every requirement. The chorus has plenty of snap and ginger, works very fast, and the costuming is good.

"Shuffle Along" will be seen at the Palace Theater Tuesday and Wednesday, March 20 and 21.

Girls of school age should play for a shorter period than boys, and hockey, lacrosse, tennis, and cricket are all suitable games for them.

Stamps for sale at Times Office

"SHUFFLE ALONG" AT PALACE, TUESDAY, MARCH 20



Dollar Window
MONDAY AT 7:45
Art Jewelry Co.
Indiana at Eighth

PALACE TWO DAYS March 20th-21st

CURTAIN, 8:15—SEAT SALE BOX OFFICE PALACE THEATER MONDAY
Prices: 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, Plus Tax
400 Seats For Colored People

Wichita Falls Must Decide!

To the residents of Wichita Falls:

Since it has become known that the Strand Theater will show "Lost and Found On a South Sea Island," a daring drama of the South seas, commencing Monday, we have received protests asking us not to run this startling picture of life and love in the tropics. This photoplay is the same one that created a sensation in New York City and elsewhere and if there is a real objection among our patrons to its showing here we will be pleased to follow the decision of the majority of our public. Those who have heard of this frank story of a South Sea maiden's love, or have seen the film elsewhere and desire to pass an opinion about it should address all communications to the manager of the Strand Theater.

Photo by GEORGE M. KESSLERE

GALLI CURCI

At Palace Theatre, April 2nd. See ad on this page for seat sale.

Starting Field Work

OUR season of field activity is beginning. All through the winter gangs of men have been at work, but with the opening of settled weather they will be greatly increased.

Many miles of pipe line will be inspected and repaired. Lengths of pipe will be removed, gaskets will be replaced, and the joints tightened. Lines carrying gas at high pressure will leak, and ours is a constant struggle to reduce this leakage.

NEW WELLS NEEDED

New lines will be laid to new wells. As soon as a gas well is turned into our lines, it begins to deteriorate. In some cases one winter exhausts the supply; in all places it reduces the amount of gas and lowers the pressure, making imperative the addition of new wells every year.

Compressor stations will be overhauled and put into perfect shape. Here and there an improvement will be effected in the lines supplying these stations.

Old valves and regulators will be replaced. Telephone lines will be overhauled. New pipe lines will be laid.

ANNUAL TASK

All together, a great volume of work will be done by our field forces, in order that there may be the best possible supply next winter.

This is an annual task. Last year we spent over a million on this work. This year, until the lines are properly inspected, we cannot say how much will be required, but it will not fall far short of last year's total.

Constant renewals and extensions are necessary, because there is nothing permanent about the gas supply. Nor can anyone tell beforehand what the result of our activities will be, for it is a feature of this business that no one can predetermine the expenditures needful to maintain the kind of service we have been able to give Texas communities.

LONE STAR GAS CO.
DALLAS, TEXAS

CARPENTER WRITES OF DEUTSCHLAND'S DANCE OF DEATH

GIVES CONCRETE ILLUSTRATIONS OF PAUPERIZATION OF A NATION WITH PRINTING PRESS CASHIER

The Mark on the Toboggan and What It Is Doing—Butter at Three Thousand Marks a Pound and Steak at the Price of an Automobile—What the Mark Means—Silver Coins Reduced to Star-Dust—Where Your Savings Would Go If You Lived in Germany—Sea Captains Retired on Seventeen Cents a Year—New Ways to Pay Old Debts—Where the Thrifty Investor is Ruined and Pensions and Bonuses are Paid Off with Nickels and Dimes.

(Copyright 1923, Carpenter's World Travels)

BERLIN, GERMANY.—The bare feet of the whole German nation are on the red-hot skillet of money inflation, and the people hop to the skies as the mark rises and falls. The issues of the Reichsbank are already more than one thousand billions, and hundreds of millions of new paper are pouring forth as fast as the presses can run. The people are bankrupt, and their agonized antics make one think of that Italian church play known as the "Danse Macabre" or "Dance of Death" of which there is a fresco, made before the days of Columbus, on the walls of the Campo Santo of Pisa. Petrarch and Dante wrote of this dance and Goethe celebrated it in "Der Totentanz" ballad. In the original play Death led the dance, calling all classes from the pope to the peasant to follow him, and they frantically did so imploring God's mercy.

F. G. Carpenter

A Nation of Paupers

This is the condition of the Germany of today. Whatever may come in the future, most of the people are now practically paupers. By the inflation of the mark, whether intentional or not, both the classes and masses have been impoverished, and with the exception of a comparatively few great capitalists like Stinnes and of other profiteers who have stored away their wealth in foreign banks, all are living from hand to mouth. Before the war there was no nation which had such large accumulations of invested capital as Germany, and in none was the capital so widely distributed. The insurance funds and savings banks were loaded with money. Nearly every man, woman and child had some kind of a savings investment. There were tens of thousands living on the interest of bonds and other gilt-edged securities which they had laid up for their old age, and thousands had income-bearing real estate in city and country. Certain kinds of insurance were compulsory, and the insurance policies ran into the hundreds of millions. They included policies against sickness, against accident and against invalidism and old age. Thousands had pensions and the government officials and the employees of many large institutions were retired on fixed incomes after they had reached a fixed age. All of these funds have been swallowed up by the inflation that has succeeded the war, and the most of them have disappeared as though they had never been in existence.

The Printing Press as Cashier

During the war Germany was bled white. She was not able to borrow from the outside nations and at its close she was practically bankrupt with three million soldiers out of a job. These men had to be fed and had to have work. If work could not be created the danger of bolshevism and the conditions of Russia were imminent. At the same time the vast industries built up to make munitions of war had to be transformed to industries of peace or many more millions would be out of a job. The only way in which the government could get money to loan for these purposes was to make its printing press their cashier. They did this, and the inflation began. They added large numbers to the official payrolls and their salaries came from the presses. They did the same, as far as possible, with public utilities, loading the street car companies and railways and postoffices with extra men, and paid them by continuing to print.

How the Mark Slid

As the world began to realize how the money was made the mark declined. The outside countries lost faith and still Germany had to buy food and draw materials and at the same time pay the reparation demands. All of these were based upon gold and the mark as a representative of gold rapidly shrank. It soon dropped from one-fourth of a dollar to one-sixteenth of a dollar. That was in August, 1919. Six months later one could buy fifty marks for a dollar and shortly after that seventy-five. In January, 1922, the mark had so fallen that it took two hundred to equal one dollar in gold. Nevertheless the Germans still had faith in their government, and it was not until almost a year later that their currency took its seat on the electric toboggan. Its first jump was from two hundred to four hundred per dollar. It soon reached six hundred, and at the beginning of last December it was already seven thousand to the dollar. It went down about three thousand during that month, and it has since been fifty thousand to the dollar and lower. In this letter I shall figure the mark at fifty thousand to the dollar or at five hundred marks to one cent which is as high as it is likely to be for a long time to come.

From Silver to Star-Dust

Before the war the German mark was a coin the size of our silver twenty-five cent piece and worth almost as much. If you will take a silver quarter and grind it up into star-dust, each dust grain would have about the value represented by the paper mark of today. There would be over 12,500 grains, each so small that you would have to take a microscope to separate it from the others, and it would I venture, take at least fifty of these bits of silver dust to make one of the stars that encircle the head of the Goddess of Liberty under the motto "In God We Trust." Take a red cent and divide it into five hundred pieces and every piece will represent as much as the mark I am using.

This gives some idea of the enormous decline of the currency of Germany. It shows also the shrinkage of every gilt-edge security, of every bond and mortgage, and of almost all accumulated savings these people had piled up before and during the war. In other words, to get the gold value of any security in the Germany of today, you must divide its face value by 12,000 or more, and all wages and incomes must be figured out the same way.

If We Were Germans

I can explain the situation best by supposing the fate of Germany to come to the United States. One of you, for instances, has been saving for years to have a comfortable sum for your old age. You have skimped yourself and your family and now at sixty have accumulated fifty thousand dollars in good government bonds or other gilt-edge securities. We shall say that the interest on your savings at [illegible] per cent gives you an income of three thousand dollars a year, which is enough to keep the wolf from the door for a man of small family. Then out of the clear sky comes such a calamity as has fallen on Germany within less than two years. You awake to find your fifty thousand dollars shrunken to a gold purchasing value of less than five dollars. You still have the same figures on your notes or your bank book but the actual value is only $1.50 instead of fifty thousand dollars. Perhaps you hold on to your investments and draw only the interest. You will still get three thousand dollars a year but it will be worth only 25 cents. Instead of having about fifty dollars a week to spend, your income will be less than two cents per month. That would be your condition if you lived here and had such an investment in the Germany of today.

How it Affects Savings Banks

Or your money may be in a savings bank. The United States has seventeen hundred such banks with more than twelve million depositors, and the total amount of their savings averages just about six hundred dollars per head. If those banks were in Germany the average six hundred dollar deposit would be worth just exactly five cents. You might go to the savings bank and draw our your money. The banker would pay you your six hundred dollars, but the gold value of the notes would be only a nickel, or less than you are paying today for a ride on the street car.

Butter at $3,000 a Pound

How would you like to pay three thousand dollars for a pound of butter? That is what you would probably do if the fate of Germany came to the United States. We will suppose that you have now three thousand dollars in a building association or in Liberty Bonds or a gilt-edge mortgage worth several times the amount of the loan, and tonight, like a lightning flash out of the darkness, our credit and securities are changed to the condition of those of the Germany of today. Tomorrow morning you decide to draw your three thousand dollars out of the building association, or sell your securities for three thousand dollars that they represent. You would get the actual money and it would look the same as that in which you made the investment, but should you take it to the store, the grocer would tell you that his prices had risen, and that butter now had a gold value of thirty cents or three thousand dollars per pound. If you looked at a juicy tenderloin steak, it would take twice your investment to pay for it and a bushel of potatoes might cost four times that amount, or the sum you now pay for the highest priced automobile. In other words your three thousand dollars over night has fallen to a purchasing value of just about thirty cents. It seems incredible, but this is the actual condition of all such investments all over Germany, save that the night of destruction has been a year or so long.

Retired on Seventeen Cents a Year

As one crosses the Atlantic on a great ocean liner, he esteems it an honor to know the captain and have a seat at his table. The captain is the king of the ship. The vessel he navigates is worth millions, and he is often responsible for the lives of four or five thousand people. Nevertheless, his salary is small and the Germans, who, as every one knows, almost led the race for freight and passenger traffic before the war, have held their sea captains by giving them pensions. Every large company that sent ships out of Hamburg gave its captains a pension of eight thousand marks a year after the age of retirement. This was practically gold, and it meant two thousand dollars per annum. Most of the captains were thrifty and the average man had saved enough to have an income of ten thousand marks or twenty-five hundred dollars a year additional, so that when he left the steamer he could sit down to what he thought a comfortable old age on an income of 18,000 marks or forty-five hundred dollars. There were many such captains. What is their condition today? They still have the same pensions and the same income in marks, but the marks are in paper and their purchasing power has fallen from forty-five hundred dollars a year to about forty cents or less than one cent a week. This is the income of the man who has been thrifty and saving. The man who has only his pension has an income of about seventeen cents.

What can such men do? They might live off their relatives, but their families have also been ruined. The answer is difficult. Some of the old sea captains are acting as night-watchmen, others are doorkeepers in business establishments, and others are trying to learn petty trades which old men can follow. This is merely one class of the vast number of people who have been financially ruined by the breaking down of the financial system of Germany.

New Ways to Pay Old Debts

The fall of the mark has meant life to the debtor and death to the creditor. It has affected every mortgage by forcing its holder to take one dollar, gold value, for every twelve thousand dollars he got as a loan before or during the war. To give a concrete instance, there is a piece of property here in Berlin which had a ten years' mortgage put on it in 1913. The mortgage was for one hundred thousand marks or what was then equal to twenty-five thousand dollars in gold. That mortgage comes due this year and its owner can collect no more than one hundred thousand marks. He will get it in paper and it will have a gold value of only two or three dollars. In the meantime I happen to know that the man who borrowed this one hundred thousand marks has used it to buy other properties, which, if Germany comes back, will sell for more than twenty-five thousand dollars. In that case he will have in hand the amount he has borrowed and it will not have cost him one cent.

Mortgages of all kinds are being paid off by those who can scrape together the marks represented by the figures on the face of the note and every one is getting rid of his debts at this enormous reduction. Companies of large capital and municipalities are paying off their bonds. For instance, the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American Steamship Company have an indebtedness of thirty-two million five hundred thousand dollars in bonds subject to call. They will pay these April 1st and the sum required according to the arrangements now pending will be less than seven thousand dollars.

Farm Mortgages for a Song

The farmers of Germany as a class have been getting rid of their indebtedness. Their incomes have been less affected than those of other classes and many of the mortgages have been cleared. It is interesting to know how such a condition would change the situation of our farmers at home. In 1920 we had farm loans amounting to more than four billion dollars. Supposing they were in Germany, they could be paid off for $333,000 and the annual interest charge, which is a little over six per cent, would be reduced from two hundred and forty million dollars to just about 166 per month. New England owes over ninety million dollars on her farms. She could clear every one of them for the lump sum of $7,500. The Massachusetts farmers owe altogether twenty-four million dollars. It would take only two thousand dollars to clear them and the total amount of interest they would annually pay would fall from over $1,306,000 to $112 all told.

Pennsylvania owes eighty-eight million dollars in such mortgages. Less than eight thousand dollars would make every farm clear, and as to Ohio, its great farm indebtedness would drop to the pitiful sum of ten thousand dollars in comparison with the hundred and twenty million dollars which it is today.

A striking example of what would take place is shown by the farms of Missouri. In 1920 the average value of each farm was $11,000, the average mortgage was three thousand dollars and the rate of interest was six per cent. If that land and its indebtedness could be slid over to Germany the land would still hold a great part of its value but every mortgage would require only 25 gold cents to pay it off while the farmers' interest charge of $180 would be reduced to one and a half cents per annum.

How the Capitalist Suffers

But how about the capitalist, the owner of the mortgage? He suffers, of course, and he has no means of helping himself. He may have a thousand dollar note paid today, and the money received would not get him a hair cut in any barber shop in the United States. He might have a twenty-thousand dollar note, made before the inflation, paid, and the sum would be barely enough to give him one night's lodging in a second class hotel in New York.

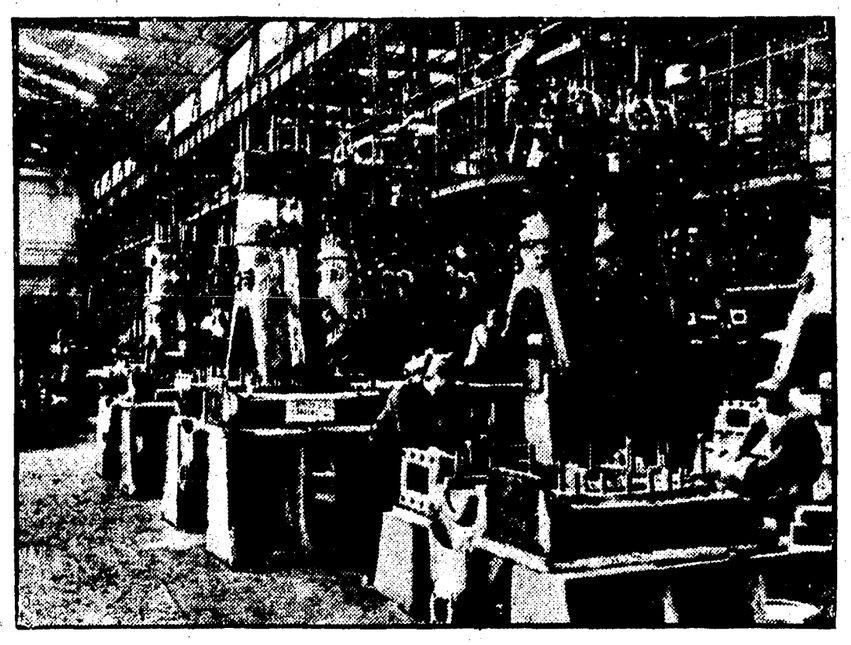
In this way have disappeared the accumulated fortunes of the thrifty German investors of before and during the war. You may see here riding in the motor busses and walking the streets men and women who used to have their automobiles, and who now have not enough for a new suit of clothes. All of the saving people of the past have suffered, and all incentive to save for the future seems to have gone. One spends all he makes, and gets his money as quickly as possible into concrete things which are sure to have some value tomorrow.

Pensions and the Bonus Bill

Just one more example to show how the fall of the mark affects such things as pensions and government awards. In 1921 we paid out about a quarter of a billion dollars in pensions to more than one-half million widows and invalids. If we had had the conditions of Germany each of those pensioners would have got on an average less than one-half cent a month. Suppose the bonus bill should pass, and each of our soldiers be awarded five hundred dollars and before the money could be paid, out of the financial sky should come a flash like that which has cut the German republic wide open. Then the doughboy's five hundred dollars would shrink to four cents, and his conditions of living be such that he would be glad to walk five miles to get it.

Frank G. Carpenter

Five-room apartments at one cent a week, the confiscation of real estate, and buildings torn down and sold for old bricks are some of the things Mr. Carpenter writes about in his letter next week, "Where the Tenant is King."



(Copyright 1923, Carpenter World Travels)

From an inferno for the production of weapons of war, the great Krupps steel works have been converted to the uses of peace, and are now making everything from typewriters to giant Diesel engines.

(Copyright 1923, Carpenter World Travels)

Many of the people of Berlin have been reduced to such straits that one frequently sees them picking over the garbage and refuse of the streets for stray bits of fuel and food.

MEN'S FOOTWEAR TO BE STANDARIZED—FREAKS GO

Simplification and standardization explain the situation in the shoe industry today, as far as men's footwear is concerned. The novelty and freak of other years are among the relics that one sees in the museums—and today few businesses are as happy as the one in which the men's shoe merchant is the devotee.

In men's commodities the price of footwear was among the last to show a decrease. While materials entering in the making of shoes and oxfords too ka tumble several years ago, the greatest item in the production of footwear—labor—was the last to be decreased. Now that wages are lowered a bit—not a great deal at that—and styles have been simplified, prices of the finished product have decreased, too.

The idea of cutting down on the number of styles has reduced the task of both manufacturer and retailer. As a result both are in a happier frame of mind, as "leftovers" have been cut down to the minimum.

The vari-colored tops and the two-toned effects of past seasons have been shelved for the time being with little promise of a return for a long, long time to come.

Naturally, there will be a few freakish lasts to satisfy some extraordinary whim, but such footwear is far in the minority. Black lowers with tan or brown uppers have gone into the discard, while the single-toned shoe or oxfords will lead the van.

Cordovan leather, which once was the vogue, also has taken a back seat, despite its wonderful quality of service and durability. The nonporous condition of this leather is said to have been the cause of much foot trouble. But the cordovan shades, however, will be retained, as they found popularity among the younger men.

Dark browns promise to get quite a play this spring and summer, but there, too, will be the lighter tan shades. Blacks, of course, will have quite a following, as will cocoa-brown, mahogany, russet and Havana brown.

Gunmetal finishes will go strong as usual, with vici kid and glossier finishes second in the race for popularity.

The narrow English custom toe last and the medium ball shapes will continue in favor among the younger fellows, while the wider and more comfortable lasts, with plenty of toe room, are for the older men, who prefer to sacrifice style to comfort.

Brogues will be worn extensively, but the winged tips and perforated toes will drop off a bit in general appeal.

"Spats for the ultra dresser will continue in favor and the colors will be worn more extensively than the grays, fawns, browns and buck sold in the majority.

When Old Sol heats his fiercest the canvas oxford will come forth strong. The Palm Beach shades will be much like last year, when tans, white, White bucks will have the call for formal afairs.

Supreme Quality House Paint for your home. The Decorators Company.—Adv.

Stamps for sale at Times Office.—adv.

Whole Wheat, Rye, Graham and Boston Brown

BREAD

Made Every Day By "Bakers Who Know How"

Peoples Bakery

714 SEVENTH

Here's the New

Spring Clothes

YOUNG MAN, you can't pick a better Suit for Spring than one of those nifty

Whipcords

That We Are Showing

You can find a variety of colors in plain and sport models. Our line is complete with Tan Plaids, Blue and Black Pencil Stripes and Grays.

Campus Togs

CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN

Stetson and Howard & Foster Shoes

In a full range of sizes in Oxfords and High Shoes.

Stetson Hats

The new Spring Hats are here in a wide showing of colors and styles ready for your selection.

New Spring Shirts, Neckwear, Hosiery, Etc., to Complete Your Wardrobe

Loeb-Liepold Clothing Co.

"THE EXCLUSIVE MEN'S STORE"

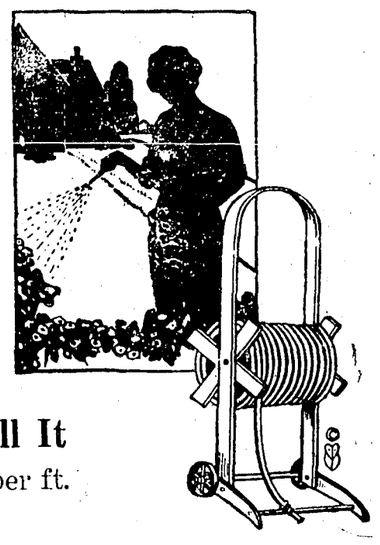
711 Indiana Avenue Wichita Falls, Texas

Garden Plows

All Steel $4.50

Wood and Steel .$4.00

Complete with all toools.



When Better HOSE Is Made, We Will Sell It

ALL NEW STOCK. Price 10c, 12 1-2c, 14c, 15c per ft.

EVERY PIECE GUARANTEED

SMALL GARDEN and FLOWER TOOLS

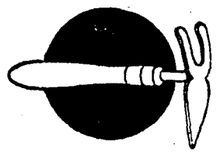
Hand Trowels and Scratchers. Priced from 25c to $1.00

Rakes 60c to $1.25

Spading Forks $1.25 to $2.75

Hoes from 40c to $1.15

Spades and Shovels $1.25 to $2.25



LAWN MOWERS

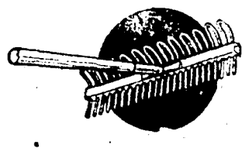
DO NOT FORGET! WE HAVE THE "OLD RELIABLE" ECLIPSE

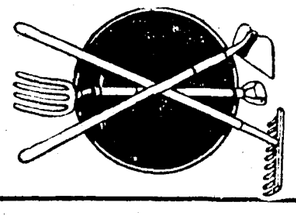
WE'LL SATISFY

OUR DELIVERY SERVICE IS THE BEST

NOBLE-LITTLE HARDWARE CO.

Phone 5364 609-11 Seventh Street





FORDS LEAD BY BIG MARGIN IN REGISTRATIONS FOR 1922; DODGE SECOND, BUICK THIRD

Henry's name lead all the rest in Texas automobile registrations in 1922. More Fords were registered than all other makes combined, according to figures compiled by Noel K. Brown and published in the Texas High Bulletin.

The Ford total for 1922 was 270,855; registrations of all other makes combined were 256,102, including trucks, the grand total of Fords and automobiles being 524,957.

Dodge was in second place with 34,240, Buick third, Chevrolet fourth and Overland fifth. Of the higher priced cars, Cadillac led by a wide margin. The figures for 1921 and 1922 follow:

Make—	1921	1922
Apperson	310	300
Auburn	185	221
Buick	27762	30499
Cadillac	4377	4943
Case	622	581
Chalmers	2575	2594
Chandler	3536	3521
Chevrolet	22222	24614
Cleveland	800	895
Cole	606	617
Crow-Elkhart	362	253
Dodge	29796	34240
Dort	2618	1950
Earl	---	14
Essex	2237	2867
Ford	231572	278856
Franklin	2108	2195
Gardner	600	861
Haynes	853	860
Hudson	4762	5136
Hupmobile	4533	4917
Jordan	317	404
King	445	389
Kissel	499	410
Lexington	672	669
Locomobile	87	94
Marmon	419	460
Maxwell	10882	10637
Mercer	115	101
Mitchell	1401	1111
Nash	4159	5210
Oakland	8132	7736
Oldsmobile	4871	4783
Overland	19716	20873
Packard	802	1224
Paige	1906	1921
Peerless	346	362
Pierce, Arrow	310	354
Reo	3021	2953
Studebaker	9214	11532
Stutz	304	298
Velie	1310	1334
Wills-St. Claire	15	105
Willys Knight	1344	1639
Miscellaneous	15065	15389
Total Autos	427679	490721
Grand totals	458837	524957

Leave it to Bridget

WOKING, ENGLAND, March 17.—Every night in years Bridget Thelan, housemaid, had looked under the bed for an intruder. Then she looked and saw one. She grasped him by the collar and made him give her wrist watch which he'd purloined.

There are 2,000,000 Boy Scouts in the world.

DEALERS DISCUSS MEAS OF REDUCING CAR THEFTS HERE

At a meeting of the Automotive Dealers Association last Tuesday at the Kemp plans were discussed for the reduction of the number of automobile thefts in this locality.

It was stated that automobile insurance is higher here than in Fort Worth or Dallas because of the large number of thefts here.

Sheriff Pat Murphy, Chief of Police J. W. McCormick and Charles Behout were guests at the luncheon and are cooperating with the automotive dealers to bring about an improvement in this matter.

Cuts Grocery Bill By Using Car to Buy From Farms

It has often been stated that a motor car will pay for itself by saving transportation costs. A Wichita Falls family believes it demonstrated this fact, last summer, in a manner not usually brought to mind with the thought of transportation.

As much as 75 and 85 per cent has been saved by this family on fruits and vegetables through the use of the automobile.

Formerly depending upon the corner grocery store, the street hawker and a central market, this city dweller had rejected these dependencies for his kitchen and dining room fare. By employing the following system a saving was effected which was considerably more than had been saved on the family budget heretofore.

Many farmers in the nearby country side grow garden stuff for their own use and have a surplus not large enough to warrant their marketing of it. This Wichita Falls car owner devoted his evening drives to a search for them. He found them willing to sell if they did not have to deliver. He arranged for periodic purchases, saving on his own outlay for foods, and helping the farmers avoid a loss on surplus garden truck.

Big Contract for Distribution of Motor Parts Made

A contract was signed last week which makes the Gaines Motor Parts Company the largest distributors of genuine motor parts in Texas, according to Milton Gaines, member of the company.

C. C. Crawford, of the motor parts depot of Dallas was in the city for the purpose of consummating the deal, with the Gaines Company whose contract covers the Continental motors, Timken and Warner axles and parts, Spicer and Hartford universal joints, and Borg & Beck and Warner & Brownlipe clutches and transmissions.

The contract covers, not only Wichita Falls but the surrounding territory.

Robert Burns committed his poems to memory as he composed them.

Two Additions to Durant 4-Cylinder Line Announced

Bill Robertson, of the Parmenter Motor Company believes that many thousands of Durant owners and enthusiasts over the country as well as all persons who are interested in the improvement of the modern automobile will welcome the news that two new additions have been added to the Durant four-cylinder line, a sport touring car and a sport touring sedan.

In speaking of the new touring car, Mr. Robertson says, "It has been designed essentially for the person desiring something a little out of the ordinary. It is finished in a rich maroon color, upholstered in handsome brown Spanish leather and has a khaki top with natural wood bows. Disc wheels add to the sportive appearance."

Mr. Robertson says that many smaller details have been embodied, including two glass side wings and light red disc wheels. It is equipped with a Boyce motormeter and an aluminum bumper, and has a rear vision mirror; also a truck rack in the rear and a trunk for two suitcases.

This model is now on display in the sales rooms of the Parmenter Motor Company.

Paint Shop New Department of Weaver Company

The Lloyd Weaver Auto Company has installed a paint shop on the second floor of its building on the corner of Ninth and Travis.

The new shop is in charge of Ralph Fridley, formerly with the Valentine Company and known not only for the quality of his work but for the fact that he is a poet and song writer, having recently had published a book of his poems.

The shop has unusually good equipment and is especially well lighted, Mr. Weaver declared in speaking of it last week. He says that they are in a position to care for painting jobs not only for their customers but for the public at large.

$15,000 in Fireplace

FELLING, ENGLAND, March 17.—A housewife called a workman to repair her fireplace. He removed a brick and found a tin box containing $3500 in bank notes. Then he found another next to it containing $11,500.

226-HOUR NON-STOP RUN BEING MADE BY OAKLAND, DEALER OFFERS $50 PRIZES

Do you want to make $15 without having to work for it? Now's your chance, that is, if you know anything at all about how many miles a car ought to make on a gallon of gasoline, or if you don't, you have just as good a chance because maybe it will be your lucky day and you might win two $15 prize's; you never can tell.

This opportunity is being offered by the Arthur Huff Motor Company, at their sales room on Scott ave., where an Oakland car is making a day and night 226-hour non-stop run, right on the sales room floor.

Mr. Huff is offering $50 in cash prizes in the guessing contest, which is free and for all. The person who guesses the number of miles the car will travel on this run will receive $15, and the same amount will go to the one guessing the amount of gasoline consumed. The award for guessing the amount of oil consumed is $10 and $10 will go to contestant who guesses the correct amount of water.

The Arthur Huff Motor Company expect to prove by this test that an Oakland car is right in the lead when it comes to economical operation, Mr. Huff declared.

The prize winners as well as the result of the test will be announced next week.

Adam and Eve On Isle

LONDON, March 17.—There's one place in the world where the eternal triangle is impossible—the island of Holm in the Orkney group. Its only inhabitants are a man and his wife, latest census reveals.

Taking Pride in Car's Appearance Proves Helpful

L. L. Dixon of the Dixon Motor Company has the following suggestions for the care and adjustment of Buick cars, which are not only well worth reading by all Buick owners but by owners of other makes of cars as well.

Mr. Dixon declares that it is a matter of pride with many owners to preserve the appearance of their cars, and they take special pains through careful washing and cleaning to have the exterior retain a bright, lustrous finish. It is just as important that proper methods be followed in the care of the interior of closed cars, and the curtains and tops of open cars not only, from the standpoint of appearance but for the protection of the upholstery, curtains and top, Mr. Dixon says.

"To assist the owner of the closed car in the care of upholstery, some suggestions based upon the experience of factory experts are given herewith. Closed body interiors should be cleaned with a vacuum cleaner. In the absence of a vacuum cleaner, dust may be removed by brushing with a whisk broom downward on seat backs and sides of car, and toward the front on cushions and head lining. Brushing in this manner will keep the nap of cloth as it was originally. Do not brush against the nap on any occasion.

Ordinary spots may be removed by passing a damp cloth over the upholstery and steaming by running a hot iron over the entire surface. Do not steam a portion of the surface but go over the entire piece. If a hot iron is held on the cloth until it dries, it will leave a shiny spot which can be removed by going over the shiny surface again.

Grease spots can be removed by the use of ether but it is necessary to go over the entire surface and not just a part of it. Ether raises the nap on broadcloth which makes it necessary to steam the cloth after the spots are removed.

Rugs or carpets can be cleaned by rubbing with a sponge soaked in gasoline. Soap and water should not be used to clean closed car upholstery as they spread spots instead of removing them.

To the owner of the open car, the following suggestions are offered in connection with the care of curtains and top: Never fold or lay the top back while it is damp. Dust or dirt on the outside of the top should be removed with a sponge and soap suds, using a high grade linseed oil soap and warm water. Care should be taken that spots from the soap and water do not get on the body or hood.

After sponging the top, rinse with clear water and dry chamois. The inside of the top may be cleaned by brushing briskly with the nap, using a vacuum cleaner if one is available. If not use a high grade linseed oil soap and warm water.

Do not brush the celluloid curtains. They should be wiped with a sponge dampened with wood alcohol, or with a soft cloth."

Like Pat-And-Take?

LONDON, March 17.—Five Chinese were arrested and fined for operating gambling resorts. They said the Chinese game of Pak-a-Pod was attracting many Londoners. The only thing, they'd tell about the game is that sometimes odds of of 4000 to one are offered.

The lake in St. James' Park, London, drained during the war, will require 6,000,000 gallons of water to fill it to a depth of two feet.

Durant Sport

In the Durant every desirable feature of a Sport model is available at far less cost than usual.

$1110.00 Delivered

PARMENTER MOTOR CO.

Phone 3024 10th and Burnett

C. C. Randle Auto Supply

Wishes to advise its customers that new price lists have just been received. Batteries have advanced 11% and tires an average of 12½%.

Any of our customers needing anything in the line of batteries or tires will profit by calling on us next week as we are planning to protect them against the advance.

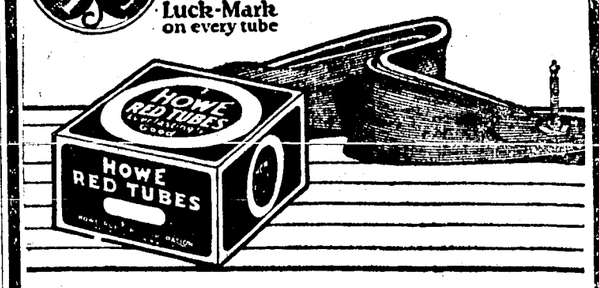
C. C. Randle Auto Supply

Goodyear and Seiberling Cords

1100 Scott Phone 6989

HOWE

Luck-Mark on every tube



CUT RATE TIRE CO.

WHOLESALE — RETAIL

616-18 OHIO AVE.

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

DISTRIBUTORS

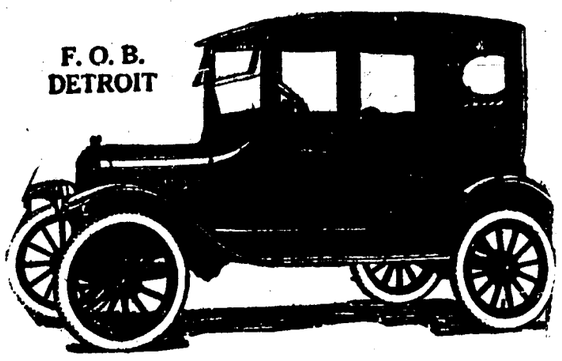
INSURANCE WILLIAMS DWYER CO.

704 Ninth Phone 3226

Ford SEDAN

New Price $595

F. O. B. DETROIT



The Ford Sedan is accepted everywhere as the car for the family. A convenient car to drive, comfortable to ride in and it affords so much pleasure at such low cost that its use is practically universal.

Finer upholstry, adjustable window regulators and refinements in chassis construction have built up quality and yet the price has never been so low.

The demands for this car are so great that delay may prevent your getting delivery. List your order now. A small down payment—the balance on easy terms.

Ford Prices have never been so low
Ford Quality has never been so high

LANGFORD MOTOR SUPPLY CO.

Lincoln—Ford—Fordson Dealers
Authorized Dealers

$ $ $ SAVED ARE $ $ $ MADE

Information has been received that an advance on tires and tubes is probable within the next 15 days. Take a "TIP" from us and purchase your summer requirements now. Specify

FEDERAL

AUTO TIRE CO. of West Texas

Phone 2800 809 Scott

DO YOU KNOW WHY THE GEAR-SHIFT IS DIFFERENT?

The design of Dodge Brothers gear-shift takes into consideration the natural inclinations of the driver.

To start, you throw the lever forward. To reverse, you pull the lever backward. And when the car is running in high gear—which is about ninety per cent of the time—the lever is in a forward position, out of the way, where it does not interfere with passengers, robes, or luggage.

Moreover, the transmission, developed and patented by Dodge Brothers, is so designed that the countershaft—used in intermediate speeds and in reverse—is disconnected when the car is in high. There are no gears in mesh. Power is transmitted directly from clutch to rear axle.

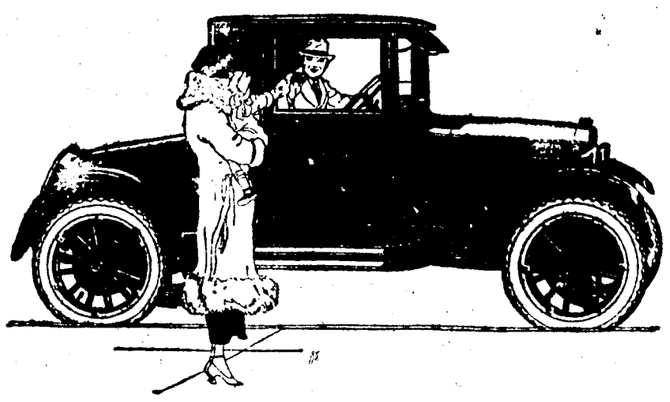
This exclusive feature prevents the loss of power through friction, reduces gear-box noises and eliminates a vast amount of wear.

That is why the gear-shift of Dodge Brothers Motor Car *is different.*

The price of the Business Coupe is $1115.00 delivered

McFall Brothers

819 Ohio Ave. Phone 4144



HOW NEW LICENSE LAW WILL AFFECT VARIOUS MACHINES

FORD OWNERS TO PAY STATE $10.65 NEXT YEAR INSTEAD OF $7.70.

FUNDS TO BE APPLIED TO ROAD MAINTENANCE

Buick License to Be $19.72 and Cadillac $29.42 Under Law Just Passed.

According to the increased cost of automobile licenses under the bill passed last week by the legislature, the owner of a Ford, who has had to pay a tax of $7.70 will now have to pay $10.65 for his license. The license of a Buick will be increased from $9.45 to $19.72. The driver of a Cadillac will pay $29.42 against a tax of $10.65 under the old law.

This increased cost of automobile licenses will not be an unmitigated burden on the auto owner, according to E. C. Blesi, president of the Dallas Automobile club.

While the new law will increase the cost of auto licenses, in some cases almost tripling the present tax, the fund will be used for the building and maintenance of roads and as soon as the bills become effective we should see a wonderful activity in road building and repairing throughout the state."

The following table, as worked out by Mr. Blesi, shows the tax on the various model of cars that will be effective January 1, 1924, under the new law:

Make of Car—	New Tax
Auburn	$18.89
Apperson	27.55
Buick Six	19.72
Cadillac	29.42
Case	19.88
Chalmers	18.38
Chandler	20.58
Chevrolet	11.45
Cole	23.82
Dodge	16.20
Dort	15.35
Essex	16.85
Ford	10.65
Franklin	16.38
Haynes	21.58
Hudson	22.08
Hupmobile	16.35
Jordon	18.05
King	18.90
Kissel	26.15
Lexington	18.88
Lincoln	30.90
Locomobile	34.80
Marmon	27.98
Maxwell	14.25
Mercer	13.78
Mitchell	21.08
Nash	18.38
Oakland	16.85
Oldsmobile	18.55
Overland	11.45
Packard Single Six	18.72
Packard Twin Six	33.32
Paige	20.78
Pierce - Arrow	33.05
Reo	19.72
Studebaker Light Six and Four	17.05
Stutz	22.75
Velie	17.53
Willys - Knight	17.85

Increased Sales Of Autos Follow Improved Roads

"Motor vehicle sales follow good road improvements just as surely as light follows darkness," declares J. D. Moulder of the Wilhelm-Moulder Auto company.

"The motor has been one of the greatest influences in bringing about the good roads program and the good roads program in turn has brought about the increasing sale of the automobile," he states.

"Federal figures show that nearly three-quarters of a billion was expended on good roads during the last year—which represents approximately three-quarters of the pre-war national debt of the United States.

"Yet in spite of this expenditure and the large appropriation for the coming year for road building, the road-building program is not keeping pace with the increase of the automobile, although roads are being built more substantially than ever before. The road building program is one of the most necessary and most beneficial things the country can do. It increases, incidentally, the value of real estate, the value of farm land, knits communities together and serves to expedite commerce.

"Automobile companies should take cognizance of road building programs in various sections of the country as a means of bettering public welfare."

New thermometer, a little larger than a watch, works with a spring and indicates all degrees of temperature from 10 degrees below zero to 130 degrees above.

"Big Ben," London's famous clock, has a rival in San Francisco; the latter's minute hand is 11 feet long, but "Big Ben" beats this by three feet.

A cow, a sheep, and a pig are being added to the "Zoo" of St. Louis, as so many children in that city have never seen these animals.

Dollar Window
MONDAY AT 7:45
Art Jewelry Co.
Indiana at Eighth

Ray's Gas-Tight Tanks

Patents Pending U. S. Pat. Office
The tank with a trap that holds your gravity. Corrugated and Bolted Steel Tanks.
Ray's Sheet Metal Works
Oak and Virginia Streets
PHONE 4567

MOTOR DUST

Of Personal Interest to the Motoring Public and Dealers.

J. E. Strong and C. F. Spencer of the Bundy-Strong Auto Supply Company spent the last two weeks in the Eldorado oil fields on business.

The state mechanic for the Wayne Pump Company was in town last week installing some new pumps and making necessary adjustments on others.

Mr. Clifton of the Home and Auto Company, Nash dealers of Fort Worth, was in the city last week on business with the King-Weaver Auto Company, local Nash dealers.

The Gaines Motor Sales Company reports the receipt of half a car load of tubes last week and a shipment of G. M. C. trucks.

D. L. Fritz went to Fort Worth last week and brought back a Reo brougham which is one of the most attractive Reo models.

W. W Robertson, E. T. Baker and C. E. Clough of the Parmenter Motor Company went to Fort Worth last Sunday and brought back two Stars and a sport model Durant.

Lloyd Weaver was in Dallas on business last Thursday.

E. E Riley factory representative from the Chevrolet Company of Fort Worth was in the city three or four days last week on business with the local agency.

The Keim Motor Company announces the addition to their sales force of J. G Coleman, formerly the Studebaker dealer in Paris, Texas.

H. M. Simmons, factory demonstrator for the Lincoln automobile was in Wichita Falls most of last week on business with the Langford Motor Company, local agency for the Lincoln car.

Mr. Hall, of the Lloyd Weaver Auto Company reports the sale of an Essex coach to E. L. Sibley and the receipt of a shipment of new cars of the same make, two coaches and a touring.

Bob Stinson, of the King-Weaver Motor Company brought a new Nash sport from Dallas last week.

Mr. Cole, distributor out of Oklahoma City for the Cole automobile, spent part of last week with Arthur Huff, local Cole agent.

D. V York of the Bundy-Strong Auto Supply Company reports splendid rains from the Floydada territory and prospects for prosperous times in that section.

Ben Lockhart of the Chevrolet Motor Company was in Oklahoma on business last week.

The state inspector of pumps, weights and measures was in the city a good part of last week. It was reported that some pumps were found to be running over and some under, but the variation in most cases amounted to less than a pint on a five gallon quantity.

O. K. Conner, accountant for the Chevrolet Motors Company, returned last week from a visit to his former home in Sulphur Springs.

L. M. Roseberry, sales manager for the local Overland Motors Company, delivered a Willys-Knight coupe sedan last week to Jay Axtell, president of the Axtell Company of Fort Worth, Texas.

Ben Lockhart declares that the Chevrolet car just can't be beat when it comes to pulling hills and to clinch his point he tells the following incident in the family of one of their customers:

"Little Willie had been hearing his father boast to his friends of his new car and its ability to take steepest hills on high. At the Sunday supper table he suddenly astonished the company by demanding:

"Dad, does the Lord Almighty own a Chevrolet, too?"

"Great Scott, no, my son. Whatever put that idea into your head."

"Well," at Sunday school—we had a hymn that went, 'If I love him, when I die, He will take me home on high.'"

Nash President Cites Growth of Automobile's Use

Hugh Weaver of the King-Weaver Automobile Company called attention last week to the message broadcasted by radio, from C. M. Nash, president of the Nash Motors Company, in connection with the magnitude of the automobile industry.

Mr. Weaver suggested some interesting parts of his speech which was broadcasted from the office of the Atlanta Journal.

Mr. Nash said that the motor car industry is the result of a fundamental need for rapid and economical transportation and has grown with unheard of rapidity because it met this necessity successfully.

He spoke of the very important contribution that the automobile industry makes to the welfare of our country, by the enormous tax it pays toward the support of the government and the payment of our debts.

Mr Nash continued:

"We have, and I say it with pride, 400,000 miles of improved national and state highways. Now practically every section of the United States, no matter how isolated before, is today open for business and connected to the great commercial arteries of transportation.

"In days not far past, as time goes, it was a familiar sight to see office men, men engaged in inside work in banks, stores, and factories, shoulder their fishing rods on holidays and Sundays and start off themselves to try their skill in fishing in some isolated stream.

"Since American manufacturing has brought the motor car within reach of workers you see a new and far happier picture. Now instead of the men going alone for their recreation you see them with their little families and their well-packed lunch baskets in a motor car, off for a day of mutual enjoyment and healthful pleasure. On every country road you see them, on the shores of every lake, in the shade of the trees, out where the sun shines and the air is clear and fresh.

"What the motor car has done to link the Atlantic to the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes, it has repeated in behalf of the American family into even closer union. The family that must live in the congested districts of the great metropolitan centers now is given the chance to enjoy the beautiful, natural spots of our cuntry. The motor car enables them to frequently escape from the dust and grime of the city for the invigorating atmosphere of the open places.

"Who among us is big enough to realize all that the motor car has accomplished for us? Truly it is a mighty force in making our country a finer, better place to live in."

RANCHMAN SAYS HE BRINGS RANCH NEARER TOWN BY USING CAR

"Why is a farm two miles from town worth more than one ten miles away?" "Because it takes less time to get back and forth," declared Zack Scott, well known ranchman of this vicinity who recently purchased a Reo speed wagon from the Fritz Motor Company. Mr. Scott believes that a Reo speed wagon will move your farm closer to town, he says.

"There was a time when the farmer or ranchman doubted that he needed a truck But he has come to realize that it is an essential part of the farm equipment if it is one that will do the hauling from the farm, to the farm, and on the farm, and that will operate economically and stay on the job year in and year out. I believe that a Reo speed wagon will be mighty economical in the long run because it operates with such a high mileage on gasoline, oil and tires," he added.

"The speed wagon has demonstrated that it is the right size for farm and ranch work also. It will take a fifty bushel load of wheat or a load of stock to town at passenger car speed. This saves time which means money."

In speaking of the use of pneumatic tires Mr. Scott said that they are now recognized as essential for farm use, because they give traction in muddy going, permit operation in the fields, make speed over country roads possible and cushion road shocks for truck, load and driver Pneumatic tires are used on all speed wagons.

"The farmer once owned a top buggy and a wagon; now many of them own a touring car and a speed wagon," Mr. Scott declared.

Girls are said to beat boys in the study of modern languages, English literature, music, and technical ability, but not in creative work and history, or in originality.

Curronium, a new gas recently made by an electric process in Los Angeles for use in airships, is non-inflammable, non-explosive, cheap, and easy to produce.

Motor traffic is so heavy in London that roadways are now built up on concrete foundations 12 inches thick, instead of six inches, as a few years ago.

Depreciation Is One "Accessory" Often Overlooked

The lady who was thinking of buying an automobile had had the agent show her the carburetor, the differential, the transmission, and every thing she thought seemed important about the car. Then she said: "Now are you sure you've shown me all the things I ought to know about?"

"Why, yes, madam, I think so," replied the agent.

"Well, then, where is the depreciation? I am told that is one of the most important things to know about when you are getting a car."

"The lady was absolutely right," declared Carl Waelder of the Franklin Sales Company last week in discussing the upkeep of a car.

"There's economy, also satisfaction in giving your car the once over at regular intervals, and once every week or so is not too often" Mr. Waelder declared, "If you wish to minimize depreciation."

"While engineering advances and sturdy construction have developed the modern motor car to the point where it will permit considerable neglect, there is a limit to all things and it will prove costly to cross the dead line on the question of service.

"The motorist should consider his car an investment and it is a matter of good business to take care of it the same as he does his other possessions. When an automobile is allowed to run down at the heel, the owner finds his repair bills mounting in an alarming manner.

"Quite a saving can be made and much satisfaction gained from regular inspection on the part of the owners and the use of legitimate parts. There is no other short continuous motoring pleasure, and that is what every owner is entitled to, whether his car is used for business or pleasure."

Henry Ford says work alone will cure the world's ills, but others think the situation is not quite so serious.

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"Rheumatism? Me? No, indeed, it's all gone, every bit of it! It's sunshine and joy for me now for the first time in years I feel a wonderful glory again in the free motion I used to have when my days were younger. I look at my hands and think of the twists and swellings they used to have. I bend way over to the floor. I haven't been able to do that in many years. I can thank S. S. S. for it all! To me it was a rising sun of joy and liberty. Brothers and sisters in misery, do not close your eyes and think that health, free motion and strength are gone from you forever! It is not so. It is here and now for all of you S. S. S. is waiting to help you." There is a reason why S. S. S. will help you. When you increase the number of your red-blood cells, the entire system undergoes a tremendous change. Everything depends on blood-strength. Blood which is minus sufficient red-cells leads to a long list of troubles. Rheumatism is one of them. S. S. S. is the great blood cleanser, blood-builder, system strengthener, nerve invigorator. It stops skin eruptions too, pimples, blackheads, acne, boils, eczema. It builds up run down, tired men and women, beautifies complexions, makes the flesh firmer. Charlie Batiste, Florence, Texas, writes: *"I take great pleasure in letting you know what S. S. S. has done for me. I have used four bottles of S. S. S. I am up so I can walk. The pain has left my leg. Before using S. S. S. I was in bed three months and could not walk. I will recommend S. S. S. to all who suffer with Rheumatism."*

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—Because the man I buy from helps support my school, my church, my lodge and my home.
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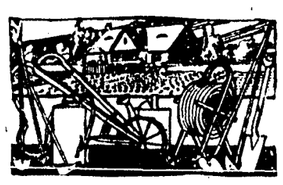

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If the mothers and fathers of our children would see the awful wrecks of men and women I see almost daily and could hear the story most of them tell, namely: "Our parents never warned us," they would no longer hesitate to teach the children SEX HYGIENE. The relation of the sexes is God-given. It is a sacred duty and I warn you parents of the present generation do not conceal the sex truth from your children if you have any regard for their future health and happiness. It should be part of their religion. Our children should be taught to know themselves. If this talk results in just one boy or girl asking the truth of the parents, I shall feel as if my appeal is not in vain and that the world is slightly better because of my passing through.

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Those who have wasted time and money, and failed to get rid of their ailments, are especially invited to consult FREE. I am giving the benefit of over 35 years honorable experience; some of my cures are truly wonderful, yet I do not work magic; I do not make the old younger, nor the blind see; I simply apply the knowledge my years of honorable experience have given me, and I do this honestly and intelligently.

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THE MOTORISTS' PROBLEMS

By WILLIAM H. STEWART JR.

Motor Department: Why is it that some motor car builders use aluminum crank cases and others use cast iron crank cases? Is there any great difference in cost or strength? C. K.

Aluminum is used on account of its lightness. Cast iron is much cheaper but weighs considerably more. Aluminum has about the same strength as cast iron, but is about one-third lighter.

Motor Department: Is there anything that will restore the original polish on headlight reflector, where same has had glass broken out for some time? READER.

There is nothing that will restore the original lustre except refinishing, but the reflector may be improved by polishing with a good non-acid polish. Use a soft cloth and apply polish with a circular movement until all the surface has been covered. Then use clean soft cloth and polish surface.

Motor Department: Will you please tell me, can a motor fire 1-2-3-4 without changing the crank shaft or the cams on the cam shaft, if so, how? H. P.

With the crank shaft you have there are two possible orders of firing, namely, 1-3-4-2 and 1-2-4-3.

Motor Department: My valve lifters have worn so that I can shake them up and down about one-sixteenth of an inch. My engine does not seem to have the power it used to. The spark is alright and the parts are well lubricated. Do you think the fault is in the valve lifters? READER.

Undoubtedly some of it is there and they must be adjusted before searching elsewhere. Adjust them to clearance of an ordinary visiting card. Then see if you can get a little more power by changing low and high speed adjustments of carburetor.

Motor Department: Would you kindly tell me what is the matter with my 1910 Ford? I have just cleaned out the engine and ground in the valves. I have plenty of power on level roads, but on the hills it seems to die right down. S. K.

You may have one or more of the following troubles: Poor compression, leaky valves, leaky inlet manifold, choked gasoline line, weak magnets, wrong carburetor adjustment, spark too far retarded. Check these over one by one. Most of them you may test for yourself. Have the magneto tested at the nearest Ford repair station.

Motor Department: What is the cause of vapor rising from oil breather pipe after a short run. My engine will miss or stop entirely at such times, and to keep it going I pull the choke to give richer mixture. Oil crank case was cleaned and oil changed. Water cooling system was thoroughly cleaned, yet the trouble persists. OWNER.

This is due to smoke and gas working down into the crank case caused by defective piston rings or scored cylinder. The cylinders must be removed and re-ground or the defects in the rings attended to. They may be gummed by carbon, scored, clots in line broken or worn.

Motor Department: Please let me know why I have to spin my engine to start it on magneto, but can start it on battery by simply pulling up on the starting handle. Can it be possible that the battery gives a hotter spark than the magneto? I thought it was just the opposite. C. O.

The magneto gives a hotter spark than the battery when it is running at proper speed, but not when starting. The battery gives the same spark regardless of engine speed. When starting the engine on battery the spark should be retarded, but when starting on magneto, the spark should be advanced. Try magneto with spark advanced and give a sharp quick turn.

Motor Department: On removing the cover of my magneto circuit breaker I noticed an unusual sparking when the breaker points opened. The spark at the plugs seems to be good, and the engine runs alright. As the points did not spark that way at first, I wish to ask if it is anything serious. OWNER.

Sparking may be due to dirt, corroded points, improper contact, weak spring punctured condenser, or loose condenser wire. As the engine has full power, your trouble is probably due to dirst or corrosion. Draw a piece of fine sandpaper between the points several times and see if sparking has stopped. A magneto file is excellent for this work, but care must be taken to file the points evenly. Then they should be properly adjusted.

Motor Department: Recently my car has developed a peculiar habit. While going down hill on direct drive, using engine and gears as a brake to hold the car back, the clutch invariably slips out, allowing the car to coast and almost run away. Sometimes on level roads when the power is on, the clutch slips out also. What remedy would you suggest for this trouble? E. L.

It is hardly possible for the clutch to slip out as you suggest since it is held by a heavy spring. Are you quite sure that the trouble is not due to the gear shift lever slipping back into neutral caused by the gears not meshing fully, coupled with a weak or broken spring in the gear lock? Make sure which it is before you allow the repair man to experiment at your expense.

Motor Department: I have a 1918 car which has developed a jerking action when throttled down to less than 15 miles but runs good when going faster. Have cleaned out carbon by taking off motor head and ground valves. Have had carburetor adjusted twice by first-class men and have put in new distributor brush, also new plugs. Still it jerks and runs uneven when throttled down. Could you kindly advise me in your automobile column what may be wrong? K. L.

We are inclined to think that your carburetor still needs adjusting, as the engine probably misses explosions, due to a lean mixture at low speeds. Make sure there are no air leaks in the manifold to upset the mixture. The plug points and distributor points must be clean and properly adjusted. Also make sure that you have good and equal compression in each cylinder.

HELPFUL HINTS

Check valves which control the flow of oil in a plunger type of pump should be cleaned occasionally to insure proper working. In case the oil does not flow or the gauge shows no pressure it may be due to the pump becoming air bound, but usually cleaning the check valves removes the trouble.

When oiling your car look for oil holes that are plugged up with dirt and clean them out with a piece of wire. All holes should be covered with an oil cup, but sometimes manufacturers do not take precaution, leaving the holes open. If the dirt is not removed the oil cannot reach the bearing.

It seldom occurs to a man that he should strain the lubricating oil, but this should be done, nevertheless. Most people rely on the strainer in the funnel, and many give it no thought at all. But foreign matter carried into the pump may clog or cause it to fail, besides clogging the strainer in the pump.

Make sure your oil gauge is free to move, as a wrong indication is fatal. Sometimes the wire is bent and the gauge does not fall as the oil is used up. The inexperienced driver does not realize this and his engine runs dry.

LOCAL COMPANY WILL BE DISTRIBUTOR FOR BUDA MOTOR PARTS

J. C. Reese, of the Motor Parts Company on Tenth street announced last week that this company are now distributors for the Buda motor parts, a popular truck equipment.

Mr. Reese says that attention is being given to the sale of complete Buda motor units, for replacing any other type motor.

"I believe business is going to be splendid all during 1923," Mr. Reese declared, "and every phase of the motor industry will make great strides in development."

"We are preparing for more business than we have ever handled before, and will be sufficiently well stocked to care for it, during the coming months," he said.

The first religious newspaper ever issued was the Herald of Gospel Liberty, which was published by Elias Smith of Portsmouth, N. H., in 1809.

RABBIT-BREEDERS DEPARTMENT

Conducted For The Times By Wm. L. Smith, 503 Waco Street Under Auspices of Wichita County Rabbit Breeders' Association

Dutch Marked Rabbits

One of the prettiest and smartest rabbits known to the fancy is the Dutch. It is one of the bantams of the rabbit family, and this no doubt accounts for much of its attractiveness. Dutch originally came from Holland, where they are still held in high esteem, but they are also very popular in France, where they are known by the name of "Nicard," and in England it is claimed that there are two specimens of Dutch bred to one of any other variety.

The Dutch rabbit is often compared to the Hampshire hog in color. The body color is dense black, (and this is more common.) A broad white ring around the neck and shoulders; both hind feet tipped or "booted" with white for one and one-half inches, the white on the face, "face blaze," should cover the more anterior half of the jaws, not reaching the eyes, and should run up between the bases of the ears, joining the white band, "Saddle," which covers the anterior part of body and front legs. The eyes hazel in blacks and matching body color in others, should be completely surrounded by the color, the white of face joins the white "saddle" below the ears should be erect and same color as body. The tail is black. The body should be short and compact. The weight at maturity is slightly under 5 pounds. The Dutch is not particular as to its hutch. It is pleased with the open air hutch. In this situation it acquires more hardiness, its hair is thicker and forms a heavy and resisting cover. This rabbit is raised very well, however in a hutch, but needs plenty of air. It is active, always moving; its motions are always light, graceful and lively; not a swift runner, however, and not a ravager, tame, it does not fear the approach of man, whose presence does not disturb its agile frolics.

The females are very prolific, often have from 7 to 9 young. We have often counted 11 young in one litter. They are excellent milk-givers; they are used as foster mothers for the more delicate breeds and the less favored offspring; they are also of great value in the crowded hutches where it is necessary to divide up the too large litters. They are of exceptionally kind disposition and attend their young with the greatest care. We have seen some poor mothers having reached the last stage of gestation coming from Holland, piled in too narrow crates, and very weak from the voyage and lack of food. Two days later they bore their young. From lack of time or weakness, they had not been able to make their nest, which they usually do so carefully and the poor little family is scattered upon the floor. Before long, after a rest and food, the mothers, taking courage gather up their young in some corner of the hutch, cover them with soft and abundant down, and lavish upon them every care with a very material tenderness. Six months is the reasonable age for breeding females. When specimens have been well fed, the females produce vigorous young at this age. To keep the females in very good health, it is preferable to only breed them three or four times a year. Three seasons for breeding will be best: November 30th, February 15th and the first of May. The females will thus be bred six weeks after the birth of the young rabbits, so that they can, without inconvenience take care of their young another week.

With this program of reproduction the females reach their moulting period which comes about August, and have a chance to rest from then until November. Dutch can be quartered in small hutches, 9 sq. feet of floor space, 4 tiers high each about 18 inches.

Dutch excel all other varieties of rabbit for nurse does. They can be bred successfully the year round. Weaning time for Dutch is from four to six weeks.

They mature very rapidly, at from five to six months. They are raised especially for: (1) pets for children. (2) for fur; (3) for meat.

Dutch being a small rabbit eats but little and one feeding a day is plenty. They are very profitable for meat for above reasons.

Dutch are very attractive to visitors in the rabbitry and show room which means quick profitable sales. Their hides are among the most valuable for fur. While the Dutch have been extensively line-bred and often in-bred, they are known the world over to the most hearty and healthy of all varieties. It is not likely that fancy exhibition Dutch will ever catch up with the demand as finely marked specimens are among the hardest to produce.

Rabbit Skins From Antipodes

"Baby Bunting's father must be finding good hunting in Australia or else the present modes in woman's clothing have greatly encouraged the business of rabbit hunting in the Antipodes, for the Southern Pacific recently received a consignment of three carloads of Australian rabbit skins for delivery in New York" says a Southern Pacific bulletin. This shows there is a demand for rabbit skins and the people of Australia are awake to this demand and therefore send these skins here. If the people of far off Australia can ship dry skins to New York, why cannot the American breeder do so at a greater profit? When he has a variety of domestic rabbits to choose from, many of which are noted for their value, and none of which are better suited for this purpose than the White New Zealand rabbit.

A Good Catch

The rabbit industry is confronting the same difficulties that the poultry industry did several years ago in the way of coping with the dishonest dealer. Nearly every month some rabbit magazine has something to say about the fakir and threatens exposure. These frauds reminds us of the victim who wrote to the man from whom he had bought a setting of what were advertised as thoroughbred White Leghorn eggs. The letter was as follows: Dear sir: The setting of eggs which I received from you has been hatched and I am writing to express my surprise and delight at the result. From the 15 eggs set, I have one alligator, three pelicans, five ducks, two owls and one bantam. I regret the fact that the toher three eggs did not hatch. What they contained will forever remain a baffling mystery. Please send me another setting for which I enclose $5.00. Yours truly, Rabbitcraft.

A gauge which can be reached by hand is good, since it may be moved up and down to see if it is free. It gives a striking object lesson when the oil base has not been cleaned out for several thousand miles. On pushing the float down into the heavy oil muck at the bottom it sometimes sticks there, showing the need of a thorough cleaning.

Morals and patriotism would be taught in a special course of instruction in the public schools of Arkansas under a bill introduced in the state legislature by one of the two women members, Mrs. S. J. Hunt of Pine Bluff.

Some towns are so lucky. In Nashville, Tenn., an amateur music teacher moved away.

Chevrolet 1-Ton Truck Is Received By Local Dealer

The local Chevrolet Company is one of the first agencies in Texas to receive one of the new 1-ton trucks which have just been gotten out by the Chevrolet manufacturers.

This truck is $575 f. o. b. factory and is put out to compete with trucks of the same size and similar price. Electric lights and starter and cord tires are included on the truck, Mr. Lockhart stated. It has the same motor as the 1923 Chevrolet touring car.

Mr. Lockhart remarked that a telegram was recently received by the local company announcing the manufacture of the millionth Chevrolet automobile.

He also stated that the Fuller Brush Company have made a statement to the effect that 59 per cent of their salesmen furnish their own cars. Out of the nine makes represented, a total of 355 cars, 107 of these are Chevrolets, according to Mr. Lockhart who believes that this is mighty good evidence of the serviceability of the Chevrolet automobile.

The number three was the perfect number of the Pythagoreans, who said it represented the beginning, middle and end.

At some places the force of the sea dashing on the rocks on the shore is said to be seventeen tons to the square yard.

The fastest flowing river in the world is the Sutlej, in India, which rises 15,200 feet above the sea and falls 12,000 feet in 180 miles.

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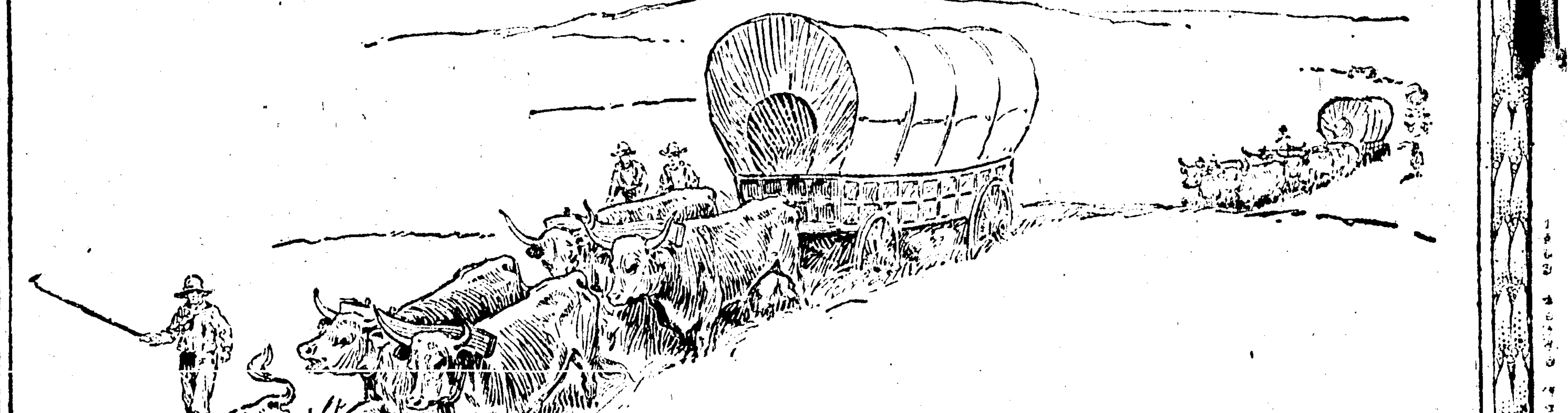

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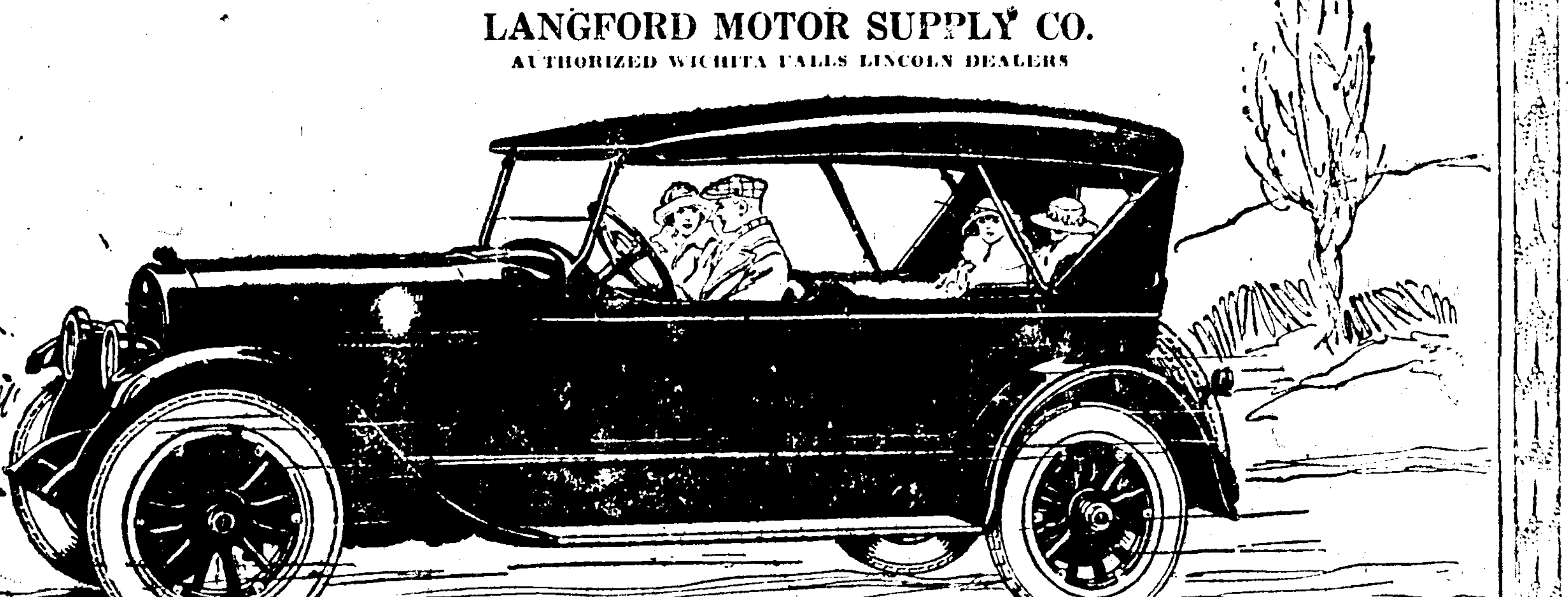

William Jennings Bryan's Weekly Bible Talk

JESUS THE WORLD'S SAVIOR

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

For the past three months we have dealt with Christ and His activities.

We have studied Him as the Great Physician, ministering unto the sick and healing every manner of disease; we have studied Him as a Teacher, presenting a philosophy of life and illustrating it so that all could understand.

In the Prodigal Son He portrayed the patience of God and the tenderness of His inexhaustible affection for His children. He rebuked Dives for his indifference and praised Zachaeus, another rich man, for his benevolence. He taught civic duty and immortalized a complete devotion. He exalted prayer and died for man's sins with forgiveness upon His lips.

We have reviewed Him from every standpoint and have seen how He justified the titles given Him in prophecy: "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

Today, having the past lessons in mind, we consider Jesus as the Saviour of the world.

Does the World Need a Saviour?

First, does the world need a Saviour?—the fact of a Saviour depends upon the need. In 1 Timothy we are told: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Those who reject Christ are united in the belief either that the world has never needed a Saviour or that Christ was not the Saviour needed.

Some who call themselves Christians have so interpreted the Bible as to discard the sacrificial character of Christ, and see in Him only an extraordinary man and a teacher of rare merit. These Bible talks present the Bible as an inspired and infallible Word of God, and Christ as the looked-for Messiah—the Jesus who was to save His people from their sin—Deity descending to earth to redeem man and restore him to his lost estate.

The account of the fall of man is, of course, disputed by those who believe that man has developed from the animals and is now more advanced than any of his ancestors. Although no species in the vegetable or animal world has yet been traced to any other species, there are those who believe man a descendant of the brute. Many of these reject entirely the theory of an atonement and admit no possibility of improvement except by the slow process of accumulated intelligence.

Reason vs. Faith

If the Bible is the Word of God, it is not necessary that it shall be confirmed by human observation or man-collected proof before it can be accepted as authoritative. To withhold confidence until such proof can be supplied is to reject observation and reason.

Our senses have a very limited range and are easily deceived; we shut ourselves up in a very narrow world if we believe only what we see or hear or touch, and our reason does not lead us into a domain much larger, for it, unaided by faith, soars neither high nor far.

We can, however, use confirmations that we gather from observation, even though we do not regard them as essential. In other words, reason may follow faith and confirm it, though it is unable to lead the way.

Man is the only created thing that does not live up to its possibilities—a fact that has been cited as proof that he once occupied a higher state. With power to choose between good and evil, he often chooses the evil in preference to the good. To sin is natural; it is self-expressed in terms of human life.

The Lifting Spiritual Force

Just as gravity draws all matter on the earth's surface toward the center of the earth, so sin drags every heart downward; just as a human arm can, according to its strength, overcome the law of gravitation and life upward against that gravity draws downward, so there is a spiritual force that can overcome the downward drag of sin and lift a soul toward its Maker.

This can be proven by [illegible] of lives and by a [illegible] on

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

of portions of the same life. It can be proven by variations in the line of virtue as it rises and falls, and in an individual life and by the life of groups of people.

"Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again," were the words of the Saviour that perplexed Nicodemus, and it still perplexes those who have nothing to measure by except the human yardstick.

And yet, the mystery of a new birth is to be seen around us all the time. We can know it of a truth within ourselves if we will. The change was wrought in Saul; he himself understood the change, and so did all who knew him before and after his journey to Damascus.

An Everyday Miracle.

With many the transformation has been as sudden and as complete as it was with the great apostle. It is the suddenness and the completeness of the new birth that makes it mysterious.

The so-called natural things move slowly, like the growth of a bird from the egg or the development of a crop from the seed sown in the field.

When we see the farmer planting grains of seed corn or scattering wheat, we expect some days to elapse before the green blade appears, and weeks to pass before the harvest is ready. And so with the departure of the prodigal son and his descent to the wretchedness to which his dissipation brought him; it was gradual and, therefore, not surprising.

There is no process in nature that represents repentance; there is no simile outside of man with which to picture the miracle wrought when the heart begins to hate the things it loved and love the things it hated.

There is no place in evolution for the cry of the penitent, "I will arise and go to my father." The confession of sin is unnatural and abnormal from the material point of view; it is a triumph of the spirit, a victory of God.

The Reality of the Invisible.

If conversion had only occurred once, those who rely wholly on that which they call "reason" would scoff at it, but when it occurs constantly and under the same conditions, it becomes as orderly as anything in nature. Surrender of self-acceptance of Christ may seem foolishness to some, but it has been the way of salvation to thousands of millions.

If man without God is weak while man relying upon God is strong, that invisible influence which furnishes resisting power and endurance is just as real as the muscles, the nerves, or the brain.

Man is sinful and selfish; there is nothing in his body that can restrain his physical tendency to sin. Neither is there a sufficient resisting power in the intellect, however highly trained.

Scholars are to be found in our penitentiaries, as they have been found in asylums for drunkards and in hospitals, where they rot to death from sins that fellow in the wake of immorality.

There is no pushing power in man—no physical or mental urge that can lift him up to an exalted plane, or even save him from sin's destructive power—but there is in him that which responds to a call from above.

What Christ Does

Christ can save and does save. He takes the sot from the gutter when his own flesh and blood have abandoned him—yes, even when he himself is on the brink of despair; He takes the outcast from the haunts of vice; Christ washes each clean and fills his heart with a passion for service.

You can find these reclaimed souls at any city mission; they find happiness in being helpful to those about them—they are an inspiration to the fallen. How can it be explained, except on the ground Christ can save?

The papers recently reported a case which shows how impossible it is for one to fall so low as to be beyond the reach of Christ's love and salvation.

The son of a moonshiner in the mountains was sent to a reform school as an incorrigible boy at the age of 11; he afterward served nearly 20 separate terms in jail and penitentiary. After such a career of crime, he was converted. At the time the report appeared in the press he was traveling from penitentiary to penitentiary, putting Bibles into the hands of prisoners, and carried a letter from a president of the United States commending his work.

Pictures From Real Life

While the love of Jesus was thus transforming a hardened criminal into an angel of mercy, hundreds of young men, scoffing at religion ridiculing the Bible, and speaking contemptuously of the Son of God, were rushing headlong from homes of luxury and halls of learning down to the bottomless pit—not yesterday, but today.

The "well-born" who go to destruction in spite of family environment and education, prove the need of a Saviour—the reclamation of the ill-favored as well as the favored proves that Christ's blood is sufficient.

These are not fanciful pictures, they are taken from real life. Scarcely an adult who reads these words but knows men and, alas, women, too, who have walked the downward way in spite of prayers and tears—as they have also known those who have passed through repentance to forgiveness and into the joys of a new life.

The Line of Human Life

If I had my audience before me I might present the thought on canvas.

I would draw a line from the upper corner of the canvas on one side to the lower corner on the other side, and then suggest that the line, extended upward, would reach the highest plane to which a human being can aspire and, extended downward, the lowest level to which a human being can fall. Every soul is somewhere on this line and traveling in one direction or the other.

The natural tendency is downward, but the God who, by endowing man with free will, made it possible for him to descend to the lowest depths, also made it possible for him to rise to the most exalted heights. The Heavenly Father's love is the lifting power that pervades the world, and Christ was love manifested in the flesh. He can save all and save to the uttermost; no matter to what level the individual has fallen, he can go back.

Any point upon the line can be made a turning point.

Lifting Man's Load.

Man carried his sins on his back as he descends, and the load grows heavier as he travels, but the Christ who has power to forgive has power to lift from him his burden of sin so that all his strength can be used in the upward journey toward that perfection which is enjoined upon all.

Some date the Bible because it tells the truth. It describes man as he is, but does not leave him helpless. Ours is a sinful world. A sinful world without a Saviour would be indescribable torment, therefore our Saviour was provided. A Saviour without forgiving power would only mock the tortured, therefore our Saviour can forgive. Forgiveness would be an empty blessing if it did not relieve the sinner of his sense of guilt and open before him the joys of salvation; therefore redemption comes with forgiveness.

A Limitless Love

Only a word more; the love of God revealed in Christ is as limitless as it is universal. His call is not only to all "who labor and are heavy laden," but it continues while life lasts.

Christianity has been called "the gospel of the second chance;" it is more—it offers chances innumerable. It is no invitation to sin to state that those who fall may rise again. The test is not in the number of falls, but in the sincerity of the repentance.

Seperation from Christ brings its own punishment because there is happiness in constant communion with Him. Procrastination does not forfeit the sinner's chance, but it postpones his satisfaction.

The world never needed a Saviour more than now; the proof of His salvation is conclusive.

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It was an ancient belief that nine grains of wheat laid on a four-leaf clover enabled one to see the fairies.

Stamps for sale at Times Office—adv.

If you are worried, just think of the money you save this season by strawberries being out of season.

Health hint: Never jump off a tall building without a parachute, or drive a car without a 1923 license.

The man who wears noisy clothes usually looks just like the man who would wear noisy clothes.

Do your income tax worrying early and avoid the rush.

Among the Germans it is regarded as a death warning to hear a cricket cry.

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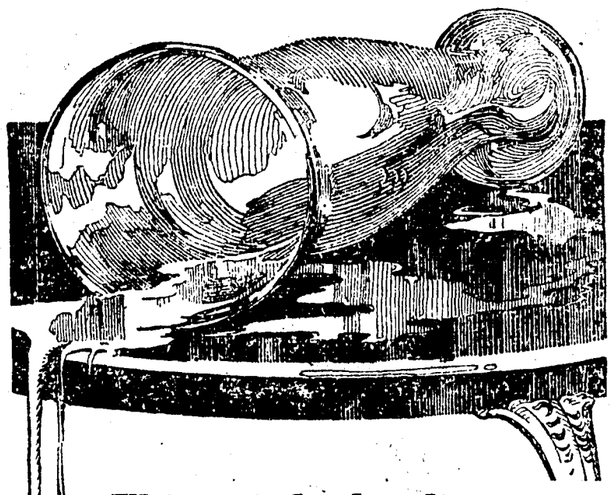

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TIMES WANT ADS GET QUICK RESULTS

Magazine Section

Wichita Daily Times

Sunday, March 18, 1923

And Now She is Pitching Horse Shoes!

"WATCH ME RING IT!" sings out Miss Today. And then what happens? Why, her left foot leaves the ground; her slender figure is balanced, shoulders forward, like the exquisite figurines on a Grecian frieze of athletes; her right arm shoots out and the half-circle of jingling metal falls true, directly round the striped peg!

For femininity has gone a-horse-shoeing. It isn't just a fad, either, it seems, because around and about, on the frozen ground of the park and across the polished floor of the gymnasium as well as—indeed, it's true—over many and many a drawing-room rug they're playing the game of the peg. Not fully content with skating and skiing and tobogganing and hockey, the American girl has taken up the game which thrilled rural American manhood as not even the highly specialized prowess of Babe Ruth has been able to do.

For this is the game that you play yourself, so your interest in it must be entirely personal. It is one where practice instead of luck means cleverness, so you stand an equal chance with all players. Besides, look what it does for you! "It trains the eyes," declares one player. "And develops footwork," says another. "It develops curves to the arms that the King of Spain said we didn't have," chimes in a third. "Also teaches proper breathing," is an opinion following along. "And insures grace," finally.

And possibly because horse shoe pitching is guaranteed to do all these desirable things, it is THE big, new, interesting game of every girls' college athletic association.

Another development of the game is the new fashions it has brought with itself. Overalls, that you'd naturally associate with horses and their footwear, do not appear. But galluses do—in very spiffed-up form. They are the silk-and-lacy bits of shoulder-straps that appear with the fluffy little jumper-skirts that are the rage for wear during the "ring the peg" hour.

And it is being said with plenty of reason, no doubt, that certain symptoms of restlessness are observed in the cities where the popularity of the game is taking strongest hold. This restlessness is thought to be due to a call of the soil, set up by reason of the bucolic atmosphere of horse shoes.

Already real-estate agents say they are having more inquiries from city folk who wish to move to the country with the first warm days of spring than ever have come to their offices before. Insurance companies back up the claims of the real-estate people by telling of the numerous households that are hurrying to insure their goods against "a long quiet summer in the country."

According to indications, all American cities will be quite deserted throughout the summer season—and for the strangely simple reason that Miss Today is calling, "Watch me ring it!"

Grace Mason (at left of page) and Nell Martin, Pretty Atlanta Girls Who Pitch a Wicked Horse Shoe. They Recently Carried Off Honors and Prizes at a Contest Held by the Oglethorpe Prep School.

LOST AND FOUND—One of the Baby Worlds

Star-Gazers Have Just Reclaimed "132 Aethra," One of the Many "Small-Fry Worlds" of the Solar Family, Some of Them So Tiny They Cannot Be Measured

In this vast tower of the Mount Wilson observatory heavenly explorers range the skies almost nightly

One of the lures which constantly appeal to the astronomer is the hope of finding a new world

"On Vesta, owing to the small force of gravity, a 150-pound man would weigh only fifteen pounds. But he could lift 500 pounds"

Here is a group of 30,000 stars, each brighter than the sun. It is known as the Hercules Cluster and the star within the little circle is one hundred times as large as our sun

A Spiral nebula which may be a distant universe

LOST—A baby world. Liberal reward to finder, and no questions asked.

Substantially, that was the advertisement published. But nobody had kidnapped the little world. It simply "turned up missing" quite a while ago, and astronomers have been looking for it ever since.

News comes, however, that it has been found. A star-gazer named Jekowski, in Algiers, put it back the other day where it belongs, on the map of the sky.

Its name is "132 Aethra," and, as baby worlds go, it is rather exceptionally important. The path it follows in its endless journey around the sun is sufficiently eccentric to render it interesting; and there is the further circumstance that it has money in bank.

The latter point seems somewhat surprising, but it is easily explained. This little world is one of twenty-two "minor planets" which were discovered by the late Professor Watson, of Ann Arbor, Mich. He was afraid that after his death some of them might get lost, and so he left a sizable sum, by will, a trust fund, to the National Academy of Sciences to pay for taking care of them, and to make sure that none of them got away. They are the only heavenly bodies for which an annuity has ever been provided. The interest on the money meets the cost, so to speak, of their keep.

LIKE the baby in the humorous story, 132 Aethra is "only a very little one." Its diameter is about fifteen miles, which means that its surface area is about 700 square miles, or a little less than two-thirds that of the State of Rhode Island.

The biggest of all the little worlds is Vesta, whose diameter is 214 miles, and its surface area 143,200 miles—about equal to the area of the State of Montana. Next in size comes Ceres, with a diameter of 196 miles and a surface area approximating that of New Mexico. Pallas, with a diameter of 171 miles, corresponds in extent of surface to Oregon; Juno (diameter 124 miles) has a surface area slightly greater than that of Pennsylvania; Hygeia (diameter 103 miles) is superficially almost exactly the size of Maine.

These are the big ones. Next in size comes Circe, with a diameter of only twenty-nine miles and a surface area slightly greater than that of Delaware. Virginia and Hestia are each twenty-five miles in diameter; Asia twenty-two miles, Atalanta eighteen miles and Echo seventeen miles.

Most of the little worlds are so tiny that it has been found impossible to measure them. In surface area many of them might be likened to countries; some are probably no bigger than good-sized farms.

Some of them seem to move in groups or families. One at least is twins. It was discovered in 1898, is called Eros, and has since been ascertained to be a "double"—two baby worlds revolving about a common center of gravity. Together they have a surface area equal to about half that of Connecticut.

Eros is particularly interesting for another reason. It comes nearer to the earth than any other celestial body, save only the moon and an occasional comet. Next year, in 1924, those heavenly twins will make their nearest approach to us, within 15,000,000 miles.

When that happens, the astronomers are going to make use of the circumstance for a very important purpose. They are going to employ observations of Eros as a means of measuring the distance of the sun from the earth. That distance is not known exactly—within a possible margin of error of 100,000 miles, that is to say—and it is necessary to know it because it is utilized as a unit for measuring the distance of the stars.

Why all these baby worlds, nearly a thousand of them? Where did they come from? What are they good for? Is it possible that any of them are inhabited? Is there any animal or plant life on them?

Those questions cannot be answered at present. Nevertheless, astronomers have ventured guesses. Take the first question:

Heavenly bodies are of all sizes. Compared with Betelguese and other giant stars, our own solar luminary is small. The earth on which we dwell is a dwarf planet compared with Jupiter, 1300 times as big as the terrestrial globe. If the sun were suddenly withdrawn from the sky, the earth would become a satellite of Jupiter, one of its moons.

It is surmised that baby worlds may be scattered all through the illimitable void of space, and that Jupiter by its tremendous attraction, proportionate to its mass, picks them up now and then, as the solar system pursues its amazing voyage at a speed of twelve miles a second through the starlit emptiness of the infinite.

Accepting this theory, they are cold and dark globes, discoverable only when they happen to join our system. Then the sun lights them up and they are rendered visible to the telescope. Once captured, they can never escape, and so in the course of untold ages quite a lot of them have been collected.

That any of them are inhabited seems most unlikely. Take Vesta, for example, which is the biggest of them all. It is two and one-third times as far from the sun as we are, which means that it receives, per acre of surface, less than one-fifth the sunlight and sun's heat that we get. Owing to its relatively small bulk, it has hardly attraction enough to retain an envelope of gases; in other words, an atmosphere. That there is water on its surface is surely improbable.

Without an atmosphere and without water there could be no animal life, no plant life. The likelihood seems to be that the baby worlds are desert globes, spheres of inhospitable rock.

ON VESTA, owing to the small force of gravity, a 150-pound man would weigh only fifteen pounds. He could lift 500 pounds as easily as he could pick up fifty pounds on the earth. He could jump ten times as far. If there were an atmosphere like ours, and he were fitted with a pair of wings, he might fly.

Many of the baby worlds are undoubtedly five miles or less in diameter. On a five-mile world a 200-pound man would weigh only two ounces. He could pick up a rock weighing a ton, by our standard, and throw it with such force that it would never come back. He could jump off the tiny planet and never return.

Not long ago, at a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society in London, a jocular scientist said: "It should be made an offense punishable by fine or imprisonment to discover any more minor planets. They have become an intolerable nuisance, and are a great burden upon the astronomers who have to keep track of them and record them. So far as I am aware, they are of no earthly use whatever."

The learned gentleman evidently forgot one very important use to which the baby worlds are put. By their aid the earth and other major planets are weighed—that is to say, by observing the extent to which the major planets, by their attraction, pull the little fellows out of their orbits.

TO FIND names for all the baby worlds has been in itself quite a task. But astronomers do not call them by their names, preferring to designate them by numbers. Thus Ceres, the first one discovered, in 1801, is No. 1. Pallas, discovered in 1802, is No. 2. Juno, discovered in 1807, is No. 3; Vesta is No. 4, and so on.

Revolving about the planet Mars like golden shuttles are two little moons called Phobos and Deimos (Panic and Terror), the largest of which is only thirty miles in diameter. They were discovered in 1877 at the Naval Observatory in Washington by Professor Asaph Hall, who named them after the attendants of the ancient god of war. It is thought that quite possibly these moons may be captured "asteroids"—another term for minor planets.

Mercury, Venus, the Earth and Mars are relatively near to the sun. The four other major planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, are separated from the inner group by an immense gap of space. Why the gap? It has been suggested that in this gap may once upon a time have rotated a planet that exploded, its fragments being represented today by baby worlds, all of which travel around the sun in the wide interval of the cosmic void that lies between the orbit of Mars and that of Jupiter. Astronomers, generally speaking, however, are not inclined to accept this idea.

GIGANTIC Jupiter, far out toward the edge, as it were, of the solar system, undoubtedly, by its attraction, catches many comets. Cosmic space seems to be full of those strange celestial wanderers, whose movements apparently are not governed by ordinary laws. A famous astronomer has said that if we could stand on Neptune, the outermost of all the planets, we could see thousands of them in the sky. The few that are drawn into our system usually swing around the sun for a while, and then break up or take flight into other region of the heavens. Nobody knows whence they come or whither they go.

It does not seem at all unlikely that Jupiter may pick up baby worlds from time to time, inducing them to join our planetary company. The thought that such little globes, miniatures of the earth, may be scattered through the emptiness of space, flying hither and yon in seemingly aimless fashion, is undeniably interesting.

Speaking of little worlds, there is Vulcan—a major planet, however, if it exists. The smallest of all the major planets that we know about, and the nearest to the sun—so near that water on its surface, if there were any, would boil in the intense heat—is Mercury. But certain perturbations of Mercury in its orbit led the French astronomer, Leverrier, in 1859, to believe that there must be an undiscovered planet yet closer to the solar luminary.

Not long afterward another observer was convinced that he actually saw it—a round black spot passing across the face of the sun. His calculations made it a little larger than our moon. Astronomers accepted them as at least presumably correct; the French Government bestowed the ribbon of the Legion of Honor upon the discoverer, and the planet received the name of Vulcan.

INDIAN BLOOD?

Blue Ribbon Fiction

By Robert E. Pinkerton

HOW THE STORY STARTED.

FOR thirteen years Wen-dah-ban was kept hidden in the Ojibwa forest by Nee-tah-wee-gah, wife of Pe-tah-bo. The latter jested always with his wife that the boy was the son of a white man, but never would she name his father. Her hatred of all whites grew with the years. When 13, Wen-dah-ban is taken to the trading post by Pe-tah-bo. There the boy sees white people for the first time, and longs to be a white man. When he is 14 he is sent into the forests till he shall have the dream that shall determine his career. He dreams he is white, returns, and tells his guardians of the vision. Returning next season to the trading post, he quits Pe-tah-bo there and asks Merton Layard, the Hudson's Bay company manager, for work. The boy relates his dream, and Merton exclaims, "By God, I believe you are white."

INSTALLMENT II.

Donald Norton.

IN the north country June is the smile of a bitter old man. The sun is bright and warm, the waters are blue and placid, the poplars and birches open their buds and drip ointment into eyes smarting from the long strain of dreary monotones. Yet the vast spruce swamps are desolate, the great, sprawling lakes empty, and the loneliness crushing. The harsh, relentless spirit of the land is wafted on the gentlest summer breeze.

Evelyn Layard had never been able to escape this thought. Cruel and ruthless she knew the north to be, and only a conviction that the human soul is supreme, that environment and circumstances are never unconquerable, had carried her through eight years as the wife of a Hudson Bay company's post manager. That she had won happiness and contentment she ascribed to the love of her husband and to her philosophy, never realizing the part played by her own warm, impulsive, compassionate nature and by her capacity to act upon conviction.

It was this compassion and this capacity that led her immediately to the championship of Wen-dah-ban's cause. When she talked to him she was more deeply moved than her husband had been. The boy did not repeat the vehement declarations he had made in the trade shop, but she did catch glimpses of the high resolve that had defied Nee-tah-wee-gan and had made it possible for this shy, wilderness bred creature to open his heart to a strange white man.

And more than anything else, for she had felt the bitter, ruthless north and knew the hard, dreary lives of its children, she was moved by this spontaneous effort of a boy to rise above his environment and above circumstance.

"He will never stick it out," Merton said, when she announced that she would help him. "You'll simply lead him on to ultimate unhappiness."

"At least we should give him the chance he asks for," she answered. "I am going to do what I can for him while Pe-tah-bo is away with the fur brigade."

Merton smiled. He loved these impulsive attempts to lighten the burden of a savage life, even though they always failed, for to him they were an expression of Evelyn's blindly altruistic nature. Now he was glad that she would have such an effort to occupy her during his long journey to Fort Bruce.

It was thus that Wen-dah-ban was suddenly removed from the harsh, stifling sway of Nee-tah-wee-gan's venomous nature to the sympathetic and unfolding influence of Evelyn Layard, and almost instantly he began to pay her in a manner she had not expected. In the first few days he was silent and unresponsive. He did the very thing she dreaded—followed her about like a dog, watching her with wide, sober eyes, listening with painful attention when she spoke in English. Yet those eyes were clear and direct, never furtive or with hidden lights. They began to haunt her, and to escape them she found tasks for him to do.

The change was startling. He did everything with an amazing faithfulness and a quick grasp of its significance. She had believed those first dumb, staring days were due to embarrassment and curiosity, and now she realized that he had been studying the ways of the people he had determined to make his own.

And as Wen-dah-ban learned and developed, as the first halting but clear English words began to come, as his face took on the reddened brightness of repeated scrubbing and his shirt showed holes, due to too vigorous laundering on the rough rocks of the lake shore, Evelyn Layard saw that a far more important change was occurring: that the soul of this wilderness waif, oppressed and cramped and thwarted through all the years that should have been free and stimulating, was expanding in a startling manner.

Experience had taught her that she must expect a baffling unresponsiveness, a suspicion never quite concealed, a greedy grasping for surface things, and an irritating disregard for underlying essentials. It is the thing the white man has always had to contend with in his efforts to elevate people of other races, and Evelyn had encountered it many times when training native servants.

In Wen-dah-ban it was wholly lacking. There was an intentness of purpose that sometimes was pitiful because it expressed the yearning of a starved spirit; there was a perception that asks and dares for him, a stark [illegible] to know and get it; there was [illegible] something more, something deeper, something that evaded Evelyn until she recognized it as a sense of race equality.

"He told the truth when he said he felt all white," she told Merton after he had returned from Fort Bruce. "It isn't only that I never knew an Indian or half-breed who thinks as he does, and it isn't that he lacks the half-breed's superciliousness toward Indians when he thinks he is becoming a white man. Wen-dah-ban hasn't that at all, nor is it a calm assumption that he is white. He just seems to feel that he is."

"I'll admit he possesses one quality no Indian ever had," Merton answered. "Since I've been back I've noticed that he sticks to a thing until he gets it, and then jumps right into something else. Doesn't he ever stop to play? He's just a boy."

"That's the pitiful part of it!" Evelyn exclaimed. "He's so serious. He's never known childhood. Nee-tah-wee-gan must have been a terrible creature, and just now, when he should be care free, he has shouldered this enormous burden upon himself."

"He doesn't seem to stagger under it."

"No, but he will some day; some day when he has grown up and reaches out for the thing he desires most. Then he will discover that unseen wall, that impassable thing that has been reared between the races, and —it is terrible, Merton, for he will not have deserved it."

But Wen-dah-ban did not suspect the presence of that unseen wall. His quick, eager feet were taking him up the white man's ladder and his faith in the white man's judgment when he reached the top made so subtle an appeal to the heart of Evelyn Layard she was rushed into a recognition of his viewpoint despite the warnings of her husband.

"He's different, Merton!" she protested. "If he fails it will be our fault and not his. I know how you feel about half-breeds, but Wen-dah-ban is the exception."

Merton smiled in indulgence of a faith that had persisted despite years of disillusionment.

"I know," he answered. "The boy gets you. He did me, too, that first morning in the trade shop. But don't count too much on it. Remember that you're building castles on the foundation of an unknown father."

"But that's only another reason," Evelyn replied. "Whoever the man was, he's given the boy something, something even stronger than Nee-tah-wee-gan's influence. I don't mean just honesty. Many Indians have that. I mean in integrity of character, a sense of right that he must live up to not because he wants to please us but because there's something in him that compels it.

"That," and her voice softened as she turned her tear dimmed eyes away, "is why I want to help him, to make up to him now while I can for the sorrows and struggles that will come."

It was to this warm hearted champion that Wen-dah-ban came one day in early winter. Evelyn had already arranged that he was to remain at the fort and Pe-tah-bo had gone back to his wigwam and Nee-tah-wee-gan long before.

"I am called Wen-dah-ban," he began seriously. "It means 'coming dawn,' that it was then I was born. But it is an Indian name and I am not an Indian. I must have a white man's name."

There was something so confident and yet so pitiful in the request, something so expressive of his whole life's problem, Evelyn turned away to hide the quick tears. She saw him not only as a nameless, raceless, kinless waif but as one destined to go on through life without contrasts, belonging neither to one world nor to the other, with nothing behind him, nothing in front.

"He [illegible] of [illegible]," she [illegible]

"I don't know the white men's names, only Mr. Layard and the 'big trader's.' Indian names are not like them. They are names of things. Pe-tah-bo's means ice water. White men's names are real names. They mean something and the children have names before they are born because they have their fathers.'"

"And you—you have never heard your father's name?"

It was the first time Evelyn had ever mentioned the subject to him, but he was not embarrassed.

"Nee-tah-wee-gan keeps silent," he answered simply. "Pe-tah-bo often asked her. It made her angry and she would shout at him and she always said that she would never tell. So I cannot have my father's name."

Again the tears came, but she winked them back furiously.

"Wen-dah-ban," she said in a choked voice, "you shall have a name. You shall have my father's. I have always loved it. I think it is a beautiful name. Donald Norton. Do you like it?"

She did not tie strings to her gift. She did not tell him her father had been a good man and urge him to be worthy of the name. It had come from her warm, compassionate heart, and, although he did not understand its significance he did sense the generous impulse and respond to it.

"You are very good to me," he said. "I like Donald Norton."

Unconsciously he had reached forth a hand. Never before had tenderness come so close. He felt it all around, suffocating and entrancing, and then suddenly Evelyn had thrown her arms about him and strained him close. He felt a kiss on his cheek and then each cheek was wet.

He had never been kissed before. Not since infancy had he wept. In sudden confusion he dug his fists into his eyes and turned quickly away.

Before the winter was over Merton Layard began to share his wife's viewpoint. Wen-dah-ban, or Donald, as he was now called, made an appeal to the fur trader just as surely, though in a different way, as he did to Evelyn. The woman's heart had been touched by the pitiful, lonely figure, the man's by the youngster's courage and determination. He shared in the work of instruction and in the pleasure it gave, and when spring came he was as firm a champion of the boy as Evelyn.

In June the hunters arrived and among them was Pe-tah-bo. The big, good natured Indian clucked in amazement when he saw Donald.

"You dreamed true," he said, and there was a note of awe in his voice. "You are a white man."

Then his eyes danced and his mouth widened in a grin.

"Nee-tah-wee-gan is here," he said. "When she sees you she will be like a lynx in a trap."

But Nee-tah-wee-gan did not come near the fort for several days. She was camped far down the shore and did not visit the other Indians, practically none of whom she had seen for fifteen years. And then one noon when Donald came out of the trade shop he found her huddled against the white-washed walls.

"*Keen nish-e-nabe!*" she hissed. "You are an Indian.

"*Kah-win!*" he retorted.

"So! You think you are a white man?"

"Yes," Donald answered confidently. "It is as I dreamed. I am learning to become one of them."

"You?" she burst forth, scornfully, the word "*keen*" lending itself to the derision of her shrill voice. "You!" One of them! It is easier for an Indian to make his canoe fly like a bird than to become a white man. You do not know the white man. He will let you work, save like a dog, learn his ways, and then, when your back is turned, he laughs at you.

"He will take our women, but he will never take our children. Often have I heard the white man say, 'One drop of red blood and all is red.' You think I do not know? My father was white, and he left me and my mother and returned to his own country. Do you think the blood of such a man has made you white?"

"But my father——" Donald began.

Nee-tah-wee-gan's shrill laughter stopped him.

"Your father!" she gloated. "How you wish you knew! But you never will. You are the son of Nee-tah-wee-gan. That is all you know, and it is all they care. Some day they will tell you so and send you back to your own people.

"Fool! Work for them. Listen to their lies when they say they are making you one of them. Some day you will learn the truth." She had begun her tirade in the shrill voice he remembered so well, venomous and bitter and unrelenting, but now her tone changed. Her black eyes fastened upon him, and into her tone came some of the solemnity of a prophecy or a curse.

"Go!" she cried. "Go and find that it is as I tell you! Now you are a child and it is easy to deceive you, but when you are a man and would take one of their women you will learn that it is as I say. Go put wings on your canoe and ride in the clouds and say you are a white man, but some day they will say to you what I say now, 'You are an Indian.'"

She repeated the last words, "*Keen nish-e-nabe,*" gloatingly, as though the sound of them were a source of infinite pleasure, and then drew her shawl about her head. The boy, more awed and shaken than he had ever been before, stumbled away toward the dwelling house.

After that Nee-tah-wee-gan came to the fort each day. She rarely spoke to any one, but would squat in front of the trade shop and watch for Donald as he went about his daily tasks. Sooner or later he would have to pass her, and always she would hiss the words, low and venomous:

"*Keen nish-e-nabe.*"

Never during that summer was he permitted to forget it. "You are an Indian!" was dinned into his ears constantly. Each night when he went to bed he remembered it. Each morning when he arose he dreaded it. Indians and employés of the fort heard it and always laughed, for their greatest amusement is derived from torture and ridicule, but Nee-tah-wee-gan was careful never to let the Layards hear her.

And then one day Janet, walking softly in her moccasins, came up behind the Indian woman as Donald was passing.

"*Keen nish-e-nabe!*" Nee-tah-wee-gan hissed.

"*Kah-win!*" the little girl cried angrily in Ojibway. "Wen-dah-ban *kah-win nish-e-nabe!* You are a mean old woman to say such a thing. You can't be his mother or you wouldn't be so cruel to him."

Nee-tah-wee-gan spat contemptuously on the ground near Janet's feet.

"Wen-dah-ban is an Indian," she repeated, coldly. "Some day you will remember what I have told you."

She pulled her shawl about her head, and Janet ran in search of her father. Merton set a trap for the woman and heard one of her vitriolic tirades. Without speaking to the boy about it, he ordered Nee-tah-wee-gan to keep away from the vicinity of the fort. The next summer she did not come to Kenogami with Pe-tah-bo.

Four wonderful years followed for Donald. Kenogami was a small world, an infinitesimal world isolated by the great distances, twisting waterways, and long water trails of the north, and in that world the boy won a place. Some months in him conquered the inevitable feeling of race superiority, conquered British aloofness and the precedents of fur land because it had conquered the hearts of the Layards.

Yet the entering wedge had ceased to be a factor. The woman's heart was no longer touched by a pitiful, lonely figure or the man's by a boy's courage and determination. In himself alone, without the background of the wigwam of Nee-tah-wee-gan, there was something magnetic and lovable. In the warmth and understanding of the Layard home he quickly shed the dwarfing effects of his boyhood and expanded in a startling and agreeable manner.

"I'm going to leave that boy in charge of the outpost at Wabinosh this fall," Merton told Duncan Mactavish, the district manager, one summer. "He's only nineteen, but he's the best man for the place, now that old Finlayson has taken a pension. And look at this list of books he wants me to bring him from the district library."

The old Scotchman, who had spent half a century in fur land, glanced over the sheet.

"On the strength of that alone I would say you are making a mistake," he commented. "He wants a college, not an outpost. But give him the place."

Donald's work at Wabinosh confirmed Merton's judgement. He took in a record amount of fur and kept the books in better shape than any predecessor.

"I'm taking Donald to Fort Bruce this summer," Merton told Evelyn. "The boy's a born fur trader, and I think Mactavish will give him a contract as a post manager."

But he was mistaken in believing he had an ally in the kindly old district manager, himself the father of two half-breed boys who had long before been post managers. Mactavish displayed a dismaying lack of enthusiasm.

"Huh!" he grunted as he glanced over the reports Merton placed before him. "He hasn't lost the smoke smell yet. Send him back to Wabinosh for another year."

"But don't you see?" Merton protested. "He's earned something better. The boy's made good."

"In one season? It takes more than a snowbird to make a winter in the north country."

It was hard for Merton to carry this news to Donald, but the boy accepted the district manager's decision with only a curious tightening of his lips.

"Never mind," and Merton laid a kindly hand on his shoulder. "There's an old saying that the slower the climb the surer the step, and when you have once convinced Duncan Mactavish you'll have a friend for life."

But Evelyn was open in her denunciation of the district manager's action when she ran down to the shore to meet them and to hear what she had fully expected would be good news.

"To Wabinosh another year!" she exclaimed angrily. "It's a shame! I'd like to tell him so myself. Donald, you deserved something better."

"Perhaps," and the youth's smile proved that he had triumphed over any disappointment he may have felt, "but I'm young and there's plenty of time to give Mr. Mactavish the proof he seems to want."

It was in this spirit that he started to the tiny outpost which had seemed like a kingdom to him only the year before. He arrived to find the caretaker hysterical with momentous news and a free trader erecting a post a quarter of a mile from the Hudson Bay establishment.

In the century and a half of its existence Fort Kenogami had never known opposition. Isolated in that vast territory to the south and west of Hudson bay, separated by hundreds of miles of difficult waterways from railhead or sea, it had been too impregnable a redoubt for free traders to attack.

Gradually but surely, ever since the days when it relinquished its monopoly, the Hudson Bay company has been forced to admit the presence of these outlanders. It has fought them and it still fights them with the fervor of religious fanaticism and the pride and strength of an ancient feudalism that refuses to die, but today the north is dotted with twin posts and crossed by twin lines of commerce.

In this half century of bitter struggle Kenogami was one of the few posts that had remained aloof from warfare. Free traders had looked upon it greedily, but none had dared carry the fight to so inaccessible a spot. The great company began to believe it invulnerable, and all its servants spoke with pride of this stronghold of the olden days.

Donald Norton's sole world had been Kenogami and the Hudson's Bay company. His fourteen years in a wigwam had given him the impression there was no other world. The Ojibwa's name for the Hudson bay is "that to which we owe thanks." His association with the Layards had magnified the impression from which that name had originated and thus a devotion to the service had been bred in him since the beginning. In addition he had made success in that service his goal, the highest he knew.

Donald threw himself into the struggle with the fervor of a neophyte but with a clearness of vision that permitted him to grasp the essentials of the situation. Though his desire was to attack, he saw that in reality he must defend. The Hudson bay had everything. To insure victory he need only maintain that position, keep the opposition from getting anything, and along these lines he planned his campaign.

Almost immediately a new element entered the situation. The day after his arrival at Wabinosh Nee-tah-wee-gan appeared in the trade shop.

"I have come to watch Wen-dah-ban, my son, try to be a white man," she announced contemptuously.

Donald knew that not only would Mactavish and Layard disapprove of her living at the outpost but he distrusted her. He had never been able to understand her attitude toward him and since he had left her home he had sensed a deeply hidden cause for hostility.

Despite her protests and denunciation he insisted that she erect her wigwam outside the clearing. He agreed, however, to supply her with rations from his own scanty store, though he knew it meant he would be forced to subsist largely on fish and rabbits through the winter.

When Nee-tah-wee-gan saw that he was adamant she obeyed with a sudden submissiveness that would have aroused his suspicions had he not been so occupied with the free trader.

But if Nee-tah-wee-gan had any idea of undermining her son's efforts by helping the opposition she was given little opportunity. The skill and foresight with which Donald conducted his campaign quickly made themselves felt. Before the hunters departed for their winter camps the Keewatin Trading company's fate was decided. In February William Bawlf, manager of the sporadic enterprise, abandoned the attempt.

"How about this free trader at Wabinosh?" Duncan Mactavish demanded when Merton and Donald arrived at Fort Bruce the next summer.

"How did you know he was there?" Merton countered. "I didn't know it myself until he had gone."

"Never mind that. When did he start work?"

"Early in September," Donald answered. "He had two buildings nearly done when I got there."

"Why didn't you send word to Layard?"

"There wasn't time for him to reach Wabinosh before the hunters would be outfitted and gone."

"What did you do?"

"Bawlf had a large part of his trading outfit cached a hundred miles south. I hired all the hunters at increased wages and set them to fishing. When Bawlf wanted to bring in his caché he couldn't get any one to work for him."

"By what right did you raise wages?"

"It was better to spend a few dollars that way than to lose several thousand dollars worth of fur later."

"But why didn't you put them at work on something away from the post?" Mactavish persisted. "Then this free trader couldn't influence them."

"But I wanted the fish."

"Why?"

"It was the seventh year. I knew rabbits would be scarce and there would be starving times before spring."

"Huh! Then what?"

"In January the hunters began bringing their families to the post. There was nothing to eat in the bush—no rabbits. I fed the women and children on the fish I had put up in the fall, outfitted the men with flour and pork, and sent them back to hunt."

"Dug into your year's reserve supply, eh? Don't you know that is against my express orders?

"Yes," Donald answered, "but I knew that before spring we would be able to buy a trading outfit at our own price."

"Huh!" Mactavish growled. "I want you to understand, young man, that regulations are to be obeyed."

"I understood that I was there to get the fur."

Mactavish glared at him, and when Mactavish glared post managers long in the service began to tremble. But the glare suddenly turned into a grin.

"That's all now," the old Scotchman said. "Come in this afternoon and I'll have a new contract drawn up for you to sign. And get ready to go out with the Whitefish Lake brigade. There's a free trader out there, the same company, I'd like to see you try your hand at."

"You mean——" Donald stammered.

"I mean you're to be manager of Whitefish Lake post. MacKar has been there three years and he's losing ground. But run along now. There's a few things I want to talk over with Layard."

"Look here!" Merton exclaimed when Donald had gone. "You knew last summer that the Keewatin company was going to make a try at Wabinosh."

Mactavish grinned.

"Well, you tested him out! I told you he had the right stuff in him."

"You have to prove everything, though. The boy is going to make a great fur man. You couldn't have handled that situation any better yourself."

Merton laughed, happily, exultantly, and then he suddenly became serious.

"Evelyn and I will miss him," he said, slowly. "He has been like one of the family for years now. And next summer Janet goes out to school."

"I know how you feel," Mactavish said, gently, "and both of you can be proud of what you've done. But be careful. Remember Kipling's poem, 'Don't throw your heart to a dog to tear.'"

"You don't mean——" Merton began, indignantly.

"I don't mean Norton is a dog, by any means. But don't forget his history, and his mother."

"That's nonsense. Donald's white clear through. I'd trust him anywhere. He's the exception."

"I've lived in the north country fifty years, lad, and there are no exceptions. And I say it remembering that I'm the father of two sons whose mother was born and bred in a wigwam. Some day, in some way—but wait and watch. He'll make a great fur trader, a servant the company can be proud of, but he's hitched his wagon to too high a star."

"You can believe that if you want to," Merton said. "I won't. I know Donald too well. But don't ever say anything to him that suggests such a thing. The Keewatin man did."

"Eh? What's this? Norton didn't say anything about it to me."

"Nor to me, either. I learned it from the people at Wabinosh. Bawlf called him a half-breed before a crowd of Indians, and Donald licked him."

"Before the hunters, eh? That explains it. That's what gave him the prestige. There was a psychological element in that, an advantage he was quick to seize. He's a bright one, all right. He was thinking all the time. He even turned the off year for rabbits into an advantage."

"And he never lost sight of the main thing," Merton added. "Although he took care of his people—kept them from starving—he never let the men quit hunting. The fur receipts were only a little less than normal, which is saying a good deal for the seventh year.

"But you're wrong when you say he fought to impress the Indians. It was resentment. He says he is a white man and he intends to be. He fought like a white man, too, standing up and using his fists. I wish I had seen it."

"None of which weighs in the end against the fact that Nee-tah-wee-gan is his mother," Mactavish said. "Her father, I remember, was the only factor I have known who was run out of the service because he was naturally bad, a rotter all the way through—a mean, ugly man, cruel as an Indian."

"But if you believe so thoroughly in bad blood you must admit there is something in good," Merton declared, hotly. "The boy's father must have been some one; must have had something that he passed on."

"I have been wondering about his father ever since I saw him last summer," Mactavish answered. "There is something about the lad's face that is familiar, though I can't place him. He wasn't born at Kenogami, you know, but at Fort James. I remember, because it was the year the dwelling house there burned and John Corrigal's wife and baby died in the fire."

"You don't think it was Corrigal?"

"The boy doesn't look like him. Besides John had been married a year and a half and he was badly smitten. Wonderful little woman, Mrs. Corrigal. She came over as a governess, but forgot her contract two weeks after she and John met here. John was a broken man after the fire. He was away at the time, and as soon as he returned he came on to Fort Bruce and got a transfer to the Saskatchewan district. He's been out there ever since, and a better fur trader never lived."

"There's something queer about old Nee-tah-wee-gan," Merton said. "She hates white people. I think she must hate the boy. And you know how the Indian women gossip. I heard once that Corrigal was interested in Nee-tah-wee-gan when she was in the mission here."

"O, that!" Mactavish answered. "I remember it. John was, like all of us get, just plain home hungry, and Nee-tah-wee-gan was young and pretty. He forgot her completely as soon as the governess appeared."

"But didn't Nee-tah-wee-gan follow him to Fort James?"

"Yes, but as the wife of a half-breed trapper there who had come out with the brigade. After the fire she left him and later showed up at Kenogami.

"But quit worrying about the boy, Merton. I like him. He's got good stuff in him, and he's going to make a competent servant of the company. I'm giving him a good start and I'll look after him. Still, you and Evelyn must not build your hopes too high. I've spent fifty years in the north country, and, while white hasn't always been white, by no means, red has always been red."

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[To be continued.]

"Keen nish-e-nabe!" she hissed. "You are an Indian."

Jeritza Tells How to Sing in Grand Opera

"You Must Have a Big Voice and Good Health," Says Famous Prima Donna in Message to Vocal Miss America—The Poor Little Cinderellas Who Would Have the Diva for Godmother

The girl who succeeds in grand opera must have the physique of an athlete and be almost devoid of nerves in the physiological sense, says Jeritza. "You must sing like a bull. It is true. Your voice must be so big, so loud, that to hear it close at hand is to be frightened"

BEHIND a stack of mail perhaps a foot and a half high, piled in disorderly carefulness on a wide desk, there shone a curly mass of yellow hair and a pair of extremely limpid and sparkling blue eyes. They were eyes as blue as gentians and as clear as crystal.

The yellow head nodded gaily. A gaily informal smile lighted the eyes. The lady rose and drew herself to her full height, which—if you are interested in details—is nearly six feet. She shook hands with surprising vigor, so that one's fingers tingled after it. Then she dropped into her chair again, a highly attractive blonde in a simple, dark serge frock, and looked just as interested in other people, just as unaware of her own importance, as if she had been one of the chorus instead of the principal star at the Metropolitan Opera House. In fact, looked much more unaware of her own importance.

And this is Jeritza, the great singer who has recently attracted attention to herself by offering to develop voices of American girls.

It was a half rueful Jeritza, however. She cocked one beautifully molded dark eyebrow at the pile of letters and fetched a sigh as deep as any Tosca's. "You see?" she asked with lovely pathos. "There are millions of girls in the United States. Hundreds of thousands want to be singers. And—" a well shaped, large hand indicated the letters—"thousands of them write to me about it. Truly, it is too much. I have not time to answer them all. And only here or there is one worth while for training. There cannot be a scholarship for every one."

SCHOLARSHIP. She had spoken the magic word that had unloosed this torrent of mail which seemed likely to overwhelm not merely the desk but the whole Jeritza suite at a New York hotel. Since the prima donna established her scholarship for the training of an American girl with a probable grand opera voice, and particularly since she selected the girl in the person of Susan Steell, of New York City, every young singer in the country has written to ask for advice or a hearing.

"But they do not understand," Jeritza explained, "that no more girls will be chosen until Susan Steell's voice has been thoroughly tried out. I do not intend to select another candidate until this one is well launched. It makes mo feel bad to be unable to help them all. But how is that possible? It is not possible, not in the least."

Nor is it impossible only because not even a Jeritza can possess the Midas touch necessary to present a scholarship to every hopeful. It is impossible also because not every hopeful has a voice on which hope can be legitimately based.

"Some can be artists, some writers, some singers in grand opera," Jeritza proceeded. "First of all a girl must possess the grand opera voice. There are so many kinds of voices. In the past year I have heard many—I do not now recall how many, but many dozen—candidates for the scholarship sing to me here. Some had strong voices, but not sweet. Some had such sweet voices, but so little, so little—"

The Jeritza finger and thumb took, perhaps, half an inch of air in its grasp and moved sidewise in a vivid gesture, which evoked in imagination one of those clear, pretty, flute-like voices you hear in a country choir.

"A VOICE," Jeritza went on, "which would be very well in the drawing-room. But at the first crash of 'Tannhaeuser,' for example, where would that sweet little voice find itself? How would it sing above the horns, the violins, the drums?"

A flash of perfect teeth, another lift of the eyebrow, and—pouf! The sweet little voice was gone.

"For grand opera," said Jeritza, "you must sing like a bull. It is true. Your voice must bo so big, so loud, that to hear it close at hand is to be frightened. For grand opera you must have the big voice—and good health. It requires great physical strength and great strength of nerves merely to sing for an evening in such a large, loud voice. You must not breathe bad air. You must not have a bad stomach. You must do nothing to hurt the voice, such as smoking. Always you must be as careful and as fit as—a prizefighter.

"Well, and after the possession of such a voice, and the good health which must go with it, you must have a good teacher with a good method. This is of great importance. A poor teacher can ruin a splendid voice in a few weeks. Sometimes the ruined voice can be repaired by careful training later. Sometimes it is ruined forever.

"For the first year of training, a girl—if she aims for grand opera, at least—should not even sing songs. Of course, most girls want to sing songs right away, and it is hard not to do so. But it is important not to strain the voice in any way. Even more than the pupil, the best teachers are careful of this point."

The best teachers number in their ranks none more famous than Mme. Blanche Marchesi, under whose instruction in Paris Susan Steell will be placed by the terms of the scholarship. Mme. Marchesi, the daughter of that other Mme. Marchesi who in bygone days taught Melba, Eames and Calve, is, as it happens, Jeritza's mother-in-law. Jeritza's husband is Baron Popper, a Viennese banker.

"Granted," continued Jeritza, "that you have the big voice, good health and the right teacher, the next thing necessary is to be willing to work. Work, work and practice! Hours and hours every day.

"Finally, if you are aiming for grand opera, you must be young. You might, perhaps, sing at fifteen. Twenty-seven or twenty-eight is getting old, if you wish to be a prima donna. And thirty is too old."

There was some discussion about voices. Does climate affect them, for example? Jeritza was inclined to think perhaps it did. Italians, for instance, seem to take naturally to singing. So do people farther east and to the northward; the Austrians, the Czechs. Jeritza herself was born in Czecho-Slovakia, of Moravian parents. She sang first in light opera, turned down offers of roles on the stage and concentrated on her big ambition, to sing in grand opera. At first, in Vienna, she had little success. But study, practice and at last the influence of discerning and artistic members of the nobility won the proper hearing for that superb voice.

Perhaps it is because she practiced so much and worked so hard that Jeritza is so unspoiled by the success which came at last. She is emphatic on the subject of success and what is vulgarly known as swelled head.

"If a singer allows herself to become spoiled," she declared, "she is lost. This is true above all of the young singer."

Saying which, she left the room—not "sweeping" out of it—with another of those gay and unspoiled smiles. And in a minute you heard her at her singing lesson. No, indeed; Jeritza does not feel that she has reached a point where there is nothing more to learn.

So you turn to the other side of the picture. And the other side is Susan Steell. Unaffected, with features attractive yet strong, her coloring is the exact opposite of the blonde Moravian's. Susan Steell's ancestry is Scotch and English. Her hair is the blue-black found often in Spain and sometimes in Scotland, and her eyes are a dark, rich brown. Though she has her merry moods, it is usually a serious young woman who surveys the world, determined to conquer it by the power and beauty of a very fine lyric soprano.

A strange coincidence is her height. It is nearly six feet and only an inch or so less than that of Jeritza herself.

For two generations her people have lived in this country, her mother's family in the West, her father's in the East. Miss Steell was born in New York City nineteen years ago in the charming old Chelsea district, where her father, a writer for magazines and newspapers, owned one of the quaint and comfortable homes. The district began to grow more quaint than comfortable and when his daughter was three years old Willis Steell moved his family into a house uptown.

They have a place at Islip, Long Island, where Susan has usually spent her summers. Here she golfs, rides horseback and takes prizes in swimming contests, conducting herself like a regular American girl, though not the sort which froths up into the flapper type. She might seem almost too serious, were it not for the glint of humor which quickens those big, brown eyes.

A large voice, true and sweet. Bounding health. Youth. And, thanks to Jeritza, an unsurpassed singing teacher. Susan Steell seems to have all the attributes which a future grand-opera singer needs.

She has something more than some of the opera stars have had. Hers has not been a childhood spent in poverty and struggle. While still a youngster she was taken abroad and spent some years in a private school at Fontainebleau, outside Paris. She has made frequent enough trips abroad so that she speaks French, Russian and Italian fluently and has a cosmopolitan outlook.

It would be more picturesque, of course, if Jeritza had chosen some fruit-shop salesgirl from the East Side; some girl with nothing but youth and a marvelous voice. But it so happens that Jeritza was not trying to do anything picturesque. And it so happens that of the hundred and more girls whose voices Jeritza tested in the last year, Susan Steell was the only one whose voice seemed to Jeritza worthy of grand-opera training.

"Not that I'm in grand opera yet," Susan Steell says, modestly enough. "It all depends, you see, on how my voice turns out.

"I was more astonished than any one else when they told me that I had been selected for the scholarship. You see, I had no idea that Mme. Jeritza was testing my voice. I had never heard that she had a scholarship in mind. My parents hadn't thought about a singing career for me. They thought—oh, the usual things. That I'd marry some nice man and settle down and perhaps sing now and then in the parlor—"

SUSAN STEELL admitted that she had sometimes hoped for a bit more of a career. Concerts, anyway. To gain experience in stage presence she had even taken a part in "The Insect Comedy"—a play whose name was changed later to "The World We Live In"—which enjoyed a recent success on Broadway. Susan Steell played the part of the only woman human being in the cast. It was not, of course, a role which required any singing.

A year earlier, when Jeritza gained her first New York success and every one was acclaiming the passion with which she sang the famous "Vissi d'arte," from "Tosca," Susan Steell met the prima donna at one of the rare social events which Jeritza attended. "You sing?" Jeritza asked the girl, struck, perhaps, by the timbre of her speaking voice.

"A little," the girl admitted.

"You must sing for me some time," Jeritza said. And passed on, leaving a girl tremulous with delight, but not at all certain the prima donna meant anything more than pleasant courtesy.

Last fall Susan Steell went to the opera, heard Jeritza in "Thais," and ventured to send her some roses and a brief, congratulatory note. Jeritza sent back an invitation to come to her dressing-room. When the girl arrived—

"But you were going to sing for me," Jeritza reminded her; "shall it be on the 7th of January, at 11:30 in the forenoon?"

It was.

Without any knowledge of an impending scholarship—"I'd have been even more terrified," Susan Steell confessed—and without any knowledge of the ninety and nine candidates who had preceded her, the American girl became unwittingly a candidate herself. She sang a Scotch ballad or two, a bit from an Italian opera, a Russian song.

ENDING the Russian song, she turned to find tears on the accompanist's face, tears on Jeritza's face.

"Did I sing so badly?" inquired Susan Steell, with the humorous glint in her eyes.

Jeritza placed those finely chiseled, large hands on the shoulders that were almost level with her own. "Your voice makes me feel so warm, so warm!" she cried. And then: "It is here. The search is done. This is the voice."

And that's how it happens Susan Steell, with her mother, is sailing within a few months for Paris. For Paris and Marchesi and work, work, work. And for whether failure or success depends on Marchesi and Susan and the fates who have vocal cords in their own jealous keeping.

Jeritza in one of her favorite characters, Salome, in which she has won high praise from both critics and public

From the sturdy stock of Scotland and England springs this newest candidate for diva honors and her hair is the blue black sometimes found in the Highlands and her eyes are a soft warm brown. Physically Miss Susan Steell is almost Jeritza's equal, being only about one inch shorter

Thousands have seen the grand opera star in costume, but few would know her garbed for the street but for her smile

A Mix-Up

A SOUTHERN representative in Congress received from a constituent, a worthy man who lives near the levees of the Mississippi, a letter stating that he was coming to Washington in a short time, and would be glad to have the Congressman arrange it so that he "might go to the President's melee on New Year's."

"When he arrived," says the Congressman, "I ventured to ask why he had called the President's reception a melee."

"Well, you see," he explained, "levee is such a common, ornery sort of word down our way that I couldn't bring myself to use it in connection with such an event as the President's reception. Melee was about the nearest French word that I could think of."

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Where Are We Going Next in Freak Dress?

Modern Society and the Stage Vie for Honors in Extreme Costumes More Bizarre Than Anything the World Ever Has Known

As "Gold" in the pageant "Summer's Court," given recently in Washington, Mrs. Sylvanus Stokes, Jr. appeared in this gorgeous costume strangely suggestive of cobweb in its filmy iridescence

This is another costume for which a bird furnished the motif. The magnificent plumes of the ostrich give it luxurious softness and pearls lend their pale splendor to the gorgeous picture

A peacock, or maybe a bird of paradise, was the inspiration for this dress—well not exactly dress, but certainly it is a costume —which was worn by a Russian actress

Styles which gladdened the eye of King Tutenkhamun, dead these 4000 years, bloom again in this costume the designs on which were hand painted

NO DOUBT the flapper of 1963 will go to the Charity Ball of her year and day costumed as a violet ray or—a kiss germ. While her taxi-plane mounts up a national debt outside the window, she will rush up to the long mirror in the sitting room for a last peek.

And the flapper's grandmother, gently manipulating a time-weathered radio, will shake her head sadly and sigh for the good old days when feathers and pearls and a good piece of silk were good enough to send joy to the heart of any girl.

"They had no such 'highfalutin' ideas about clothes in my day," the grandmother of 1963 will say to her granddaughter. And, sighing once more, she will wash her hands of the whole affair, and, in resignation, tune in for a little nightly visit with her sister, Hattie, in Indiana.

From the gentle rocking-chairs of 1963, the costume which called itself the ostrich and the oyster in the early twenties may seem like the Rational Dress Reform itself. The King Tutenkhamun period the second, with its cloth of gold and purple, its scarabs and eyes of a Pharaoh, may appear like nothing so much as a modest little epoch when it was possible to dress well, pay the insurance and still put something in the bank.

Husbands of the early twenties, however, facing the Eastern dress drive, today think otherwise. They are addicted to low whistles. They say "whew!"

NOT only have they to reach down into their pockets, so that wives and daughters may look like models reminiscent of a Luxor 1000 B. C. fashion parade, but all outdoors now looks as though it might be about to become simply a snare and a delusion. A bird, for instance, in the springtime used to be just a bird. You listened to him, felt spring in your heart and all that. The bookkeeper had tonsillitis, the flivver had blown a shoe, but the world looked pretty good.

Now the designers have got hold of the birds.

Big birds. Little birds. Ones that haunt the sun-kissed beaches of California and others that hop cheerily and brightly from bough to bough in Pennsylvania.

Meet, if you will, the long-tailed humming-bird. A certain young debutante of Chicago caused a sensation in a ballroom not so many nights ago by darting in among the dancers as what? As a long-tailed humming-bird! The upper parts of this beautiful little creature were glossed in gold, the wings purple and its tail black, with a steel-blue reflection. A tiny black cap sprinkled with diamond dewdrops completed the illusion.

Hear, then, of the ostrich and the oyster. No oyster peacefully reflecting away his years on his acres at the bottom of the Chesapeake, and no ostrich given to thoughtfully burying his head in the sand at odd moments, probably ever dreamed he would be the inspiration of a gown worn by a film star, and worn so effectively and daringly in a recent contest that she won a prize. The skirt was made completely of ostrich feathers. The bodice (after thinking carefully, the writer can think of no name save bodice)—well, anyway, the bodice was made of pearls. Hence, the affinity to the oyster.

A gown appeared in the window of a New York shop the other day markedly reminiscent of a peaceful afternoon on Long Island Sound. Gray silk, it was, with wing-like sleeves that showed gentle streaks of white in their folds. The gull frock it was simply and correctly named.

But that isn't all!

Time was when a man could go out for a walk of a Sunday and simply and kind-heartedly step out of the way of an ant, or three or four hundred ants, and that was all there was to it. A mosquito might be killed, or one might attempt the killing and let it go at that.

Now the designers have got hold of the insects!

All of New York's Bohemia went to the Greenwich Village ball dressed up as bugs.

At the annual silk show in the metropolitan city the girls appeared as butterflies, water bugs and various inmates of the insect world.

To be sure, husbands need not fear wives will go down Fifth avenue or Michigan Boulevard in the bifurcated versions that whirled around in Webster Hall, but look out for the glitter of a black-beaded June bug that will appear on some brunette lady's yellow georgette frock. Beware of the batik thousand-legger. Keep your eyes open for the hand-embroidered blue darning needle that used of yore to sit so harmlessly on the end of your fishing rod, O husband.

For these and other glittering incidentals are what make their way with King Tutenkhamun into that statement which reads:

This year's gowns are to be shorter, wider, more colorful and about three times more expensive.

NEVER in many a decade has there been such elaborateness, such Babylonian riot of color, such extravagant magnificence in clothes. And sadder news still, never has the interest of women in clothes been more keen.

In Paris portly dowagers are grouped portentously around little tables at the dress soirees where sweet-faced young models parade about in $800 dance frocks to be worn, at most, twice.

From England comes the news that there is in progress a race between the women of the stage and those of fashionable society to see who can dress with the most reckless regard, both of expense and, alas!—modesty. Truly it seems that the epigram coined recently by a New York artist sits well on the season. A woman, said he sagely, would rather take a chance on the hereafter than be out of fashion.

Close on the heels of this news comes some more, perhaps more fraught with disaster for a man's pocketbook than any that has appeared for many a day. From the Cannes Fetes, on the Riviera, that classic event in the fashion world, goes forth the mandate that hereafter a woman's frock shall be judged not wholly on design, not wholly on color, but on the quality of material used.

The alarm lest ladies caught wearing less than the regulation number of threads to the acre should be refused admission to the festivities by hard-faced scientists stationed at the door with microscopes and steam calculators had hardly died down when a rumor ran like wildfire along the Corniche road from Monte Carlo to Marseilles that the Riviera censors had issued a fresh ukase. It was whispered among excited feminine groups in the gilded salons of the Promenade des Anglais that the Carnival Committee also intended to concern itself with what their fair guests wear under the statutory silks and satins—a suspicion of what may appropriately be called "threadbareness" having existed on some previous occasions. After that discussion the committee decided to be satisfied with the knowledge that, as Kipling puts it, "The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their"—silks.

BUT it is not the ladies alone who have been affected by the silk order issued in Nice. To the men also went out the mandate that they must wear a Spanish cloak over their evening clothes and this must be lined with a silk of exactly the right silkiness.

It would be rather hard lines if Nice set an example in her quality requirements for all the other carnivals of the world. What effect, for instance, would such a mandate have on the Mummers' Parade in Philadelphia or the Mardi Gras in New Orleans?

In 1827 there appeared in Paris for the first time a giraffe. Everybody went to see him and straightway there appeared dresses a la giraffe, bonnet and sashes a la giraffe. "Hocus's last breath" (the name of a companion who had died) became a popular song.

And a need for shelter is all very well. But surely it was not a desire for protection from the elements alone that caused the ladies of France in 1778 to wear on their heads a scaffolding of gauze, flowers and feathers to such a height that no carriage could be found lofty enough for their accommodation. The ladies had to put their heads out the windows or kneel on the floor en route to the theatre to save their coiffure. And when they got there all sorts of complaints were back to the management because no one could see over anybody else.

And what were the names of the colors in vogue at that moment?

"Stifled sigh," "unfulfilled wish," "dim vapors."

On the heels of these in 1830 came "the amorous toad," "frightened mouse," "spider meditating crime."

O husbands, as we have remarked, pay the bill and say nothing.

One Ounce of Lead

Blue Ribbon Fiction

By Lian Hunt

The Revolver Made the Weasel Emperor of the Castaways for Eleven Weeks; Among His Subjects was the Beautiful Senorita He Coveted.

DOWN there in the turquoise and gold of the South seas, a solitary cocopalm, the last of an overthrown group, rears its plumed helmet majestically into space. Around its upper stem and directly beneath its fringe of foliage is a stout wooden platform, bronzed by storm and warped by the incessant buffeting of trade winds. It stands there on the lonely coral island of Tapaai, like a sentinel forever watching the weird, uncertain moods of the Pacific.

When ships pass—and there are dozens now to one of former years—this vivid landmark with its uncouth wooden ruff excites keen speculation. The passengers themselves are mostly eager venturers lured from half way round the world by the present vogue of the South sea romance bubble. With the rabid eyes of the bubble chaser, therefore, they read only romance in the palm tree's silhouette that reaches upward into the blue enameled dome of sky and downward into the shimmering glaucous mirror of the lagoon. They refer to it glibly as "the Emperor's Tree," "the Tzar's Tower," the "Lookout de Luxe of that king of castaways—Nicholas Vardog."

But aside from this meager data, the Palm remains a mystery. Few know it conceals a secret, deep in the inner ridge of its shackle. A secret stark and grim which has to do with a huddle of bones and an empty revolver red with rust.

Since truth is stranger than fiction, this tale is more than strange. It is unusual. And I, as survivor of the S. S. Valiant—now resting on the globigerina ooze of the sea bottom—and as one time liegeman of the aforesaid emperor of the Palm, claim the privilege of narration—and with it your indulgence.

For it begins with a tropical morning at sea in early April. The trade winds sang in the funnel stays. The sky was blue crystal. The sea a gorgeous sapphire. There was an intermittent pflit-pflitter of flying fish about the bows. Islands green as a tourmaline and edged with pink-white coral sand swam upon our vision through air that flashed the electric blues and greens of whirring dragon flies. And through it all, steadily and ponderously, across the endless plane of the Pacific, the Valiant ploughed her way.

That was at eight bells noon. My fellow passengers, en route to San Francisco, were languidly sprawled on deck chairs, reading, chatting, card playing. Only one was promenading, and that one was Maraquita Farno. But then she was always flitting about, was Maraquita. Extremely young and extremely vivacious, she made me think of twinkling ballads, of fairy music, and of soft moonlit [illegible] wed. Perhaps I was a little [illegible] her without knowing it. For she had that dark opalescent patrician beauty of old Madrid that makes the dusky Tahitian belle, in spite of passion's song, look like the common woods variety of crow.

Unconsciously my eyes followed her, vaguely wondering at the whereabouts of her chaperon. And then my attention was sidetracked. On the meager afterdeck of the crowded second class—which is really steerage in Pacific liners. I was conscious of another pair of eyes gazing up steadily at Maraquita Farno. Round, greedy eyes with hairless lids that stared from the peaked pock marked face of a small scrubby deck lounger. My gorge rose like backwater in a drain.

"Who is that scum?" I asked my friend, Billie Brangwyn, the chap who shared my stateroom.

"Hanged if I know!" came the blurt of indignation. "But I'll soon find out. What's the matter with going down and putting a dent in his brass front?"

But there was no need of it. For even as we threw an impulsive leg over the rail his nemesis appeared in a bit of slapstick comedy. A gross clapper tongued woman with bobbed and hennaed hair and a honey colored sweater burst through the crowd, caught him by the nape, and cuffed him soundly. Not only did the offender whine for mercy, but he broke away and shinned up a post to the very rail we rode, where he sat and wiped his tears on his sleeve.

"Aw—I whist to hell I had a gun!" he whimpered; "I whist to hell!"

It is quite impossible to analyze the unusual and multiplex phases of this mongrel nature. He was an extremist, that much was apparent. Either gorgon or goop, bully or cur. And all the time, as he bunched his anatomy over the rail and curled his toes round the lower bar to preserve his balance, one could see him revolving in the poor contraption of his mind just what he had better do next. He was between the devil of desire and the deep sea of dread. And what he cried for was a gun.

A paradox, if ever there was one. And well might he thank that henna he del[illegible] for keeping him out of the [illegible] life. Even with his clean shaven jaw [illegible] the decent linen suit he wore among the sweating tweed clad crowd who clutter the afterdeck, their mouths wide open, drinking the breeze—even then you could see him, in imagination, boldly pilfering somebody's shaver drawer or dodging the police or slinking down alleys with furtive, fear haunted eyes. He repulsed me so thoroughly that I became interested.

"Now whadda ye reckon she swatted me for?" he sniveled. "What the devil was I doin' to get her nanny that away! Ain't pretty gels made to look at? Ain't I human? I tell you that she and the rest of the world's dead wrong. They think they got me hitched and blindfold and wearin' a nose ring with a chain on, but they ain't. Dammit, they ain't! Jes' gimme a gun onct and I'll show 'em!"

It was altogether absurd, unbelievable. It made me smile even while I frowned. All around me, to starboard and to port, spread the wide panorama of blue sea, with here and there a jewel-green lagoon and lines of surf creaming over the white coral beaches. The little archipelago of Mataloa—two islands boasting a dozen thatched huts on stilts and a common godown heaped with mother of pearl and sacks of vanilla beans, half a dozen reefs and islets, almost awash, and a single atoll, like a wreath of hibiscus flung on the water—lay clear to sight. And the girl, Maraquita Farno, her eyes like fireflies a-twinkle with mischief, stood watching us from the forward deck, in all the charm of elfin youth. Fifty fathoms to port a bamboo raft, with a mat of pandanus leaves for a sail and a silent soot skinned native for navigator, rode the wake of the steamer fearlessly. The golden hush of the South Pacific was lescerated by nothing save the whine of the white-skin, that member of a superior race, and highly superior at that, according to those philosophers who rate the criminal aberration as a form of genius.

"One li'l ounce of lead—what wouldn't it do?" he whined. "Tw'ud give ye what ye want and scatter what ye hate. Get me, ho? Wasn't I born an orphant and never had no chance? Thass why I get it in for things. Thass why I say a gun's the best pal ever. It makes ye a man!"

By this time the loungers on the promenade deck were [illegible] one another from their chairs [illegible] to the dining saloon. The girl Maraquita had already disappeared. And Billie Brangwyn was on his feet, impatient to be gone.

"[illegible] the rail. Joll [illegible] off into the arena. Here comes Henna-nette down [illegible] and she's looking hungry!"

At the ominous approach of the family dictator, round, ruddy, and gliding across the afterdeck like a gayly rigged galleon, propelled by a score of avid human sweeps, our newfound acquaintance took himself hastily from the rail. There was no pretense of ignorance regarding her errand, no question of disobedience to her wordless command. Over and down he went, only to be reprimanded for the wrinkled condition of his linens. Raising his puckered countenance to salute us in parting, he noticed tellta[illegible] signs of amusement among us and [illegible] rage overtook him. He began to wave his fists and to shake them at us in a spasm of fury.

"Laugh, damn ye!" he blubbered. "Laugh like the rest o' the worl'! I got it in for ye! Aha-ha! Aha-ha-ha!"

A big jeweled hand gripped his scrawny shoulder and spun him face about. Meekly he wiped his tears on his sleeve and paddled aft.

As I think back now on that foolish little episode it seems to me that we paid far too dear for our chuckle. Can it be possible in this ultra-civilized first quarter of the twentieth century that a man be not permitted to stretch his risorius muscles and give subdued vent to the tickle in his trachea without failing under the shadow of the Grim Tyrant? Such inhumanity bespeaks the Inquisition, when many a man has died for less. And yet all things are probable on the South Seas—all things from soul salvation to cannibalism.

There was a third member in our group, one Major Frisbet, the moving picture magnate, who laughed more immoderately than the rest of us. He thought he could afford to. "Corking good stuff, I call it!" he guffawed, moving back from the rail to give his big paunch more room to shake in. "If the camera'd been handy we'd had a scream of an act."

"Who is that poor fish?" asked Billie Brangwyn, urging me slyly toward the companionway.

"I believe his leading lady calls him 'Nix'—very apropos, don't you think?" chortled Frisbet. "Much more fitting that 'Old Nick,' surely. His listed name is—let me see!" He plunged a fat hand in an inside pocket and whisked therefrom a tiny notebook, which he opened and read. "His name is Vardog—Nicholas Vardog. Some label! Ha-ar, ha-a-ar!"

Later in the saloon below Frisbet told us more about him. We were sitting together at table and sipping mint juleps of our host's invention. He was a bald-browed, frog-bellied man who sported as many jewels as the khedive of Egypt, ate and drank like a Falstaff, and favored the religion of Tom Walker—that is, he regarded the devil as his chief sponsor, but figured on beating even him in the long run.

"You can't call him human, that Vardog. He's just a flea-bite on the face of Dame Nature! Ha-ar! Ha-a-ar!"

"You mean Dame Vardog," suggested Billie. "But how the deuce did you come to know him?"

"Through *her*, boy, through *her!* On the screen she's known as Dollie Varden. Can ye beat it, ha-ar, ha-a-ar! She's under contract with me for two years—and he's her valet. And believe me, when once I get 'em to Los Angeles they're goin' to work for their pay!" Frisbet's round fist struck the table with a bang that made the glasses shiver and slop. His bright little eyes blazed through puffs of fat. "That Nix is a ninny you can easy kick around when things go wrong. And by all the gods of war I'm going to do the kicking!"

"We believe you, major."

"Some day I'll back him up against the wall and say, 'I understand you're wanting a gun. "One little ounce of lead." I believe was the way you put it. And you cried like a puppy—real, honest to goodness tears—for the little ounce. Very well. I'm a man of generous spirit. Here is the ounce. I will give it to you. Will you have it in the heart or the head—which?'"

"He'll drop dead of fright, major!"

Frisbet rubbed his hands. "Let us hope so. A flea-bite is a superfluity. However, he may survive, and then I'll say, 'Ah, and so you have lost your pet desire? Very well, then. You are ten parts coward to one part crook. Take this gun. Look at me. I am your enemy because I make you work instead of steal. Now kill *me*, and when you have done that, kill *her* because she keeps you straight. And then go forth and kill all those who *stand in your way*. And then, you'll be a *man!*'"

"By Jove, that ought to cure him, major!"

"Kill or cure is my motto, gentlemen! Ha-a-ar, ha-a-ar!"

This was at eight bells noon, as previously mentioned.

At eight bells midnight—an hour which no bell struck—our proud ship, the S. S. Valiant, with nearly every soul aboard her, was humbly sleeping on the sea bottom a thousand fathoms down. Even today our realization of the disaster is dull, indefinite as an evil dream. The Valiant with half her starboard plates gored through by an uncharted reef, lay tilted to one side in a slaty green gloom that would never lift to the gold of daylight. Four lifeboats at least that no one had time to launch lay crushed beneath her. Four others, dragged down in the suck of the foundering, were somewhere or other—only God and the devil of the deep knew where.

And there was I, by some amazing miracle, lying in the dark of an unknown shore to which I had evidently swum with the aid of scattered bits of drift. And beside me two others, a man and a woman, whose rescue was due to the superhuman strength bestowed upon me in that hour of desperate crisis. The woman was Baroness Dulcie, history unknown, and the man Tucker Dreed, a botanist from Idaho, remarkable only for a wispish whisker and a pair of green goggles, the horn frame of which was so firmly imbedded in the bridge of his nose and the cartilage behind his ears that it appeared a part of his anatomy, as if the Creator had built a scaffold while constructing his dome of thought.

These details I had previously observed on shipboard. But I had never spoken to either the man or the woman aside from a casual salutation. And I give you my word, though it shames me to do so, I could never have brought them in alive had I not believed that the two limp figures in my arms were my two best loved friends—by which I mean it would have been physically impossible for me to have reached and maintained that supreme state of desperate endeavor had I not believed my effort tremendously and selfishly worth while. Curiously enough, however, in spite of the overwhelming shock of my discovery, the feeling persisted in me through all the blackness of chaos and night that Billie and Maraquita were alive and somewhere near me, wondering, as I was, where on earth or in the sea they had landed.

"Look at me, nice gel; look at me!"

Billie Brangwyn was a swimmer far stronger than I, and my convictions told me he would find the girl and make shore. He was so very much alive and so very much in love. Why, then, shouldn't he win out? I was possessed of a mad desire to explore the beach. Yet was utterly exhausted when I touched ground and pulled my two survivors free of the surf; in fact, could scarcely muster strength to drag myself to a resting place on dry sand.

Where we might be it was impossible to guess. There were no important stations in this section of the South Pacific, only small clusters of reefs and atolls, with here and there an island of a mile or so in extent. According to the captain's chart which I had studied in the early evening, Tapaai was the name of this unimportant little archipelago. So far as I knew it was unknown and uninhabited. Steamers passed but rarely called, which argued the absence of cargo, therefore of white men.

Stretched upon the invisible sand, wet and weary, in the bogie dark of that terrible night, the three of us waited for the moonrise. We spoke not a word, though the woman sobbed occasionally. We were conscious only of the damp, cool scents of some unseen forest breathing on our faces and the frothy tide lapping at our feet. Otherwise we sensed nothing, remembered nothing, until——

The pale golden crescent of the waning moon slid out through a rift in the clouds. And a strong, clean wind rushed before it, flapping our wet garments, chilling us to the bone, but infusing the elixir of strength in our veins.

And then it struck me, where are they?

I got up on my elbow and looked around. I saw an interminable stretch of pale, sandy beach, a solitary palm black in silhouette against the moon glow and reflected downward in still waters that sparkled like white wine. And deep in the background I noted a tangle of brushwood and against it two ghostly figures.

"Bill—O, Bill!" I shrieked through chattering teeth, scrambling to my feet in the sand. "It's Brangwyn and the girl—as I'm alive!" I was actually snivelling with joy. Without a word to my late companions I raced on shaking limbs down a stretch of damp, yielding sand, where the moonlight, lying first in loose streamers, broadened out into a flood of greenish silver wide and splendid as the sea.

"Alive! Alive! Alive!" we screamed together in chorus, flinging our arms about one another and kissing full upon the lips. My presentiments had been rigidly exact. Never had Billie's magnificent brawn, gleaming here and there through his tattered shirt, aroused such sentiment in my breast. Nor the airy fairy piquancy of Maraquita, clad in palest silk negligee enfolded in a bright, richly embroidered Spanish shawl with deep fringes, reminded me more whimsically of dancing nymphs and silver seafoam flecked with lapis-blue shadow. I was fairly intoxicated with joy.

And yet, in view of my new-found faith in personal presentiment, I should have been prostrate with woe that these two young refugees, flushed with first love, had escaped real paradise in the spirit-world for the perils and pain of the castaway on Tapaai.

For with the last flare of moonlight that flooded our world with silver white glory we saw something that roused our first misgivings. Across the swelling waters and headed toward us came speeding one of the lifeboats—only the devil of the deep knew from whence it had come. Seated within it were four men, Major Frisbet and three Kanakas of the liner's crew, all of them rowing for their lives at the point of a revolver.

And the fifth man—the one that held the revolver—was none other than Nicholas Vardog.

Of course the astounding thing was that the fellow had completely hoodwinked us. In the minds of each one of us, I believe, there was nothing at first but resentment toward an inferior who carries a joke too far. Vardog, as we knew him,—was the typical blowhard and do naught; a wastrel and a weakling which one regards as hopelessly incurable and therefore sets aside as a nonentity. In vain our eyes assured us he carried a gun. Common sense overruled that fact with the argument that it was probably a piece of drift, a hoax, since weapons were scarcely procurable on a sinking ship. What we had failed to reckon on was the sudden bursting of irksome fetters—the heady breath of freedom to a life term prisoner, or to the ravening red, a taste of monarchical power.

The whole situation was ridiculous. I remember as I sat there staring out through the moonlight that I would feel now and again a little stratum of cold air which seemed to me to be the breath of the Grim Tyrant. That night of horror had gotten my nerve. I shivered as though my body were filled with electric wires. The Marquesans claim they can sense death. I sensed it—over and above the shimmering waters. The Black Buccaneers were riding the wave, were peering and leering from every shifty shadow.

"I'll teach the lazy hounds!" Vardog was yelping as the boat grated the shore. And his face under the moon was fighting cruel. "When I say speed 'er up—I mean speed 'er up! Hear that, Nigger?"

A sudden cloud enveloped the moon and out of the darkness spat a tongue of flame, the ear-splitting bark of a revolver, and the Kanaka known as Jodi, chief stoker of the Valiant, fell forward dead upon the sand. Only one hand could have fired the shot and instantly I had an uncanny feeling that we were all close to a peril far keener than shipwreck, a climax that had been slowly approaching us through the years we had lived. The Polynesians say that the first fiber shows the finished mat, and when Jodi dropped on the beach I felt that I had carried since my birth the shadow of the reign of terror just beginning on Tapaai.

Maraquita gave a cry like a wounded bird as Jodi fell, and following her cry a ghastly laugh came out of the darkness behind.

"Quick!" whispered Billie. "Help me to get her away! Help me to hide her! Tell me where to hide her!"

"My God, yes. Back in the brush!" I gasped as I stooped down in an effort to raise the girl to her feet.

The horror which had been creeping upon me since the coming of the boat took full possession of me then. I knew we must spirit away the girl if we would save her, and it meant a race with the moon. Vardog had heard her cry and would probably attempt to seek her out. As I stumbled up the beach, praying for continued darkness and dragging the girl by her trembling white arm, I suddenly stumbled over the body of the Kanaka and was so crazed at the proof of Vardog's deviltry that I scarcely understood the frantic orders that Brangwyn flung at me.

"Here's a break in the brush. Here!" he breathed. "Hurry! Push her in after me!"

Another bullet buzzed over our heads like a big death beetle, and I hardly needed the spur of Billie's frenzy to move me to action. I wanted to hide myself, too, but didn't dare. Never before had I felt the fear and the resultant shame that were on me at that moment. Billie managed to burrow into the thicket and trample out a space to hide her in. God alone knows how he did it—with the poisonous thorns tearing his flesh and the bougainvillaea vines crawling over his face like snakes—but he did. The girl slipped in after him and an instant later he was out again, bending the outer brush back to its natural place. The two of us then went down the beach a short way and flung ourselves flat on the sand. The moon was still submerged and we blessed the darkness as a cloak that hid us from the devil down below.

Now I cannot tell with any degree of certainty just what happened in those few hours before dawn. I know that I searched out the baroness and brought her over to the spot where Maraquita had been. And I recall that I purposely fell against her so that her startled cry would tell Vardog where we were. It was the brute in me that acted. But I relied on the respect due her gray hairs, her stern and regal deportment.

The wind came up again and the tides that sweep down on Tapaai began pounding and crashing against the outer reef. Somehow they soothed us during those hours of waiting. A little while before the dawn, however, their noises ceased and I heard above the soughing of the wind something that made my spine prickle. I thought that some one was pacing the tinkling coral sand at the line of brushwood in the thick darkness impossible to penetrate, and my crazed brain pictured some one sneaking up and down, quietly listening for a movement in the thicket. That is what I felt, as I waited for those little yellow flakes of the dawn to flutter like butterflies out of the east. I knew that some one was prowling the beach and my imagination painted horrors unspeakable.

At last a thin yellow light came up over the sea rim and then I saw what my mind had sensed a while before—Vardog seemingly on the trail and sniffing out his prey. I saw again the contour of his face, pugnacious, brutal, and the stunted scrawny body which was possessed of a new strength like smoldering steel. Well might he be named Vardog the Terrible. His eyes in that dull yellow light were icicles glinting the venom of hate. His jaw was not the receding one we had seen on the ship. It was undershot now and his nostrils boldly flared to the scents of the forest. I read his thoughts like an open book. He was suspicious; he was crafty. His kingdom lay under his heel by right of the weapon in his belt. Seven living serfs and one dead were his to command and to punish, to keep or to destroy. He could ill afford to risk mutiny, or to rouse to murderous rebellion six healthy males, the majority of whom were superior both in physical strength and in intelligence—and naturally then in the art of strategy. His primal thoughts therefore were compounded of suspicion and self-preservation.

For many minutes I lay stretched on the strand pretending sleep but watching warily his every move. I saw him pause awhile beneath the solitary coco palm, staring up with a flinty eye into its feathery crest. The new oiled mechanism of his mind was again as legible as a printed page. His first and keenest desire was a refuge, inaccessible to the enemy, whereupon he could rest in safety either by day or night, an eyrie from which, like any other predatory creature, he could terrorize his victims into absolute submission. Verily, I thought, Vardog will have his day!

The sun was rising now, bright as a golden eagle. I noticed he turned to study the pieces of timber that had drifted from the wreck into the lagoon, and that he made a careful survey of the lifeboat. Very slowly his plans for the platform, his "lookout de luxe," formulated in his brain. And with a stride half panther, half cock-of-the-walk, he approached the sleeping Kanakas and kicked them awake.

"Go get me somethin' to eat!" yapped. "And shake yer black stumps! Today ye're goin' to work till ye sweat blood."

A moment afterward he was making a round of the beach, stooping over each one of us as we lay, searching our pockets for whatever valuables they might contain. No one had a gun, but three of us had knives, watches, and billfolds, all of which he promptly confiscated. The baroness wore a few fine rings and a pearl necklace. Major Frisbet had studs, scarfpin, rings, and cuff links, representing in all about twenty splendid jewels, and a money belt which swelled his central circumference a good ten inches. All this treasure went to fill the hollow coffers of the emperor of Tapaai. Something else also went into his pocket—a deadly trinket owned by Tucker Dreed, a penknife of prodigious dimensions, concealing a razor-edged blade in one end and a steel marlinespike in the other. The thing impressed me strongly.

I "played possum" very poorly. My eyes stuck out like electric bulbs. Half a dozen times I started to speak out in protest. With a gasp or a snort I came near breaking the silence. Strange as it seems, I was consumed with fury, not so much toward Frisbet and the rest as toward myself. That I should calmly lie there and permit that miserable little runt; that blatant self-appointed little sovereign of the island's destinies, to pilfer the pockets of my fellow-sufferers!

And yet life was sweet, and I was young and bound by a dozen iron-girt oaths to keep the peace at any price for the sake of the girl Maraquita. Before the incalculable insolence of this swaggering bully, this high-[illegible] those who grinned with malicious enjoyment as he poked his gun in our faces, I dared not so much as exercise the power of a pinky finger. You'll say surely some one of us should have acted, that some two or three of us ought at least to have rushed him from behind and overpowered him for once and for all. That proves beyond question that you have never been a castaway on Tapaai or elsewhere, that you have never experienced the mental and physical slump that follows a battle with death. I felt the heat-waves of fury scorching, shriveling my pride, but I could scarcely stand upright from exhaustion. With Vardog it was different. He had saved himself in a boat propelled by others. He was free, independent, the exultant possessor not only of a gun but of the crowning prestige that he most desired. Who now was the weakling and the fool? Surely not Nicholas Vardog!

He was tapping my head already with the cold steel muzzle.

"Where is she? Where's the gel?" he demanded hoarsely.

I shook my head, saying no word, but pointing weakly out to sea and covering my face with my hands. I heard him breathe heavily. Later he tramped off down the beach to the spot where Billie lay. After a bit he came back and stood over me,

[Continued on following page.]

One Ounce of Lead

By Lian Hunt

[Continued from preceding page.]

"I think you're both liars!" he snarled, "and if I find ye are, I'm going to pump ye so full o' slugs ye'll slide to hell easy!"

I got up at that and shook myself. The water lapped the strand. The fresh new day was sparkling. But I saw it through red haze. I had no other wish in the world except to kill him. I could have strangled him with bare hands—probably would have attempted it if Billie's voice hadn't penetrated the mist and saved me from a foolhardy finish, a most ignoble end.

Already Vardog was striding up the beach toward the brushwood. Already his eyes were roving in a systematic search of the thicket. Triumphant searching—in the crystal glare of the fresh morning sun. We held our breath then, for once he stopped short so suddenly we thought he had heard that poor little fluttering heart in its cage of thorns. It was a tense and terrible moment. But immediately it passed and the two Kanakas broke through the trail further down, well laden with bananas, cocoanuts, breadfruit, and sweet water—which turned the emperor's trend of thought and our horror to relief.

Back to the lifeboat he went, a squat, grotesque little figure, his pockets bulging with loot like a mountain-mule's saddle-bags. In the stern of the boat he seated himself and began to eat and drink. His face flushed in the waxing warmth. His eyes shone with subtle triumph. Cheeks stuffed with fruit, jaws wagging, head thrust out in the act of gulping, one saw him measuring with gluttonous content the sum of his power and wealth. Yesterday a slave; today a monarch. Such was his record. Life is a tricky thing at best. And to illustrate the truth of his utter transformation he barked a few words from his crammed gullet and pointed with dirty forefinger to the lagoon. Instantly the two Kanakas picked up their dead comrade and tossed him far out into the water. Almost instantly the ripples were lashed to a foam as the ominous blue of shark fins cut the surface.

It was midday and the sun was burning when I broke away from the construction gang that was building Vardog's eyrie, and moved down toward the spot where poor old Frisbet lay with his bald head bare to the blazing heat. One look at his face assured me he was harder hit than the rest of us, being racked with fever and unable to move. As I dragged his rotund bulk to the shade of a cottonwood grove I discovered his delirium.

"He's a flea-bite, that Nix!" he was muttering.

His eyes burned through me. I brought him water and he sucked it up in guzzled draughts. I tore a rag from his shirt, moistened it in sea water, and bound his head. He failed completely to realize his situation. His mind, ignoring the present, lived in the day and night preceding. With an eagerness unquenchable from long wondering at that cipher of yesterday and the gun that had made him a king, I listened to the sick man's babbling.

"By Gar, he plugged me one, that Nix! He plugged me——"

"Where?" I coaxed. "Show me where!"

He shook his head. "Do' know! And I says, 'Women and children first!' I says, 'Women first!' And I pull my gun. Then he's gone, that Nix. Ten parts nothing he is——"

"Yes, yes. What then?" I urged.

He flung his burning hand upon me and plucked at my sleeve with thumb and forefinger:

"Funny—it's funny! He jumps on me, the pup. He jumps on me from behind. I am a generous man. I say to him—will you have it in the heart or the head? Ha-ar, Ha-a-a-ar! But he has the gun. And I say kill me—I am your enemy—all men are your enemies. I say kill—and then ye'll be a *man*. And by Gar, he plugged me one."

And so I'm in the boat and I row—and I row—and I row. The muzzle's pushed in my back—and I row—and—row——" His voice trailed away to a mere wraith of sound.

So that was the secret of Vardog's supremacy. I rolled the major over in the sand and examined his back. By God, it was true! Again the red haze swam before my eyes so I could scarcely examine the thirty-two caliber hole, glancing downward along the spinal column and into the lower left lung. But I saw enough to convince me that Major Frisbet's end was obviously near. He was breathing now with difficulty. The man was dying. I've said his religion was Tom Walker's—at least, such was his boast of yesterday. And now with broad, clear vision I recognized in Nicholas Vardog the spirit of that evil one who had come to collect his claim. The heights to which Vardog had leaped in an hour were correspondingly equal to the depths to which Frisbet had fallen. Life is a whimsical giver, it seems.

Through that long afternoon I never left him. He was mad with delirium, but the quality of his madness was gentle rather than vindictive. He wasted no strength in damning his slayer or cursing his fate. His voice to the last, echoing back from the vale of shadows, held in .. a note of surprise, actually of wonder.

"He plugged me, that Nix!" was the burden of his swan song.

And as I sat there under the cottonwoods in that furnace of tropical sand, as I watched the sick man, slipping breath by breath into eternity, the whole situation seemed to swell in my mind to gigantic proportions. That one pernicious bit of steel could make a hell on earth! It was wholly preposterous.

In the name of creation, I meditated, what was the use of sapphire seas and coral sands, islands green as a tourmaline, moons of fairy light, and sweet scented winds from some tropical Eden, while tragedy lurked in the air we breathed like poison that kills?

That scepter of Vardog's, that deadly six-shooter, was the flaming sword of our paradise. Only its effect was even worse since we could not escape it. Taking for granted its barrel had been filled in the beginning, I reckoned that half its chambers were now empty. The dying man, the dead man, and the wild shot in the thicket would account for three spent bullets. There might have been a grain of satisfaction in the thought that Vardog possessed only three others, that inasmuch as he was an inept marksman, dispatching his victims at very close range, those three remaining shots might not take effect. There might, I say, have been hope in this thought, if I hadn't made an important discovery. While ministering to Frisbet, in turning his body from time to time, two cartridge boxes labeled thirty-twos slipped from his pocket to the ground—and both had been emptied!

So you see the hopelessness of it all. Three months at least would pass before the little copra schooner Wind o' Heaven would poke her nose along that coast. Three months of hell! I laughed mockingly. It was a foretaste of the Inferno. If Frisbet and Jodi were murdered and gone; if that steerage overlord lay on his lookout high in the palm and picked off his victims according to his whim; if the lovely elfin señorita of old Spain was beating out her frail life in her thorny prison refuge, depending on her lover for the barest sustenance—if, indeed, it were all a myth, an old nurse's bogie tale, I wanted to waken quickly to find myself back again healthy and happy on the sunlit decks of the Vallant. I should never have blinked an eyelid, not even slightly, had I turned to see Nix Vardog sniveling with fear and wiping his tears on his sleeve.

The truth of the matter was, Vardog was actually there, but he was snickering now and wiping his gun where his tears had been.

"Now laff, will ye?" he jeered. "Laff and be damned to ye! I got *him*, didn't I? Sure I did. And now I got it in for you! Aha-ha-ha!"

By sundown we had made a grave for Frisbet in the sand and raised a wooden cross to mark the place. Then after a while Billie came and sat down and talked. During the afternoon he had inspected the island. But from no point could he see land or a sail. There was nothing but boiling sea, white with muddy splotches. Tapaai, he reckoned, was not more than three miles square. It had banana trees, cocoanuts, oranges, and breadfruit. There were plenty of fish in the inlet.

The boy was optimistic and had news. Vardog, he said, seeming fagged for sleep, had shinned the palm exactly as he had shinned the post on shipboard. Being extremely wary, he had fallen asleep on his eyrie with gun in hand. And now that he was disposed of, the real excitement of the evening was to begin. Maraquita was to be freed until moonrise.

At that I shook off melancholy and, elated, jumped to my feet. Hero was the first hint of revolt and I was in it, heart and soul. Tucker Dreed was in it and the baroness was in it. Concerted action was what we needed and what we must get. Though we realized the penalty of discovery, though we knew beyond shadow of doubt that Vardog would do all and more than he threatened, still we could not let the precious flame of the girl's life smother out in her jungle hole. There would always have to be risk. And by putting our heads together and preparing either a sly bit of strategy or a zipping zounding flareback that would take our tyrant off his feet, we could surely win out in the end and carry him back in chains to civilization and the courts of justice.

And yet—I know it's going to be hard to understand—at the end of ten long, terrifying weeks we were still planning, still waiting. Ten weeks, mind you—seventy days, and each day a century! New moons became full moons and waned and died. And still we talked and dreamed of the master stroke that would bring us peace. The theory was perfect. It was the practice that got our nerve. For who was willing to make first move? Not Tucker Dreed with his pathetic whisker and his green goggles—he was far too timid a soul. Not the Kanakas—they were held in the gyves of terror. Not Billie Brangwyn nor myself, while the hysterical voices of Maraquita and the baroness pled with us through tears. We were dealing now with a devil drunk with blood, a madman both wary and playful as a jungle beast is playful. And we suffered the tortures of inaction. Never did we relax in sleep without the fear we would never waken, nor waken without the fear we would never live till sunset. Night and day we carried the vision of a small, hideous face peering over the edge of the lofty retreat like a gargoyle set high among feathery leafage on a tower.

When the sea talked on the sands, when from the forest the giant locusts sent out sharp radio messages like the S O S of distress—"tt-tt-tt—trrt-trrt-trrt—tt-tt-t . . . — — — . . ." wireless S O S we dreamed of ships crackling forth their crisp Marconi codes across the seas, homeward bound out Frisco way.

And twice we actually saw ships. The first was a sail on the horizon—the orange colored lateen sail of a native boat—but very far distant. The second was a tramp steamer headed down New Zealand way. Six of us raced to the water's edge and heaped a huge bonfire, which Solmo, the elder of the Kanaka boys, lighted with a crystal. But the steamer paid no attention, went straight ahead. We waved and shouted, rushed into the water up to our armpits, hallooed through trumpet hands and splashed about like spouting whales. But it plowed ahead till hope was gone.

When we turned back to shore Vardog stood facing us with raised revolver. He ordered our bonfire extinguished. Before our eyes he lashed Solmo with a switch of thorns. And next morning we found Solmo dead, a thirty-two caliber hole in his heart.

Now the shock of this discovery not only unhinged our coherent reasoning, but it fired the spirit of revolt in us to a red hot flame. We decided on a midnight raid of the palm tree in the dark of the moon. Concealed behind the cottonwoods and mangroves we planned to open up a bombardment of coral lumps on the tree, with the idea of demoralizing Vardog into discharging at wild random whatever ammunition he might possess.

Again the theory was plausible but the execution failed miserably. After the first few minutes of bombardment Solmo's brother, the last of the Kanakas, ran amuck and attempted to climb the stem. Chanting some sort of a Polynesian battle cry, expressive of hate and revenge, he propelled himself upward to the height of fifteen feet or so and then dropped back only to gather sufficient strength for another ascent. We had to cease pelting the tree almost immediately for fear of injuring him. Defeated, we could only crawl away to our various resting places, snatching what sleep we could before the dreaded dawn of the new day.

We knew instinctively what we should find and we found it—the Kanaka lad under the palm tree, a bullet hole like Solmo's in his breast.

Well, you know how it is when men have nothing definite to do but await the inevitable end-all—they get to imagining a lot that may or may not exist. I imagined Vardog knew that Maraquita Farno was alive and concealed somewhere on the island. Whenever those round greedy eyes of his with their hairless lids stared full at me, I read not only hate but suspicion in them. Never once, however, had he caught us off guard, which proves we had a faithful watchman in Tucker Dreed.

Dreed, in spite of those exasperating goggles, was a good old scout. He had tied together a number of fibrous vines to form a cable through the brushwood. On Maraquita's release each night at dusk he squatted near the foot of the palm and with the first hint of Vardog's descent jerked the vine so violently that the young allamanda to which it was tied on the far end thrashed the air as though possessed of a spirit. Usually I sat near the allamanda while the lovers strolled the beach and the baroness refurbished the girl's retreat with fresh banana leaves. I passed the alarm, and by the time the undefeated Vardog appeared with his sniffing breath and sneaking footfall, and with his back always toward the open as a guard against ambush, every soul of us had vanished; there was never a sign of human life on Tapaai.

In spite of this good fortune, however, the hunch I had regarding Vardog's instinct remained deep-rooted. At noon one day in the eleventh week we were broiling and eating fish on the beach when suddenly we looked up and saw Vardog. Already we had served him with the choicest of the catch, after which it was his custom to enjoy a midday siesta. His appearance therefore was startling. He was standing in the sun, staring at us. He didn't move and he didn't say anything for a full minute. But there was something in his face that made me uneasy. It got Tucker Dreed the same way, for I saw him gulping his mouthful of fish, bones and all. Vardog at last opened forth.

"Hey, ye green-eyed son of a beetle!" he growled.

Dreed's jaw sagged.

"Sure—I mean you! Get that boat in the water for me—quick!"

Never have I felt keener pity for any human being. Dreed walked away like a prisoner going to the block. Vardog flourished his weapon.

"Shake a leg, Aunt Nanny!" we heard him snarling, and then there followed a string of profanity the vilest on record. Billie and I watched Dreed carefully, and when we saw his strength being taxed to the utmost in launching the boat alone we sprang to his assistance. But were waved back.

"Ye'll take yer orders from me!" barked the king of the castaways, and he patted his gun while his soiled face flickered with sneers.

As I write down these words I can see again that surging boat pulling out from the lagoon and Tucker Dreed struggling at the oars. Up before my eyes comes that little monster of humankind bawling out poor Dreed as a cockswain berates his inexperienced crew. We let our fish burn to a cinder while we watched.

"Where d'you suppose he's taking him?" each of us asked the other.

"Probably to the atoll yonder," suggested Billie. "Maybe he's looking for pearl oysters!"

That settled it. Joy was unconfined. No sooner had the boat become a speck upon the waters than—carnival broke loose on Tapaai. I can yet see Billie, wild as an Arabian colt, dashing back toward the brushwood to shriek the glorious news to Maraquita, to pull her from her cramped retreat and dance her down the sands.

We who were worn with watching and tense with continuous dread can never again experience in ourselves the glorious thrill of that hour. We have lost the combination. But imagine the reaction—after eighty centuries of serfdom! You could see it in the eyes and feet of the baroness, sixty-five years old if a day, and in the wild waving of her arms as she tore loose the flaming cordia and pelted us with its scarlet sprays. You could see it in the eyes and feet of the dancers, in the mad fire of their abandon, in the impromptu glee of the dryad and faun, released at last from the wizard's spell.

Before many minutes we had started a gala performance, the real thing. I sat cross-legged on a bit of sand, hooting through a bamboo stick that aria from Carmen, the Habenera—"Love is like a woodbird wild." And Billie, panting and disheveled, hunched himself alongside, beating a dried cocoanut shell with cannibalistic frenzy.

Out from the jungle wings—where the baroness had dressed her—and on to that sandy sun-baked stage, came Maraquita, a Carmen to the life, wrapped in her silk fringed Spanish shawl with clusters of crimson cordia and the golden allamanda in her hair and at her belt. Not from the operatic stage had this girl come—she was but seventeen—not from any school of acting or of voice culture other than a general appreciation of the role as part of her school curriculum, but the talents were there within her. Her beauty was bewitching, with all her latent Castilian fire blended superbly with a rich and subtle languor, at once Andalusian, mischievous, and wholly adorable.

Her little act as she gave it in the brazen heat of that afternoon I will not attempt to describe, lest you class me with the Quixotes. Three times I have heard and seen the greatest Carmen that ever lived—Emma Calve—in the Metropolitan of New York, in London, and in Venice. But the myriad perfections of her twin arts failed to rouse in me the fevered thrill that this mere girl inspired. Compared with professional artists, her voice would be considered imperfect, her histrionics amateurish. But her interpretations were spontaneous and rich with verve.

It was nature's art, untainted, untaught. It was a dream such as few men know, a gift from the god of ecstasy who gives but once. There was no way of our knowing just how long our celebration lasted, just how long our soaring spirits occupied the stratum celestial. But the end came all too abruptly, as if a cloud of noxious vapor had borne us down to the sordid earth and put the seal of stone upon us.

The baroness saw it first and stiffened. Maraquita saw it and grew cold. I looked around. It was Vardog's face. It was the face of a hound that has run down his hare. A grinning, drooling hound! Truly a sight to sicken the soul!

Now that it was too late we saw what we had done and the dire consequence. Suspicious to the core as became the mongrel in him, he had planned a ruse. Counting on our relaxation, he had turned back on his course directly he saw we had left the beach.

For a little while Vardog remained quiet, simply feasting his eyes on Maraquita. We expected a burst of anger that we had hidden her from him so long. We braced ourselves for the slugs he had promised us in case we lied. But nothing happened—nothing. Just that he kept on staring. Then we saw his hand creep down to his pocket to fumble there a moment for his treasure—the treasure he had won through blood and treachery. The picture he made is etched within my mind and will never be obliterated. Into that canine brain came the idea of conquest. His instincts warned him against violent seizure. He thought to draw the girl's attention by presenting her with the jewels he had stolen from Frisbet. He thought to win her by thrusting into her hands the treasure he prized most.

"Senorita," he simpered, "look at me, nice gel. Look at me!"

And that starry-eyed girl did an astounding desperate thing. She went toward Vardog, smiling as Carmen smiled, and held out both hands for the jewels. One by one and slowly he dropped them in her small white palms. I was aghast. Billie covered his eyes in anguish.

"Stop!" he moaned, "Stop! It's a sin!" But the girl did not stop. Her ears were deaf to all save Vardog's whispered wooing, her eyes blind to everything save the flash of Vardog's crooked teeth and the sparkle of his loot. For just that one moment I misunderstood Maraquita Farno. And then black shame encompassed me. I interrupted her amazing love.

At Vardog's back was Tucker Dreed, who had crept up from the water-front unnoticed. Distorted with passion, his head thrust out like a turtle's from the green-brown jungle, he held as still as a goggled terrapin about to strike an insect. I watched him, fascinated, praying with all my strength that he might succeed—might pinion the gun hand to give Billie and me a chance for attack from the front.

Vain hope! Tucker Dreed's specialty in life was certainly not jiu-jitsu. He made the strike, a bit of excellent—burlesque. So infuriated was he that he could not think coherently. He simply leaped on the enemy's shoulders and vented his spleen by pounding and scratching and biting. All he accomplished, as far as we could see, was the sealing of his death warrant. Vardog, scrubby little featherweight, tottered to his feet at the unexpected impact, but managed to preserve his dignity in the eyes of his inamorata by poking the gun over his shoulder into Dreed's neck. It was merely a matter of moments before he was kicking poor helpless Dreed out over the sands to the water's edge, where he left him stretched out in a semi-swoon.

All through the rest of that terrible day Billie and I were swept along over the sullen seas of despair, awaiting the moment when Vardog would remember his threat toward the two who were now his rivals in the field. For hours we remained silent, watching through sick eyes his open adoration of Maraquita, then we would start up in panic as if the nearness of death had broken down the bulkheads of reserve and let in a flood of memories too awful to endure. One moment we were stoics, and the next shivering Tamil dogs. And when sunset fell upon us the uncanniness of it all made me long for the end. But our fear for Maraquita increased tenfold as darkness blotted out the features of Vardog. We crept forward to be near her in case she needed protection, but the devil had eyes that could see in the dark. He nearly brained me with a rock, and as I shrank back I heard snatches of the girl's voice, quivering now with weariness and fright.

"Tomorrow!" she was saying. "Give me till tomorrow. And I promise——"

In spite of all her pretended worldly wisdom and diplomacy the child in her was at last showing through. It was pitiful; it was maddening. Billie and I crouched there on the sand, every muscle alert and eager for the death struggle, which we felt was imminent. Vardog's back as always was turned toward the sea, and we hadn't the ghost of an advantage. Even in the extravagant throes of his love making he never for one moment forgot his position or ours. With us it was bare hands against fire and steel. With him it was utter self confidence wherein his voice lost its snarl for the simper and whine of the sentimental fool.

And then a strange thing happened—about the last thing we dared hope for. Vardog moved away from the object of his passion and yelped for the baroness. And when she came in answer he placed the girl in her charge gallantly—"until tomorrow." And then, after smearing her shawl with hot mad kisses, he swaggered across the beach and climbed his tower. We had never suspected him of even a spark of honor or decency or unselfishness. Nor had we dreamed he would show the slightest consideration or clemency—even for a woman. Somehow in our straw-catching mood we felt cheered—until we saw our dream girl, our brave, sweet little Carmen, lying crumpled and unconscious in the arms of the baroness.

From that moment forward it was war to the teeth. Five of us, each with a share of normal intelligence, against a maniac with a gun and a goodly supply of cartridges! Wits versus weapon! And we had so little to count on, not any more than sheep in a wolf's preserve.

Night was upon us now, as if with the breath of fever, in a succession of shimmering steamy belches of heat which seemed to rise from the earth and sea. We sensed the unnatural. We almost forgot our bodily presence in the raw phantasm of nerves. The shadows about us fell deep and languid. The drone of the surf from the reef's outer rim was dulled in the fetid darkness till it took on the mocking laughter of deep-sea demons.

Heads close together, we laid our plans carefully. Only one retreat was possible—and that one meant almost certain death, but a death far preferable to the meted judgment of Nicholas Vardog, and especially to the abject destruction of Maraquita's soul. We proposed to launch the boat just before sunrise, the five of us crowded aboard. With the two remaining oars which were broken and useless we would pole it out from shore and set it adrift on the open sea with the hope of rescue by a passing ship. It was a desperate chance, but we were desperate men.

Our first concern, however, after the resuscitation of Maraquita, was Tucker Dreed. Dreed was a doomed man. He probably would be dispatched in the night after the same manner as the two Kanakas. Anyway, he could ill afford to risk the inevitable bullet in the heart, and in order to spy on Vardog's method we laid a trap. We stripped Dreed of his clothes, which we stuffed with sand and left to lie on the beach in the owner's original position. The head was formed of a coral lump with sea moss for hair and whiskers and the familiar blue goggles in realistic evidence. Dreed then, modestly draped in a couple of palm leaves, crept through the jungle to take up his vigil beneath the palm.

The moon rose shortly after midnight, a sickly yellow moon, continually dimmed by a dark scud of flying cloud, forerunner of storm. The island swam in a silver-green mist, eerie as the sulphur torchlights on the Styx. And suddenly the allamanda shook as with an ague. Billie and I, agape with excitement, crawled beneath it, scarce daring to breathe.

We hadn't long to wait before Vardog appeared, padding across the sands with wary step, crouched like a hunting savage, peering here and there through the brushwood, behind stones, then around by the water's edge, as if seeking some one. He carried the revolver in his hand. "Senorita!" he was coaxing, "nice li'l gel! Nice . . . nice——" Over and over again he said that in a thick, loose-lipped whisper.

Suddenly he saw Dreed's effigy and there was a change. His eyes glowed red with the blood lust. He made a swift slash in the air with the gun, but there was no report. He merely changed it from one hand to the other. The right hand he thrust in his pocket and drew out a thick dark object. His eyes were staring and his teeth clenched. There was an animal-like celerity in his movement as he quickly stopped and buried it in the stuffed shirt. He paused then, sniffing suspiciously, running his hand across and across and up and down the figure. Seeing him so, a thing not human, I hated him with a wild hate. I, too, felt the murder lust. At the root of things, it's life against life. That's fundamental. So I gathered myself for a swift attack, when suddenly he sprang up as though terrified, and, whimpering loudly, took to his heels, tearing across the sands with great leaps.

The three of us who watched were mystified. Swiftly we crossed to the effigy, and there, deep in its breast, was the curious trinket once owned by Tucker Dreed—the marline spike opened wide from its sheath like a pocketknife. As I pulled it out from the figure Billie gave a cry of astonishment. The hole it had left in the linen shirt was round and charred with rust—a hole just thirty-two caliber size.

Certainly, then, Vardog had finished the two Kanaka boys with the spike. Which brought but one conclusion: he was short of ammunition. But how short? How short?

At daybreak the wind roared eerily and the rain descended in torrents. The monotonous thunder of the surf fell on rolling rocks, on shifting sands, on mutilated coast line. Above our jungle-lairs the leaves of palm and banana trees clashed together like metal blades and dragged low with a snapping of brittle stems. Brown streams of water crawled sizzling down through the brush. It was hot—hot with the intolerable hotness of steam. Billie and Dreed and the baroness were gathered together, talking in whispers—a wan-faced group. The oppression was terrific. I wondered how Maraquita fared. I knew she must be awake and ready for the day's undertaking. And yet I was sure of nothing. I found myself crawling on all fours to the open and staring up at the platform in the palm. It gave little vision except its own dripping outlines, but I could distinguish vaguely a smudgy round spot that I knew to be the emperor reclining.

Something else I noticed also. The lifeboat had drifted out to sea.

There was nothing we could do now—but sit and wait! Midway of the morning great crackles of thunder shook the ground. The rain came down straight and hard and windless like rapier thrusts. The jungle seemed if possible closer, more suffocating. It struck us as a fitting hour for the last stand.

Shoulder to shoulder then, to the booming of cloud cannonades, we marched boldly to the battleground beneath the palm. The tree itself was swaying crazily in the storm, till at times the lookout seemed tilted to a dangerous angle. I plucked a palm leaf off the ground and rolled it into a megaphone, raising it high to my lips.

"Surrender!" I roared above the deluge.

No answer came. We waited patiently while the great palm swept the sky and the platform creaked like a thing in pain. I lifted my voice in greater confidence.

"Vardog! Vardog! Surrender—or die!"

Still no sound from the overlord. We all closed in round the tree. Armed only with clubs we set to and battered it unmercifully, till the sounds, echoing above the tempest, resembled the blows of swinging axes.

A dark cloud dulled the daylight and out of the semi-gloom spat a tongue of flame—the ear splitting bark of a revolver. I cringed at the shock. I looked at Billie, at Maraquita wrapped in his arms, at the baroness, at Dreed. They were all unhurt and all staring at me.

Just at that instant, above our heads, we heard a metallic thud, a sliding, slumping sound.

Twenty minutes later, when the storm had somewhat diminished, I climbed the palm to Vardog's eyrie. I saw two sights I can never forget. And seeing, I understood.

Outside the reef rode the copra schooner Wind o' Heaven, just poking her little bull snout in the white lagoon. And beside me, sitting in state with his back to the stem, was the one-time czar of Tapaai.

One little ounce of lead! He had saved it for himself! Who then was the weakling and the fool?

And so we left him there, Vardog the Terrible on his throne, forever watching the weird uncertain moods of his azure dominion.

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Washington—Tax Dodgers' Heaven

By NEA Service.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Profiteers, plutocrats and idle rich, take notice.

Washington, the nation's capital, invites you!

Here you may live, with the absolute minimum of annoyance by the tax collector, in the social center of the nation.

Once the tax-emption advantages of residence in Washington are understood by the nation's rich, says Leslie M. Shaw, former secretary of the treasury, there will be a gold rush to Washington that will make the stampede to the Klondike look like cold molasses.

"If the rich only knew Washington's wonderful advantages in the way of taxes," Shaw says, "this city would have a population of 1,000,000."

The population under the 1920 census was 437,511.

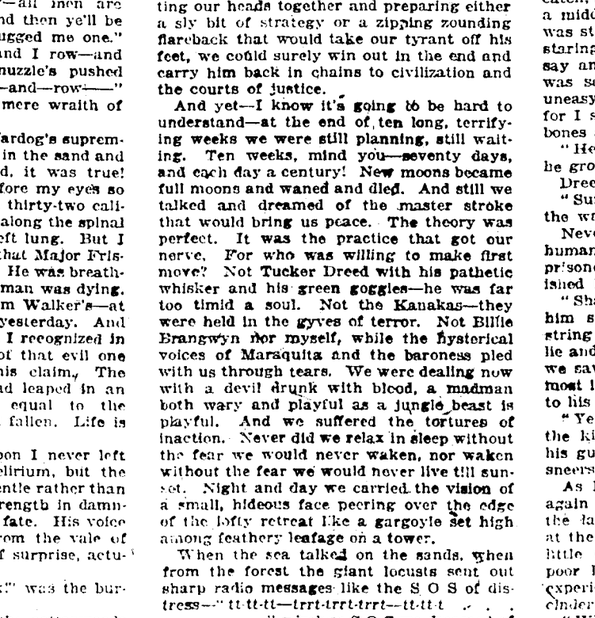
Tax Exemptions.

Consider this: If you live in any other sizable city, you have a municipal tax to pay for the city's upkeep, a county tax for the maintenance of county government and, on top of this, a state tax. Above all this you have a federal income tax and in many states a state income tax.

But in Washington there is only one tax besides the federal income tax. That is the District of Columbia property tax. And as the federal government assumes 40 per cent of the cost of administering the district, the local tax is lower than for most cities of Washington's size.

But while Washington is a most desirable place for the man with money, it is a city the ambitious young man should shun.

"Sleeping beneath the poubies in with brains and vision and plenty of



Flanders, to my mind, is preferable to a government clerkship," Shaw declares.

"I believe all government clerks should be taken under civil service rules and at the end of five years put out by statute.

"Five years in Washington is a liberal education to a young person with brains and vision and plenty of good congenial work.

"But 20 years of humdrum department work is death."

You Can't Vote.

And to the patriotic American who likes to feel he is a part of his government, there is one barrier in a Washington residence—the Washington ballot box to vote.

His city is run by congress and by commissioners appointed by the president. And he has no voice in the election of congress or the president.

Just now there is an active campaign under way to obtain suffrage for the District of Columbia. But—"You don't you want a vote here, do you don't," Shaw says. "If you win the city over to the people, your city will go down and your taxes up. If anyone doubts that let him compare the caliber of our appointed officials here with some recently elected senators."

However, opposition such as that voiced by Shaw can be counted on to keep the capital city as a ward of the government indefinitely.

The wealthy and influential are welcome to Art Washington—a city of 1,000,000 by 1930—may be expected to house more millionaires and more Hidden wealth than Gotham or even the tomb of King Tutankhamen!

"BABY MINE"

Pioneer to Bring Back "Frontier Days"

By Nea Service.

LONDON, March 17.—Late next time, Ezra Meeker, 92, one of the oldest living pioneers of the northwest, will traverse in a prairie schooner the 2000 miles of the old Oregon trail.

When Meeker first traveled that trail, the rifles of savage Indians, enraged at the white man's incursion, almost continually were leveled upon him.

This time the Indian's rifles will give way to the motion picture camera which will follow his progress and will record for future generations the trials of the hardy pioneer.

Meeker was born in Ohio in 1831. At an early age he married and set out for Iowa with the determination to farm on his own land.

Decides to Hit Trail

Having settled in Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. Meeker decided the opportunities were greater in the far west. So they resolved to take their baby just born, and join the tide of immigration flocking over the Oregon trail through a trackless wilderness to Portland, Ore.

It took the Meekers five months to make the journey in their prairie schooner behind two yokes of oxen. Their lives were almost continually in peril—from Indians and from wild beasts.

More than once herds of stampeding buffaloes all but wiped out the little party, scores of times only the unerring aim of the frontiersman's rifle stood between them and death.

5000 Perish on Trail

Meeker estimates 5000 died in one year from the perils of the wilderness and the ravages of disease on the Oregon trail.

For Meeker and his family reached Oregon in safety, settled

EZRA MEEKER

tilled the soil and prospered for 11 years.

Then in 1906 Meeker again drove his ox team across the country to Oregon trail again. In Washington he was greeted by President Roosevelt.

The trail he had re-blazed later was marked by scores of monuments.

Now Meeker and his oxen are going over the trail again—this time for the "movies." Meeker's in Boston gathering material for his scenario.

SILVER ANNIVERSARY FOR DUTCH QUEEN

By MILTON BRONNER
NEA Service Staff Correspondent.

BOSTON, March 17.—For the third summer the citizens of the little kingdom of Holland will celebrate their Queen Wilhelmina's forty-third birthday and the silver anniversary of her reign. She is the only woman in Europe who rules a country in her own right and who did not attain the title by marrying a king.

King Alfonso of Spain is the only ruler in Europe who acceded to the throne before she did. He became king the day he was born. But since he did not really rule until later, Wilhelmina has had a longer continuous reign than any living sovereign—25 years.

As she is only 4 and healthy, she bids fair to rival the long reign of Queen Victoria of Britain who mounted the throne in 1838 and held scepter until her death 63 years

The sturdy, independent, sensible Republican Dutch say that the best thing about their queen is that so little is heard about her. She is content to let her ministers and parliament run the country.

Though she leads a simple life in the plain little palace in The Hague, she has an enormous income from her crown lands and possessions in the East Indies. It is estimated she draws down about five million dollars annually.

Wilhelmina is a womanly woman. She loves her home life and rejoices in gardens and flowers. She is an omnivorous reader of books in the original—Dutch, German, French, English and Italian.

When, 22 years ago, she married the German Prince Henry of Mecklenburg, there was a feeling in Holland that she would be very much under German influence. But Wilhelmina is still boss and friend husband is even more in the background than was Queen Victoria's German husband. It is Wilhelmina who has personally supervised the education and training of their only child, the Princess Juliana, who is heir to the thro.

Fabric Hats

Fabric hats of plain or changeable taffeta are very popular now and combine well with the small flowers and fruit that are such popular trimmings.

Bronze Footwear

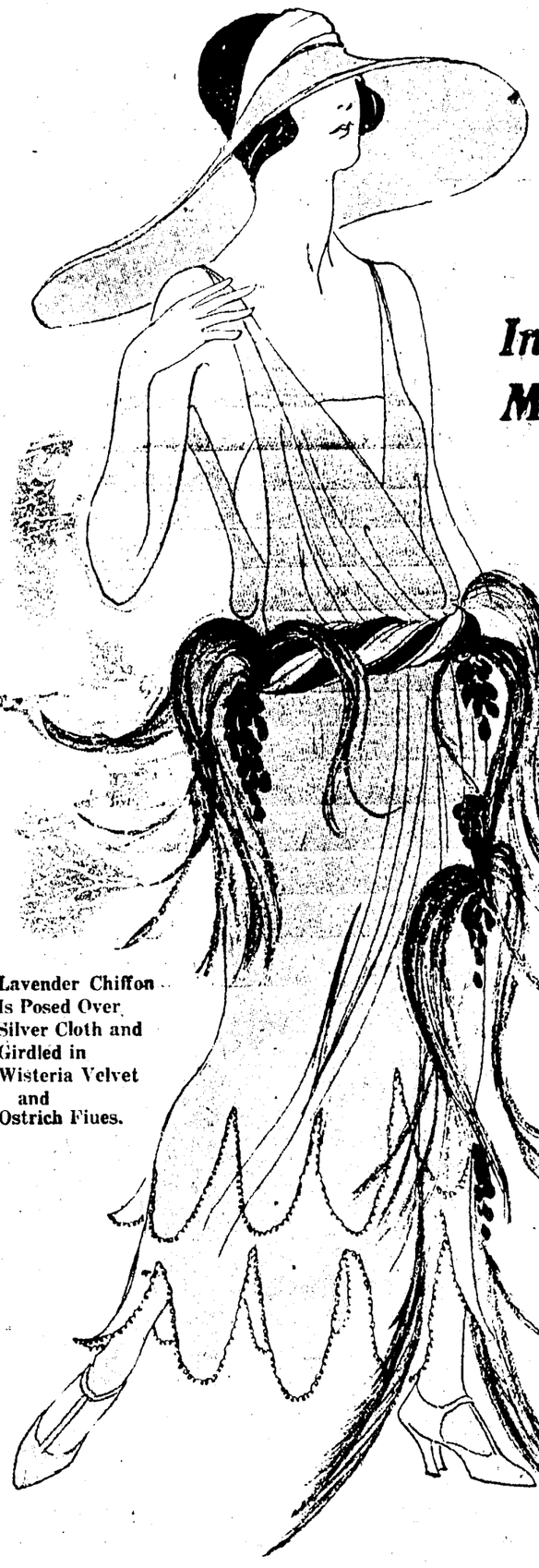
Bronze slippers are to be very popular this summer—they have a way of being extremely adaptable and giving service with a number of costumes. Usually they are adorned with buckles.

Extreme Style

When the hat is colorful and large it is quite apt to go to extremes about it. A huge shape of lavender straw is trimmed with a smash per bow of purple and white taffeta.

Chiffon for Dancing

In Pinks and Greens, in Mountain Haze and Pastel Shades the Fairy Fabrics Fairly Sing of Light and Loveliness.



Lavender Chiffon Is Posed Over Silver Cloth and Girdled in Wisteria Velvet and Ostrich Flues.

Gold-Embroidered Mountain Haze Chiffon Has Long Side Panels of Rich Purple.

Fruit Applique Distinguishes This Gown of Pale Green Chiffon and Silver.

A Slim, Fitted Silver Bodice Tops This Billowy Skirt of Pink Chiffon.

By Mme. Frances

The Famous Creator of Fashions

SPRING OPENINGS may come and go, but the chiffon dance frock continues to be smiled upon by the woman who knows.

I have many clients who come in saying, "I want something different. No, don't show me chiffons, I've always had a chiffon and I'm determined to find something else that's just as becoming."

But almost inevitably this same client will go out having ordered at least one chiffon dance frock. It only takes a glance at the manikin—the folds of her graceful chiffon frock blowing about her ankles—to be convinced. "It's too charming to pass by," the client murmurs, as she looks at it. Then it only takes a short session in the fitting room, a look at herself in the full-length mirror, and she orders one like the manikin wore.

Of course she may decide to have the color or some slight detail changed. Green may be more becoming to her than pink, and any of the pastel shades are lovely in chiffon.

There are interesting uses of color, as, for instance, ecru and yellow together. This is smart for spring and is seen in a model of ecru chiffon posed over a yellow satin foundation. The skirt is cut in deep points and trimmed in narrow bands of royal blue. Then there are heliotrope and gray and cork, not to mention effective models which use two shades of green together.

I'm showing one of the latter in deep green with interesting diamond-shaped insets of lighter green pleated chiffon about the kneeline. Sometimes a narrow band of fur offers striking contrast as the only trimming of a chiffon model. I recently designed one of gray, a narrow band of brown fur topping the little cape which dropped from shoulders to hemline. The skirt was long and full and the frock was worn with simple slippers and stockings.

The chiffon dance frocks here are all in delicate pastel tints, except the second from left, with fringed hemline and long trains, which is of gold-embroidered chiffon in the new mountain haze tone, with side trains of rich purple.

Mountain haze is the deep purplish-pink that you see over a mountain-side a-bloom with wild flowers. This color is lovely in the evening, and equally attractive in daytime clothes and sports things, for which it is also favored.

Notice the novel back treatment of the gown just mentioned. It, like the other frocks displayed here, shows a decided tendency toward a bodice fitted closely to the lines of the figure. This note appears in all the spring frocks. While the bodices here are all decollete and of course show no fitted sleeve treatment, they all pinch in close to the figure about the waist, showing that becoming wrinkled line which is particularly flattering to the woman of slender, tapering waist.

The one at the left is particularly lovely in its choice of sheer lavender chiffon worn over a silver cloth slip and trimmed in velvet wisteria and ostrich flues of the same deeper tone. The deep scallops about the hemline are stitched in silver.

Slips of metal cloth are finding increased popularity. This has come since the lovely new metal cloth was introduced. It is as pliable as satin, hence it never gives that stiff, unattractive look to a frock, nor does it tarnish as did the old metal cloth. A recent bridal party made use of these attractive underslips, the bridesmaids being gowned in the sheerest of ecru organdie worn over gold cloth and finished at the girdle with sashes of narrow brown velvet ribbon.

The lamp-shade head-dress worn with this frock is particularly becoming to the woman who is tall and slender enough to wear a brim of fairly large dimensions. It is of several layers of green tulle, wired at the brim and scooping out a bit at either side. The head band above it is of silver ribbon and the only crown is the soft wavy hair of the wearer.

Head-dresses continue to draw much interested attention, for of course they change in fashion as does everything else. The point is that they remain as popular at smart functions as they were last season.

A recent ball in Paris, patronized by the elite, brought out interesting head-dress fashions. They grow simpler, it seems, and more classic in line One of the most striking was made entirely of silver ribbon, wrapped about the head in nun-like fashion, with one long silver streamer escaping to the waistline.

Another head-dress, much commented on for its uniqueness, was a fitted affair of wrapped white maline, with a band of the maline extending under the chin and a single strand of pearls about the head.

At the right you will see a girlish evening frock whose bodice treatment suggests the line of several seasons ago. That is, the bodice wraps snugly about the figure and is held by narrow straps over the shoulders. This is reappearing to some extent, and while practically all evening frocks were made in this way at one time, the treatment now appears unusual because the bateau and V necklines have entirely replaced it.

This frock joins a billowy pink chiffon skirt, scalloped about the hem, to a silver cloth bodice with a colored metal cloth flower-motif encrusted at its centre-front. Scattered blossoms of this design appear on the silver ribbon straps over the shoulders.

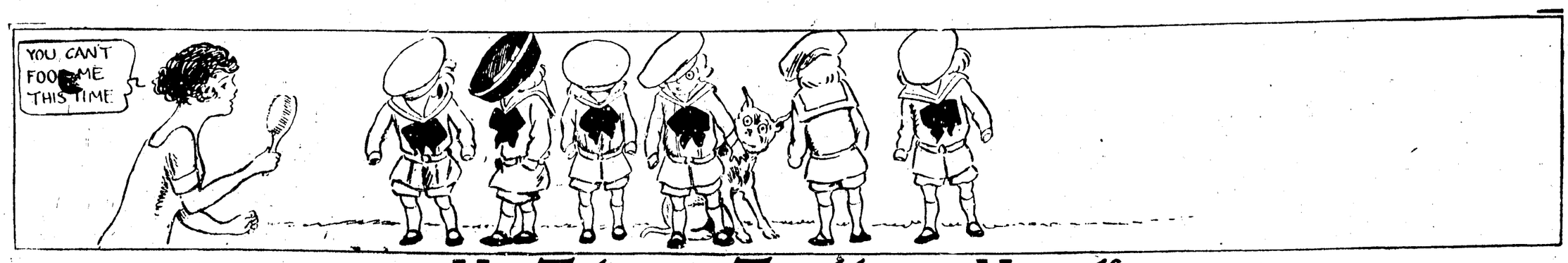
The same vogue for ornaments at the centre-front is noted in the frock above this seated figure. The model is of delicate pale green chiffon posed over silver cloth and repeating the silver in hanging panels which mingle with the green chiffon ones. At the waistline is a striking fruit applique of orange and purple satin.

The back also shows an unusual cut. There's a strip of chiffon across the back of the neck from which hang two slender strips that are caught at the wrists.

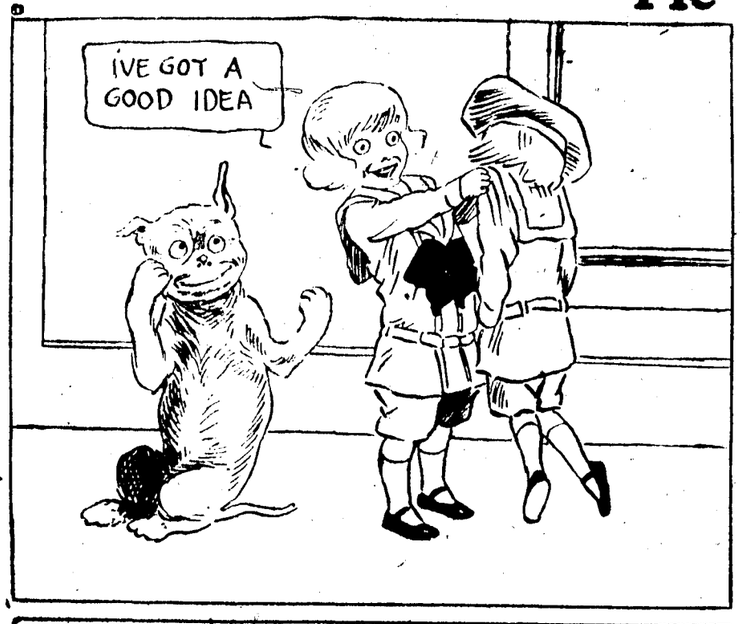
Newspaper Feature Service, 1923

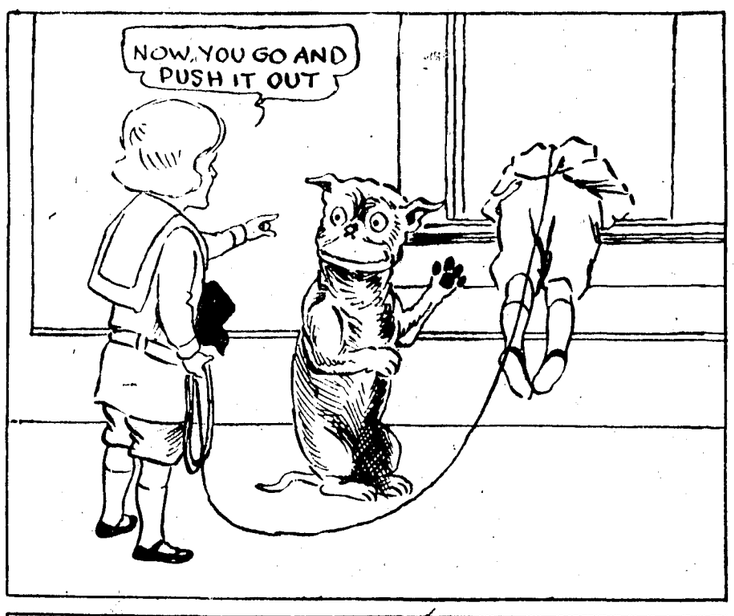
Wichita Daily Times

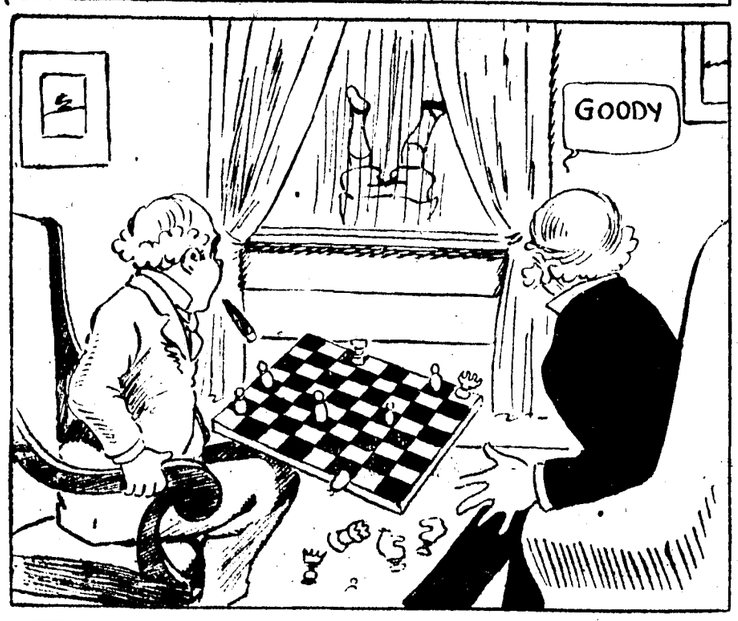
SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 1923

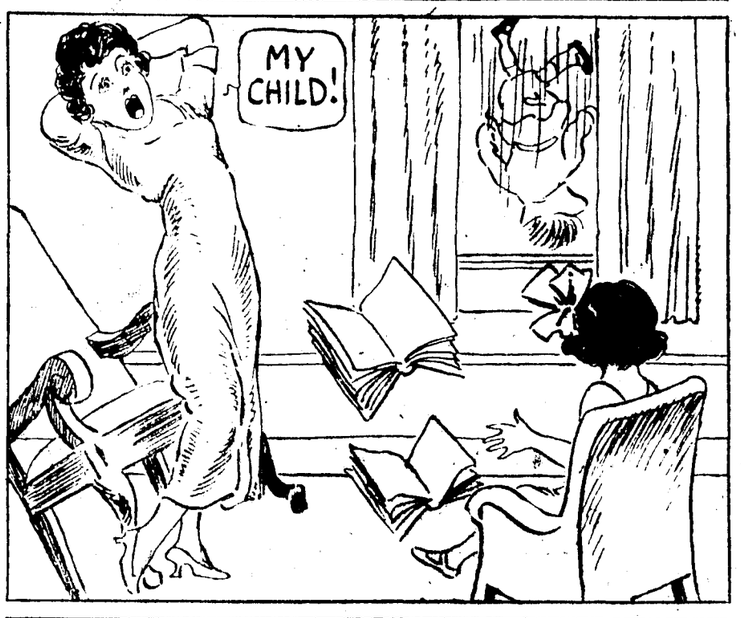


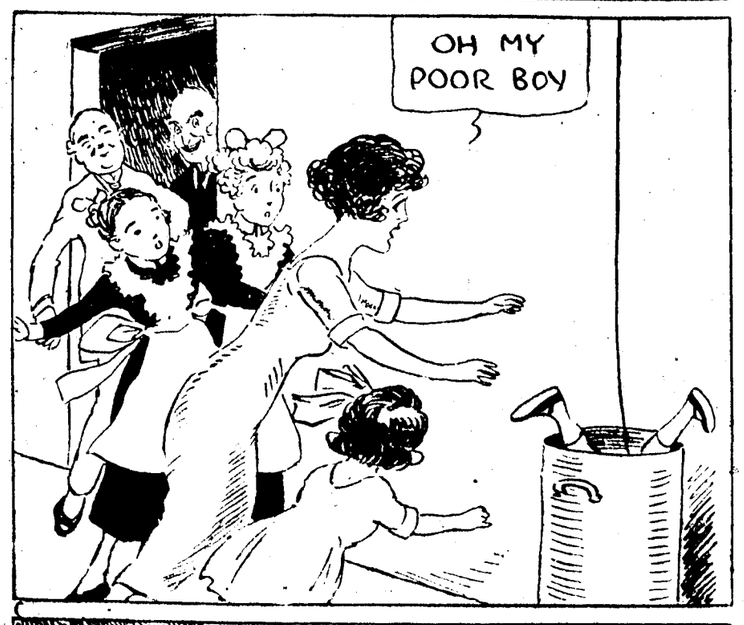
He Takes a Tumble to Himself.

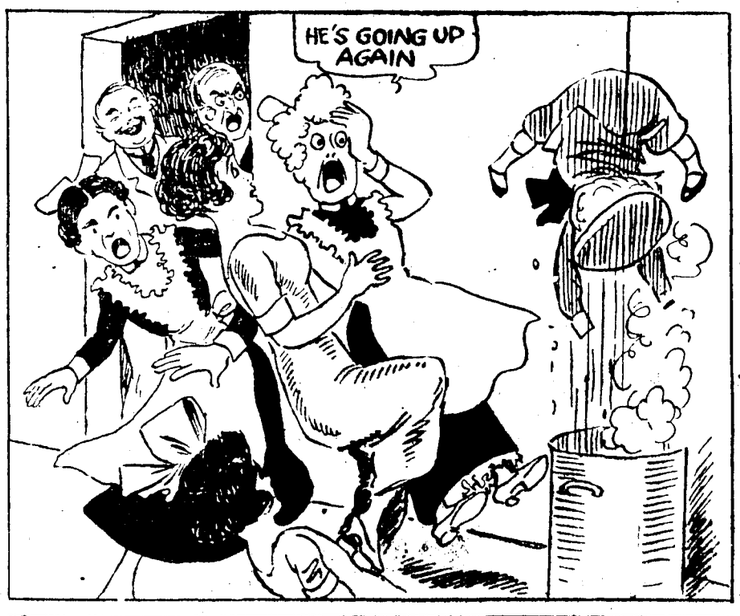


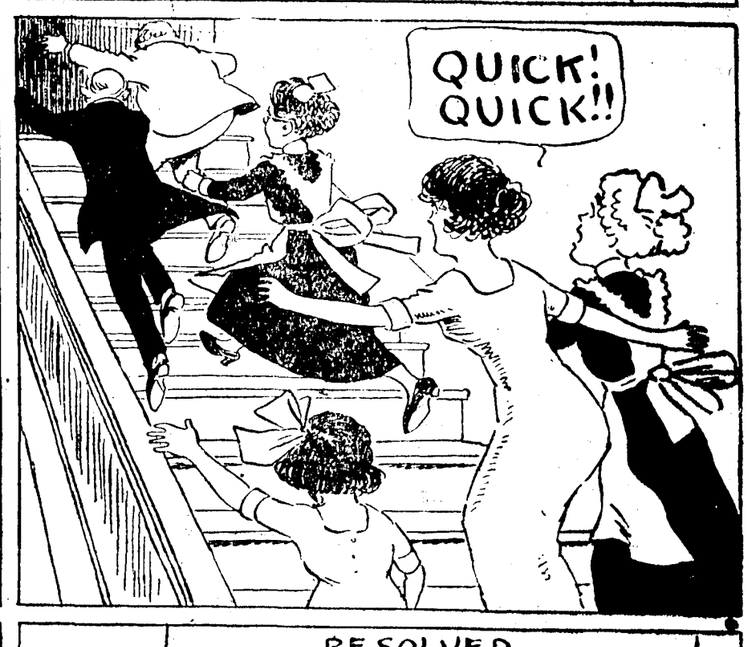












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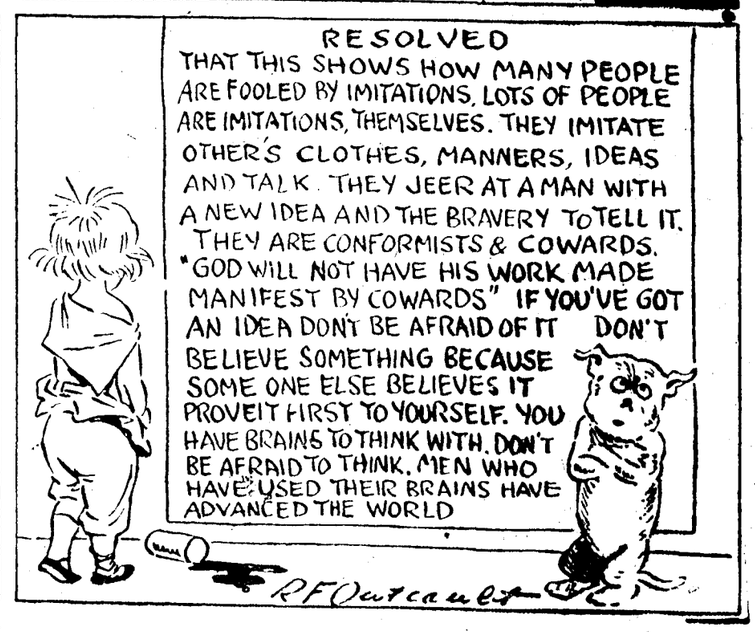

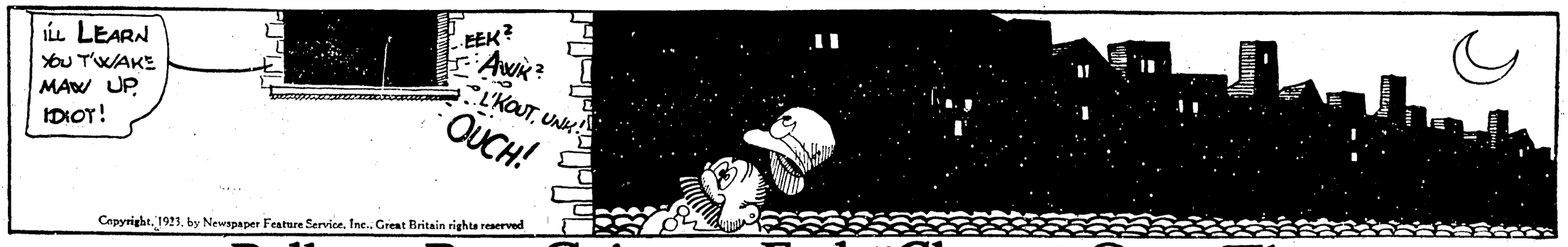

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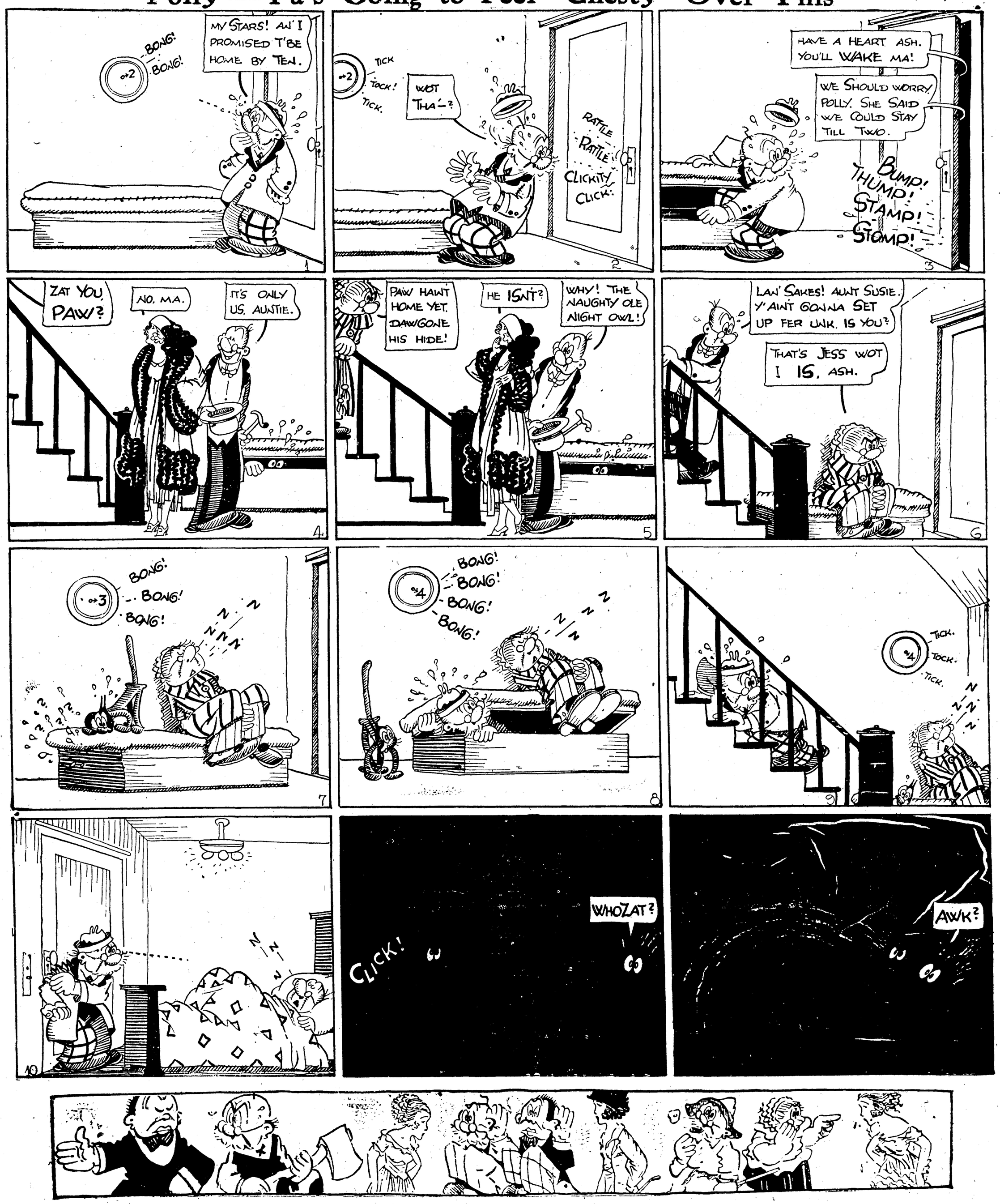
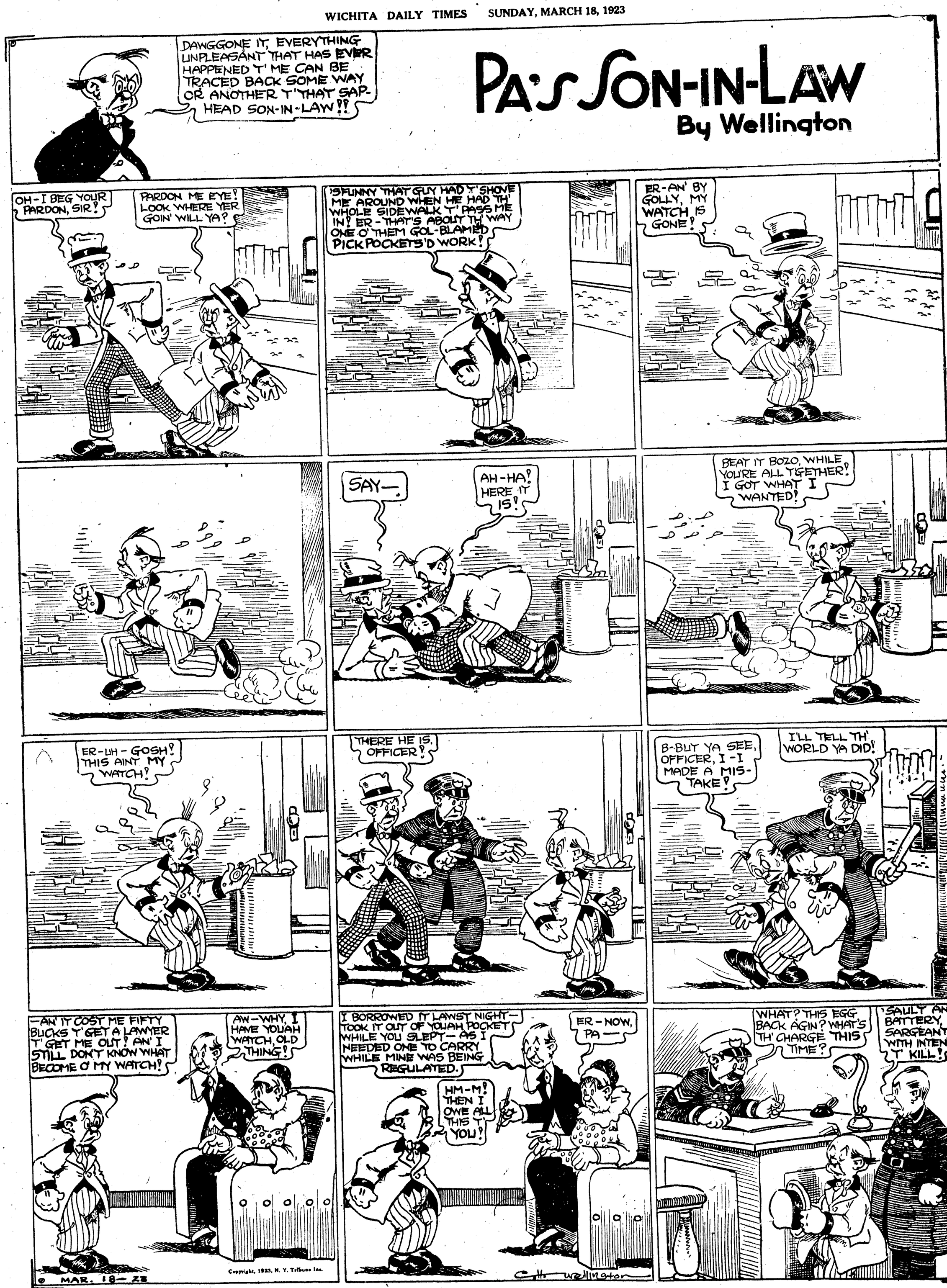
Polly---Pa's Going to Feel "Chesty" Over This



PA'S SON-IN-LAW

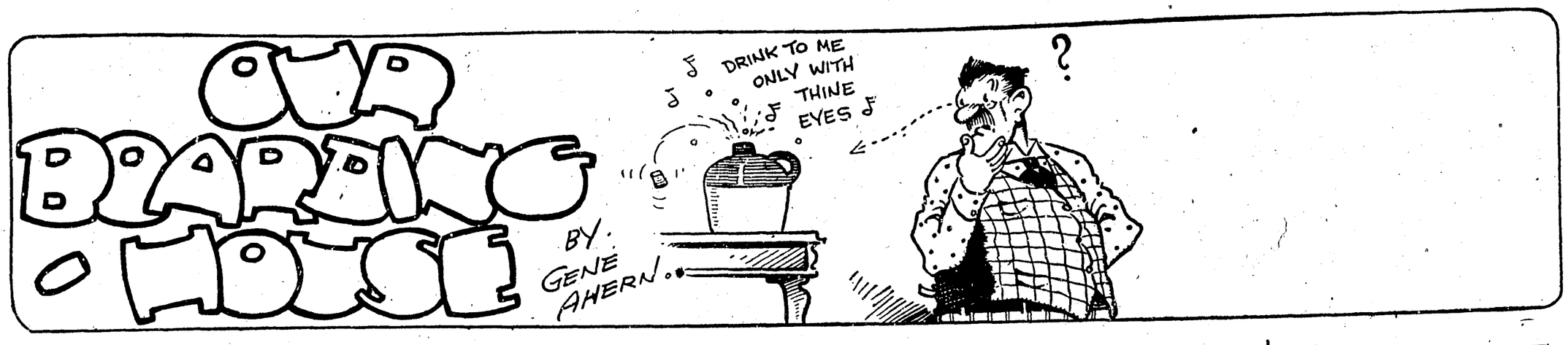
By Wellington

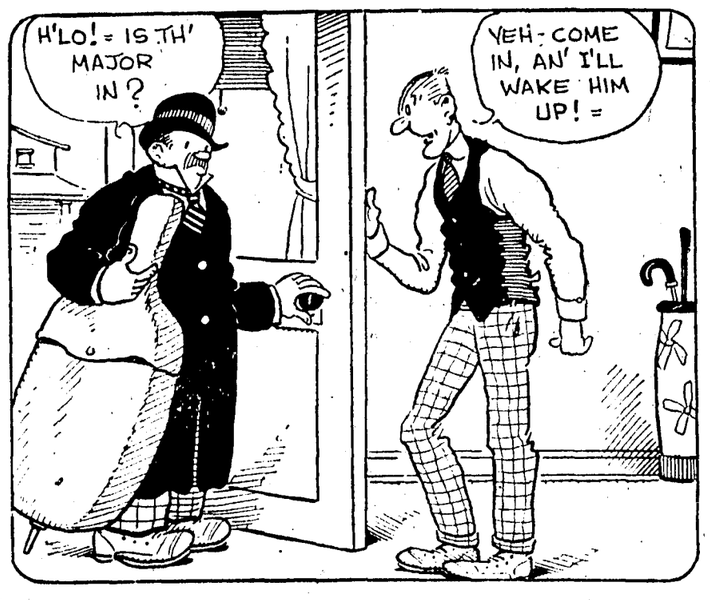


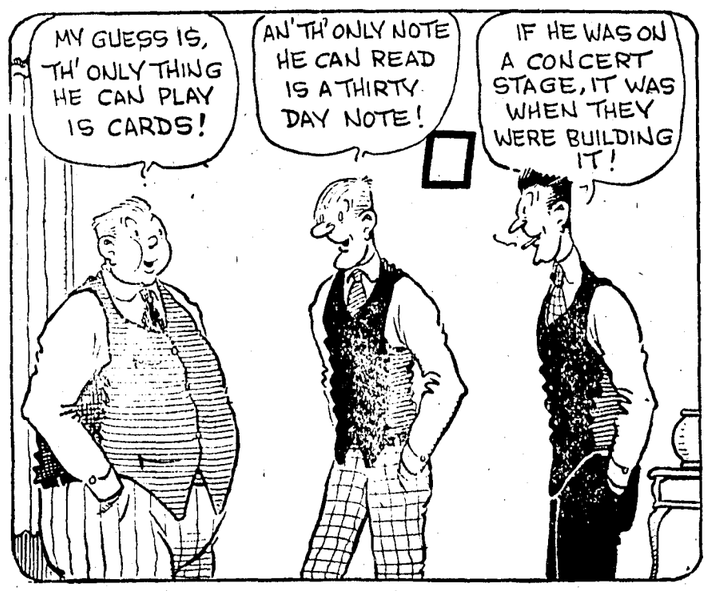
OUT OUR WAY
YOU'RE GONNA EAT EVERY ONE OF EM.
J.R.Williams
LOOK HERE LIZ, I'VE TAUGHT THE DOG TO RETRIEVE! HE'LL DO IT EVERY TIME NOW.
YOU'D BETTER GET IN TO BREAKFAST. IT'S READY!
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET AWAY WITH THESE PANCAKES. THEY'RE LIKE SLABS OF ASBESTOS.
SAY LIZ, IM GONNA OPEN TH' WINDOW A MINUTE! THAT SMELL OF COOKIN' BOTHERS ME.
I'LL SLIP OUT AN' PUT THEM IN TH' GARBAGE CAN BEFORE I GO TO WORK.
THAT DOG IS A PEST! HE WAS IN A TERRIBLE RUSH TO GET OUT JUST A SECOND AGO AND NOW HE WANTS TO GET IN AGAIN.
SCRATCH SCRATCH
A PANCAKE!! WHERE IN THE WORLD DID YOU GET THAT, SPOT?
WHERE THERE'S ONE, THERE'S LIABLE TO BE MORE.
SMACK
JUST SIX OF THEM! HE DIDN'T EAT A SINGLE ONE.
THAT WAS ALL THE FLOUR I HAD IN THE HOUSE, JUST ENOUGH FOR THOSE SIX PANCAKES. HOW DID YOU LIKE THEM?
GREAT LIZ, GREAT! BEST I EVER ATE. I COULD EAT SIX MORE LIKE THOSE.
WHY-ER-ER-I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY MORE.
WELL I WENT OUT AND GOT THESE. THAT IS — OUT IN THE BACK YARD. JUST WHAT YOU WANTED, SIX OF THEM.
AND I'LL CLOSE THIS WINDOW WHILE YOU'RE EATING THEM!
YOU WIN! YOU WIN!
NEA SERVICE

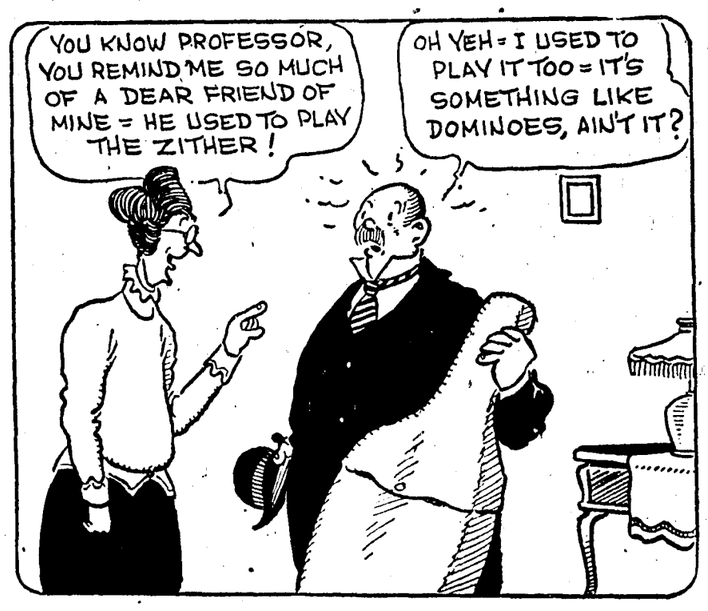
OUR BOARDING HOUSE

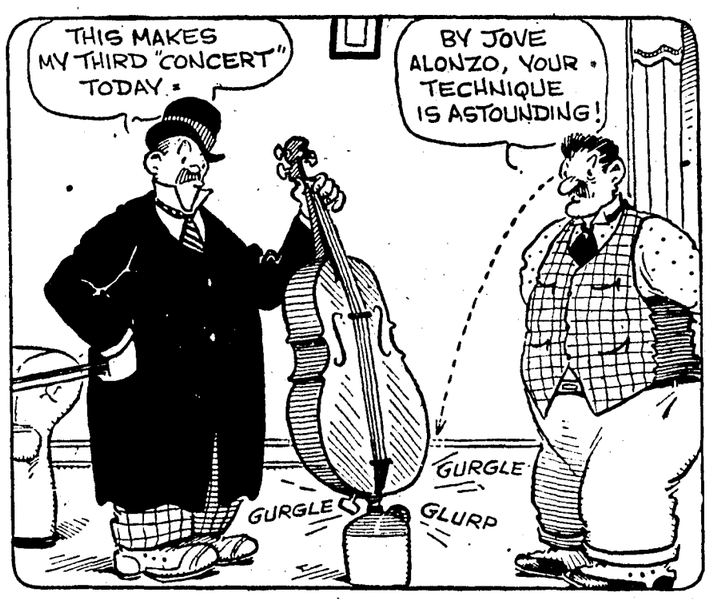
BY GENE AHERN

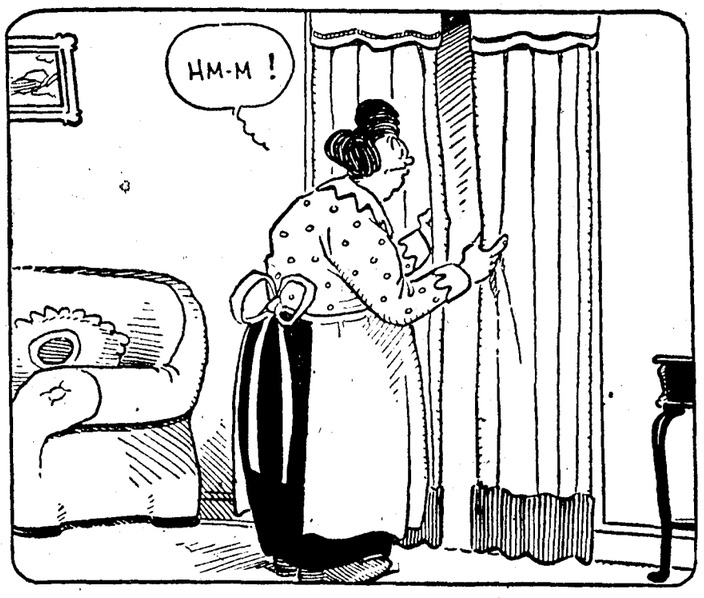


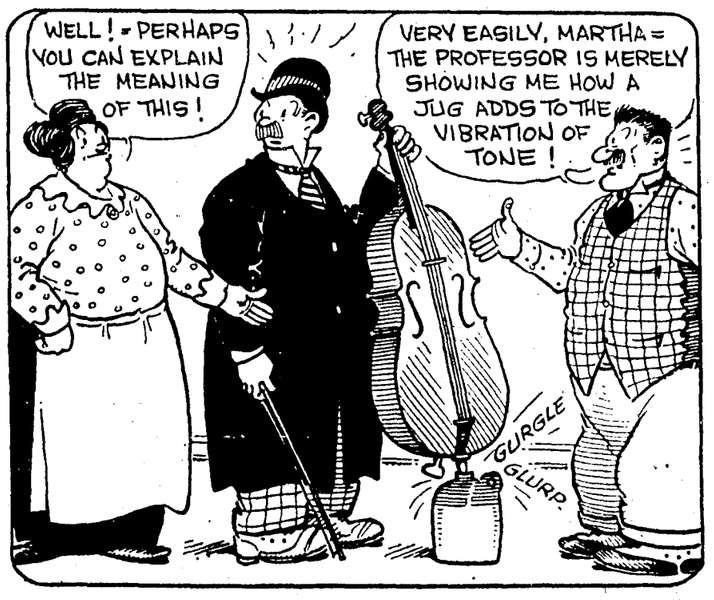


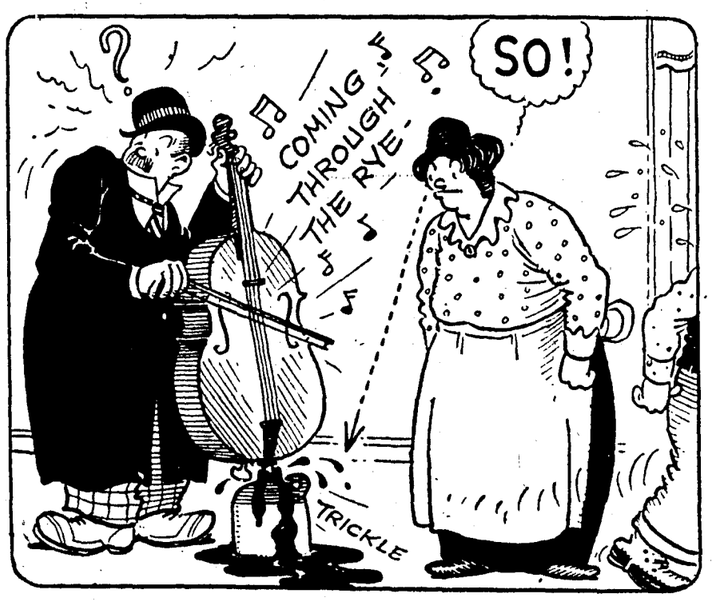












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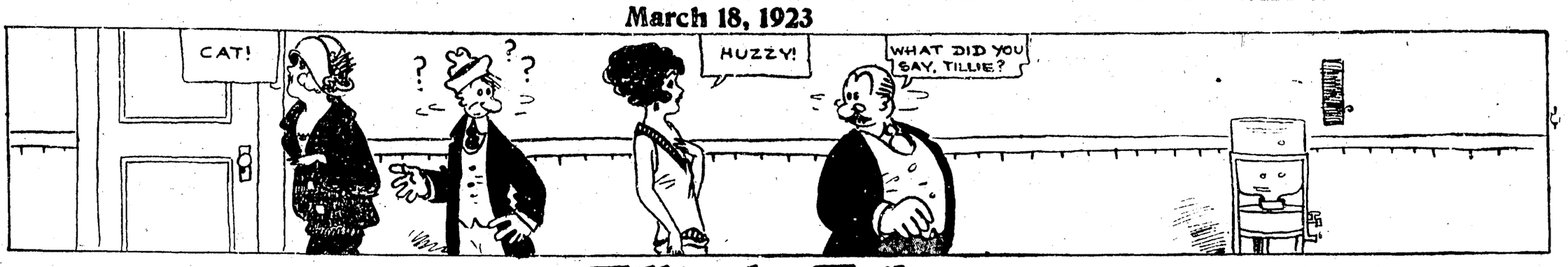
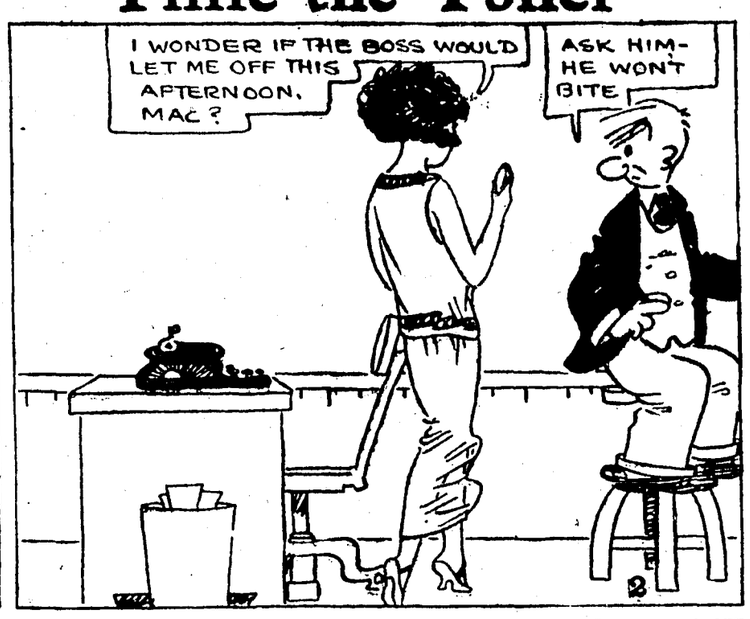
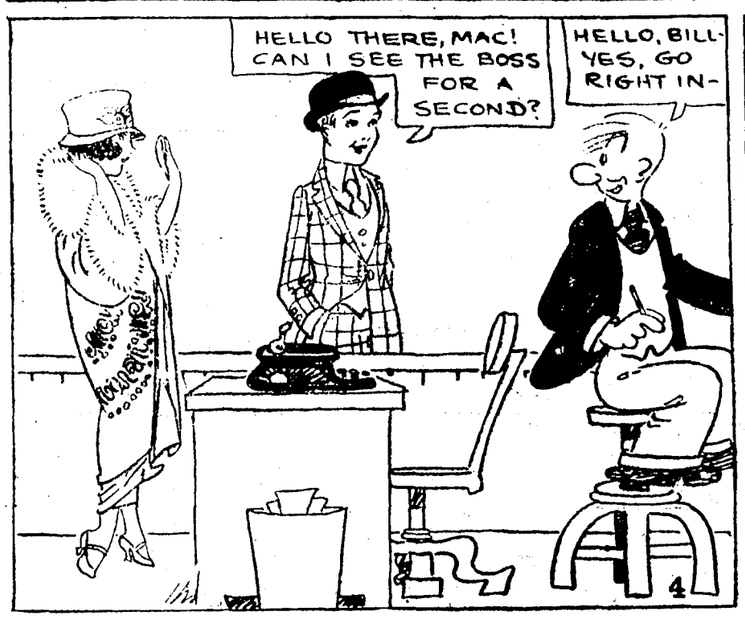
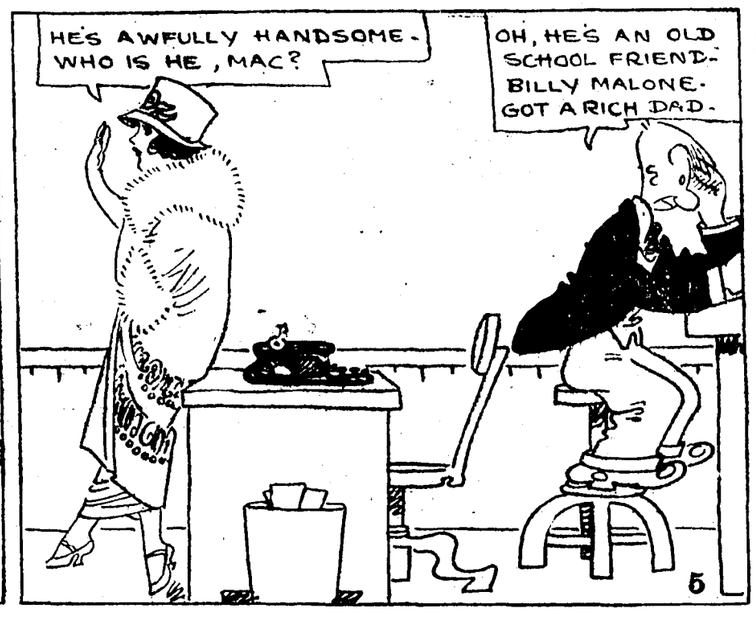
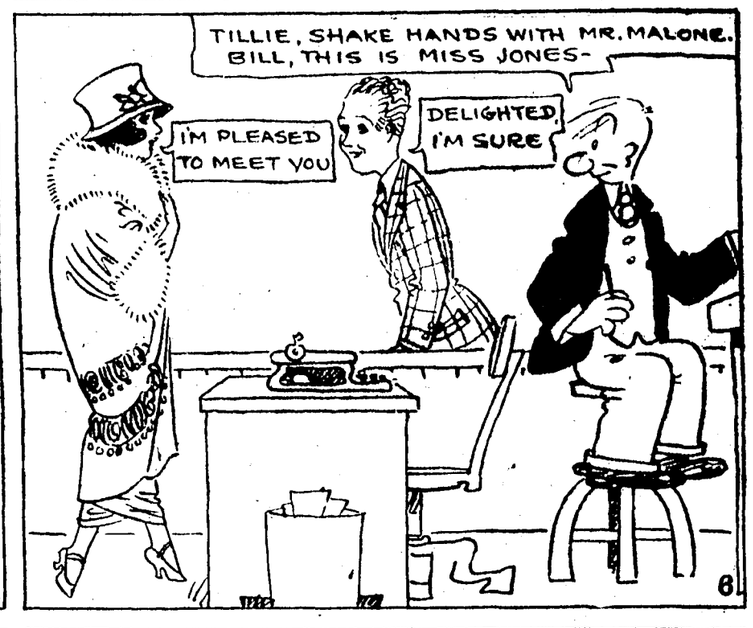


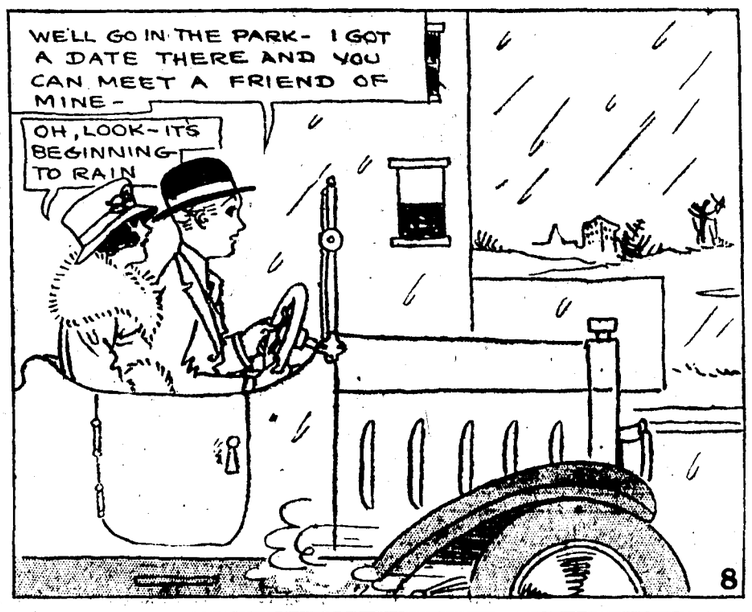
Tillie the Toiler

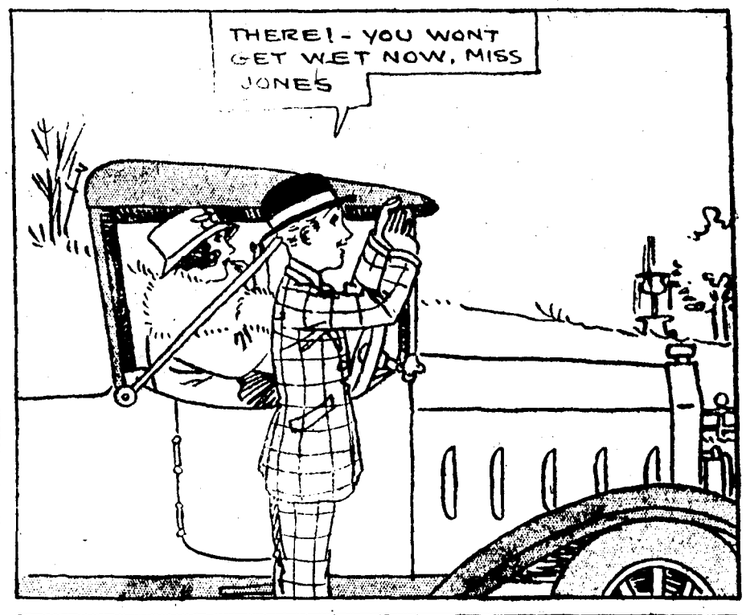


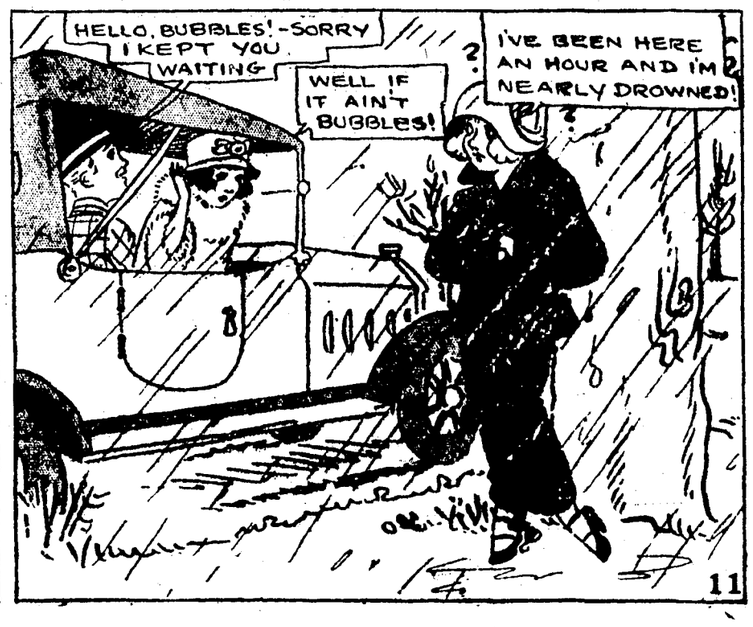












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Peter Rabbit
BUYING A NEW EASTER HAT SEEMED SIMPLE ENOUGH BUT HIS KIDDIE PROVED TO BE A BIT FUSSY
By HARRISON CADY
TAKE THAT- AND THAT
THAT'S A VERY SHABBY DICER YOU'RE WEARING-SONNY - NOW GET RIGHT INTO YOUR DUDS AND WE'LL GO DOWN AND BUY YOU A BRAND NEW BONNET
THOSE ARE GLAD WORDS-POPSY
J SQUIRREL HATS & CAPS
LATEST STYLES IN HATS
HERE'S THE SHOP NOW AND I'LL SAY THE WINDOW DISPLAY IS A HUMMER
HOWDY- I'VE CALLED TO PURCHASE A NEW LID FOR THE KIDDIE. HERE AND WE WANT SOMETHING STYLISH AND SERVICEABLE
YOU BETCHA- SUMFIN STYLISH
AH! YES-WELL-YOU'VE STRUCK JUST THE RIGHT PLACE
NOW HERE'S A NEW STYLE CALLED THE "VARSITY" IT'S ALL THE RAGE AND WHILE IT'S A BIT SHOWY IT'S NOT TOO GAUDY
I DON'T LIKE THAT BAND IT'S SO LOUD I COULDN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK
HO-HO! THE LIL TIKE KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS ALL RIGHT
WELL! THEN SUPPOSE YOU TRY THIS ONE - IT'S THE "LORD FOUNTLEROY" AND IT'S VERY, VERY STYLISH
NO - THAT'S TOO FUZZY FOR ME AND IT NEEDS A SHAVE
HA-HA- HE DOESN'T WANT ANY WHISKERS
ALLOW ME TO SUGGEST THIS ONE - THE "BEAU BRUMMEL" A STYLE WHICH IS VERY EXCLUSIVE
SAY- I CAN'T STAND FOR A RIBBON AT THE BACK - IT'S TOO MUCH LIKE A RUDDER
NOW-HERE'S SOMETHING VERY STYLISH AND NOBBY- IT'S NAMED "FASHIONS FAVORITE"
AW- TAKE IT AWAY IT'S GOT ALTOGETHER TOO MUCH BRIM- DO YOU WANT TO MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A FARMER?
HAW-HAW HE'S HARD TO SUIT-THE LIL RASCAL
AH! YES-THAT'S A NEW LINE AND I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING THAT'LL SUIT YOU RIGHT TO A T AND—
WHAT'S IN THAT BOX ON TOP?
I'LL HAVE IT DOWN FOR YOU IN A JIFFY
I'LL JUST PULL THIS LEG OUT A BIT FARTHER SO IT WON'T SLIP
WHAM
!
WOW! THE IDEA OF PULLING THAT LADDER OUT FROM UNDER ME - WHY THAT KID DOESN'T KNOW A HAT FROM A TAR-BARREL
OOH!
WAH - HE'S INSULTING ME- POPSY
BAH! WE'LL GET RIGHT OUT OF HERE AT ONCE - THE VERY IDEA OF A GINK LIKE THAT INSULTING MY KIDDIE
BOO-HOO-O-I DON'T WANT ANY OF HIS OLD HATS
HARRISON CADY
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